

MCCALL'S

MAGAZINE
JULY 15¢

Mrs. HARDING
Writes
In This Number

ALL STAR ISSUE

Arthur Train

Dana Burnet

Lucian Cary

Anne O'Hagan

Mary Synon

Princess Bibesco

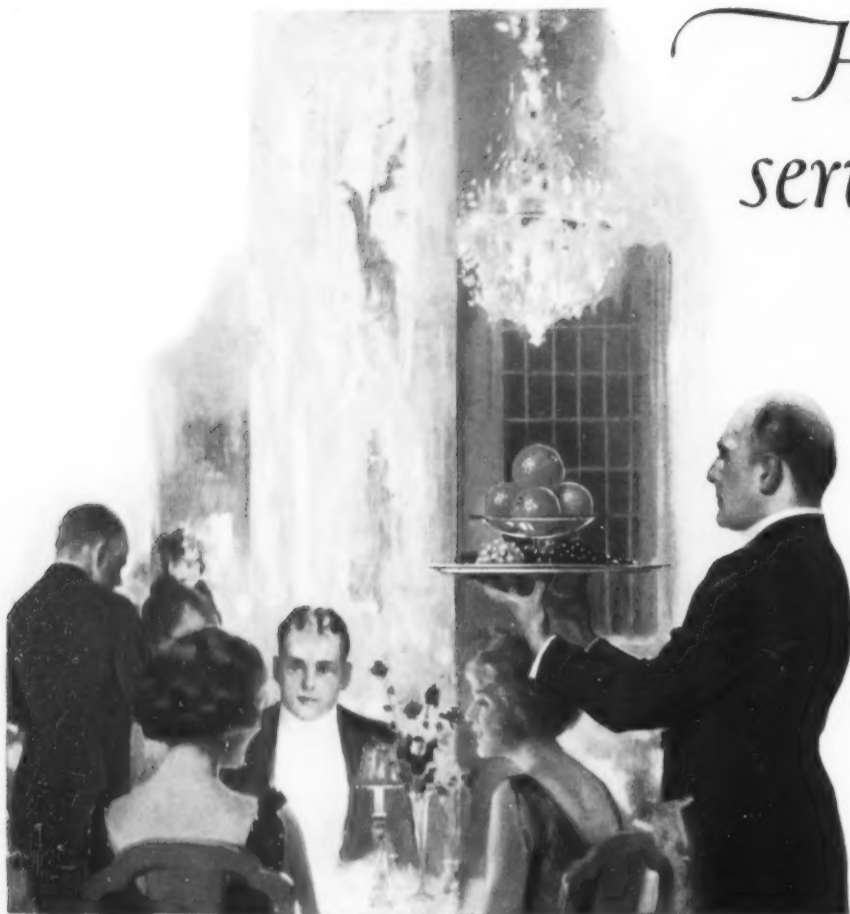
Kathleen Norris



WILL FATE MAKE YOU
A GREAT MOVIE STAR ?

See Page 9

W. Scott DARR



How great hotels serve Sunkist Oranges

Send for "Chef's Directions," Free

ORANGES, because of their fresh, appetizing flavor and piquant tang, are a favorite fruit of chefs. For oranges are not only *themselves* delicious, but they lend zest and attractiveness to *entire meals*.

Their salts and acids are digestants, and scientists as well as dieticians now believe they are one of the richest, if not the richest of all foods in the valuable "vitamines."

We asked twelve famous New York chefs—men who have studied the culinary art in European and American capitals—to tell you how they serve them.

Write for book, "Chef's Directions," in which we have described their dishes and illustrated them in color. You'll find the book valuable when entertaining. Send for your free copy now.

Sunkist

Uniformly Good Oranges

California Fruit Growers Exchange

Dept. 610, Los Angeles, California



Fruit Salad Louise in Orange Basket, at Hotel Pennsylvania



A delicious orange frappe served at the Hotel Belmont



Breakfast at the McAlpin brings oranges like this



Orange salad at the Biltmore is delicious and unique



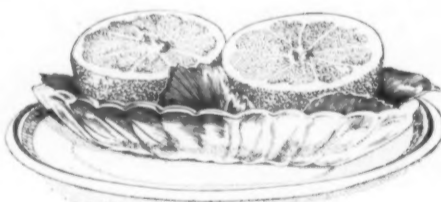
The Ritz Carlton Chef's idea is Orange "Salad Miami"



Another salad, from the chef of the Waldorf-Astoria



The Hotel Plaza's salad surrounded with cracked ice



The Claridge's dainty serving of halved oranges for breakfast



"Duckling Bigarrade" is Hotel Vanderbilt's specialty, which is famous among connoisseurs



Hotel Astor serves "Duckling Valencienne" with oranges, and orange sauce



This is the way the Commodore serves them sliced



COMPLETE DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING THESE DISHES ARE GIVEN IN THE BOOK WE SEND YOU

FIREWORKS ON McCALL STREET

ON this page last month we were telling all the dwellers on McCall Street of the many fine treats we have in store for them, things that will make history in the magazine field . . . now, with the coming of July, to keep pace with the season, we are going to begin actually to set off some of our fireworks that, we are certain, will blaze a great trail of light across the sky of the publication world. As the month's high point in fictional splendor, we are illuminating McCall Street this month with the announcement of

Eve—"The Flaming Jewel"

—"The Flaming Jewel"—

a series of ten remarkable short stories which are now being written for McCall's Magazine by the most famous master of short stories in the United States today, the noted creator of "Iole," "The King in Yellow," and "The Common Law,"

Robert W. Chambers

Each of these stories is absolutely complete in itself, and yet each succeeding story carries on farther the intriguing adventures of a group of the most fascinating characters ever conceived by any author.

In these stories two worlds meet, the Old and the New, Paris and New York, Montmartre and the Adirondacks, the tortuous European world of twisted crime and the frank American world of high romance.

The clash between the two, brought about by the sudden, mysterious theft of that most priceless of the famous Russian crown gems, *erosite*, "the flaming jewel," as it comes to concern Eve, loveliest of heroines, makes these tales a great point of illumination in the current magazine world.

The first of these stories will appear in the August issue of McCall's, and you will not want to miss it, or any of the subsequent ones. . . . We promise you that July will not bring anywhere another such burst of fictional glory as this one breaking above McCall

Street. . . . At the top of the next column you may read a snatch of the first of these great short stories . . . you will realize even from these few words how brilliant is "The Flaming Jewel."



"Don't go in there!" she said sharply, with an odd tremor in her voice.

"He turned and looked at her, then stepped calmly into the thicket. And the next instant she was among the spruces, too, confronting him with her rifle.

"Get out of these woods!" she said.

"He looked into the girl's deathly white face.

"Eve," he said, "it will go hard with you if you kill me. I don't want you to live out your life in prison."

"I can't help it. If you send my father to prison he'll die. I'd rather die myself. Let us alone, I tell you! The man you're after is nothing to us. We didn't know he had stuck up anybody!"

"If he's nothing to you, why do you point that rifle at me?"

"I tell you he is nothing to us. But my father wouldn't betray a dog. And I won't. That's all. Now get out of these woods and come back tomorrow. Nobody'll interfere with you then."

"Stormont smiled: 'Eve,' he said, 'do you really think me as yellow as that?'"

"Her blue eyes flashed a terrible warning, but, in the same instant, he had caught her rifle, twisting it out of her grasp as it exploded.

"The detonation dazed her; then, as he flung the rifle into the water, she caught him by neck and belt and flung him bodily into the spruces.

"But she fell with him; he held her twisting and struggling with all her superb and supple strength; staggered to his feet, still mastering her; and, as she struggled, sobbing, locked hot and panting in his arms, he snapped a pair of handcuffs on her wrists and flung her aside.

"She fell on both knees, got up, shoulder deep in spruce, blood running from her lip over her chin.

"The trooper took her by the arm. She was trembling all over. He took a thin steel chain and padlock from his pocket, passed the links around her steel-bound wrists, and fastened her to a young birch tree."—Thus begins the development of the climax of the first episode of the thrilling Robert W. Chambers series of

short stories, "The Flaming Jewel," which starts in the August issue of McCall's. You will not want to miss a single issue containing the series.

—The Editor.

THIS is Eve. Eve—"The Flaming Jewel." The heroine of the ten splendid short stories now being written for McCall's by Robert W. Chambers, America's master of the short story.

Eve, to our mind, is by far the loveliest heroine of that dazzling line of fascinating women Mr. Chambers has conceived. She has all the sophistication the modern world gives a girl bred in choice metropolitan schools; on the other hand she has all the arch simplicity of a girl whose early life has been lived on piney slopes of the Adirondacks.

Eve can smile with the grace of a debutante, but she can hold a bad-man at bay with a gun and her hand not once quiver! She holds surprise after surprise for every reader who becomes devoted to her at once.

Robert W. Chambers, creator of Eve, appears at the right of this page in a portrait drawn from life by Oberhardt; on the left is a likeness of C. E. Chambers, the famous American illustrator, who will depict scenes from "The Flaming Jewel" in pictures for our readers. The conception of Eve, which is above, is the work of his pencil, and from it you will see how splendidly he will visualize all the thrilling things that will happen to this 1921 heroine—who is, nevertheless, still the eternal Eve.



C. E. Chambers
Drawn from life by Oberhardt



Robert W. Chambers
Drawn from life by Oberhardt

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McCall's will not knowingly insert advertisements from other than reliable firms. Any advertisement found to be otherwise should be reported immediately to THE McCALL COMPANY.

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If your magazine wrapper is stamped "EXPIRES," your subscription expires with this copy. Send your renewal within ten days, so you will not miss the next number.

All subscriptions are stopped promptly at expiration unless renewed.

Should you change your address, please give four weeks' notice. Give your old address as well as your new address, and, if possible, the date you subscribed.



Many Happy Returns, America!

A Fourth-of-July Talk to Women by Kathleen Norris

DECORATION BY W. T. BENDA

THREE years ago, in what was surely one of the darkest hours of our national life, I was in Washington. It was a muggy March day, with the trees beginning to leaf, and the thousands of girls from all over the Union who were working in the various war departments were beginning to feel the first heat and languor of the year. It was the dreadful time of the Hindenburg Drive, and we who had brothers and husbands in the war, stopped each other in the streets for news—and stood with stricken faces and sick hearts discussing that news. It grew worse—and worse—with every hour.

It happened that I had been asked just at that time to write a letter of encouragement and cheer to five million American school-children; the letter was to be distributed by air-mail, in aid of one of the great war charities. I found it a hard letter to write that week. There were many French and Belgian and English officers in Washington, and thousands of our own; and on no side was a word of real confidence, nor a voice that could predict anything but endless agonies and losses for us and our allies.

On the saddest day of all, it chanced that we had promised the children of the family a day at Mount Vernon. I had never seen it, and felt no particular enthusiasm for Washington's old home. But it occurred to me that on this quiet family picnic I might find time to plan my letter to the school-children, and forget for an hour or two the apprehension and despair that the hourly bulletins from the battle-front in Europe were bringing us.

MOUNT VERNON, through pictures, is familiar enough to most of us. We all know the dignified, plain, old wooden house, the encircling trees, and the sleepy Potomac that, just below the descending stretches of lawn, moves

steadily on and on through the years. But I wish every American—man, woman or child—might visit that place as I did, in the mild sunlight of a March day, when the trees were bursting into leaf, and the bricks and brasses were shining in the first brightness of the year. The peace and dignity of an old church linger over everything, and there is not an inch of the broad acres that is not holy ground.

We wandered through the gardens, passed the big stables and the white-washed slave-quarters, on their brick lane, and saw the kitchen with its brick floor and its copper pans, its primitive wooden benches and tables. We studied the big coach hung on rusted springs, the drawing-rooms and library, the great stairway and the old fireplaces, the pictures and the books.

And presently, as the echoes of war died away far behind us, and the dreamy quiet of spring had its way, a shadowy figure seemed to join us—or almost to join us. We never quite captured it; it was just behind this white-panelled door, just disappearing into the shrubbery—the stately, familiar figure with the ribboned pigtail, the full-skirted coat, the buckled knees, the lacy frills at wrist and throat.

WASHINGTON seemed to be there: the courtly, hospitable, colonial gentleman, the statesman who loved his home, loved his books, loved his garden. Here was his letter in reference to the guardianship of some child, here his invitation to friends to visit him. In this chair he had sat a thousand times; from this doorway he had watched the shining Potomac with all a householder's quiet satisfaction.

And here the great brain and the great heart had met the most terrible problem of all the ages; here he had pondered, prayed, agonized for the unborn nation that was even then turning to him for aid.

Away from it all—from peace and prosperity, from garden and books—he had ridden, one day. Away from certainty to unspeakable doubt, away from his Sovereign's love to the chance of a traitor's shameful death, away from the old established order of kings and caste and autocracy, to starvation and wretchedness in Valley Forge. So rode George Washington, the Englishman, to meet the forces of the English King who was not an Englishman.

For Washington risked everything that life holds dear for the strange, revolutionizing dream that men might govern themselves, that the rights of kings are not divine. Not to Washington, the great general and the great president, is beautiful Mount Vernon a monument, but to Washington the great and good and simple man.

JULY fourth is not our national birthday only; it is in a very real sense the birthday of the world. They have followed us now, the other nations; followed where Washington led, and it is to him that we owe the pride of knowing ourselves the first of all the freed peoples, the first to base our constitution upon the divine principles of brotherhood and fraternity.

It is a serious responsibility that rests with America, and with the newly-enfranchised women of America especially. Washington saw beyond the rituals, the stupidities, the abuses of his times; saw beyond, to clearer air, where men should be less afraid, less blind, less driven. And there are abuses, stupidities, rituals today, in everything that touches the lives of women.

We could build Washington no truer monument than to follow his example, and devote ourselves to the study and the conquering of them.

Kathleen Norris.



Noted makers of sport silks and sport skirts urge you to launder them this safe way

BELDING BROTHERS were already distinguished for their fine silks in the days of flowered taffetas and stiff brocades. Today their many beautiful sport silks, georgettes, crêpes de Chine, satins and taffetas have won an equal reputation for highest quality. Read Belding Brothers' letter which tells you the way they recommend for washing sports and other silks.

DAVIDCRYSTAL is New York's best known maker of silk sport skirts. Crêpe de Chine, Baronette Satins and Sport Crêpes in smart colors and designs are made into the good looking skirts which you find in the exclusive shops in almost every city in the United States. Read Mr. Crystal's letter. In it he tells why he urges women to wash their sport skirts in Lux.

These two great manufacturers, like other makers of washable fabrics, were compelled to find out the best and safest way of laundering. To give you the benefit of their experience, we have issued a free booklet, "How to Launder Fine Fabrics." It is crammed with helpful suggestions. Send for your copy today. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Launder your silk things this safe, gentle way

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Dip garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. Rinse in 3 lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—do not wring. Roll in a towel; when nearly dry, press with a warm iron—never a hot one.

For colored silks the water should be almost cool. Wash colors quickly to keep them from running. Don't wash two different colors at the same time. Use fresh suds for each color.

Wringing or twisting makes the smooth silk threads slip over one another. This gives the fabric a wavy appearance which is permanent. Water should be squeezed or shaken out.

LUX

Won't injure anything
pure water alone won't harm



Press silks on the wrong side while they are still damp. Sprinkling a silk will make it look spotty and this appearance can only be overcome by relaundering.

A hot iron should never be used on silk. It will cause the silk to split. It also makes it stiff and papery and will yellow it.

Jersey and georgette crêpe should be stretched to shape before they dry and should also be shaped as you iron.

Press skirts with the thread of the material. Ironing crosswise makes the skirt sag and wrinkle at the seams.

Hang skirts up to dry by the inside belt and not by the hem.

Satin skirts. Dip a soft brush in the Lux suds and rub gently with the nap of the goods. Let the water drain from the skirt. Do not wring or squeeze it.

Taffeta should never be wrung. The resulting wrinkles can only be gotten out by using a very hot iron. This makes the silk stiffen and will crack it.

Belding Brothers & Co. New York, N. Y.

Lever Bros. Co.
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

Sport silks receive such strenuous wear that it is necessary to launder them frequently. We are naturally much concerned about the kind of laundering our silks receive.

The use of a harsh soap on pure silks is ruinous to the texture of the fabric. It shortens its life as well.

We are extremely glad to report to you that we have found Lux satisfactory in the washing of our finest silks. It is a pure neutral soap and there is nothing in it that could injure the most delicate silk fibre.

Another thing which recommends Lux to us is the fact that the flakes are so thin that they dissolve quickly and completely. The thick lather makes rubbing unnecessary and also eliminates any possibility of particles of soap sticking to the silk and yellowing it.

We would like to have all purchasers of Belding wash silks launder them in the safe way set forth in the Lux directions. Laundering which will preserve the new appearance of silks in constant use is the best advertisement we could have.

BELDING BROTHERS
& COMPANY

David Crystal & Co. New York, N. Y.

Lever Bros. Co.
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

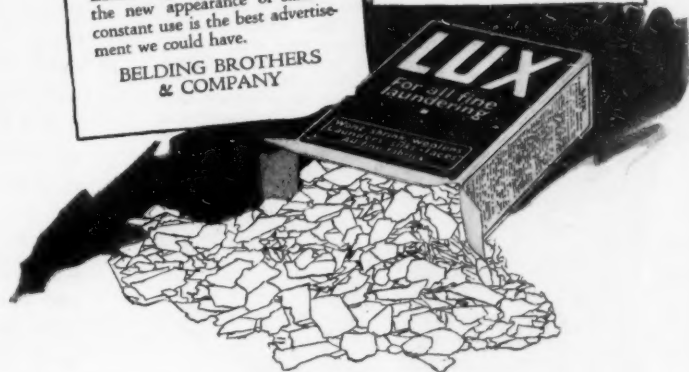
We estimate that one of our silk sport skirts in constant use is washed several times in the course of the summer. The skirt should, of course, look as well after the last laundering as when it was new, if the washing is properly done.

We are urging the use of Lux in washing our sport skirts because it does preserve this new look. We find, for example, that threads do not fuzz up, fray or split when the garment is washed in Lux. Rubbing soap on silk, or allowing small particles of undissolved soap to stick to the fabric inevitably yellows it and makes it wear out more quickly.

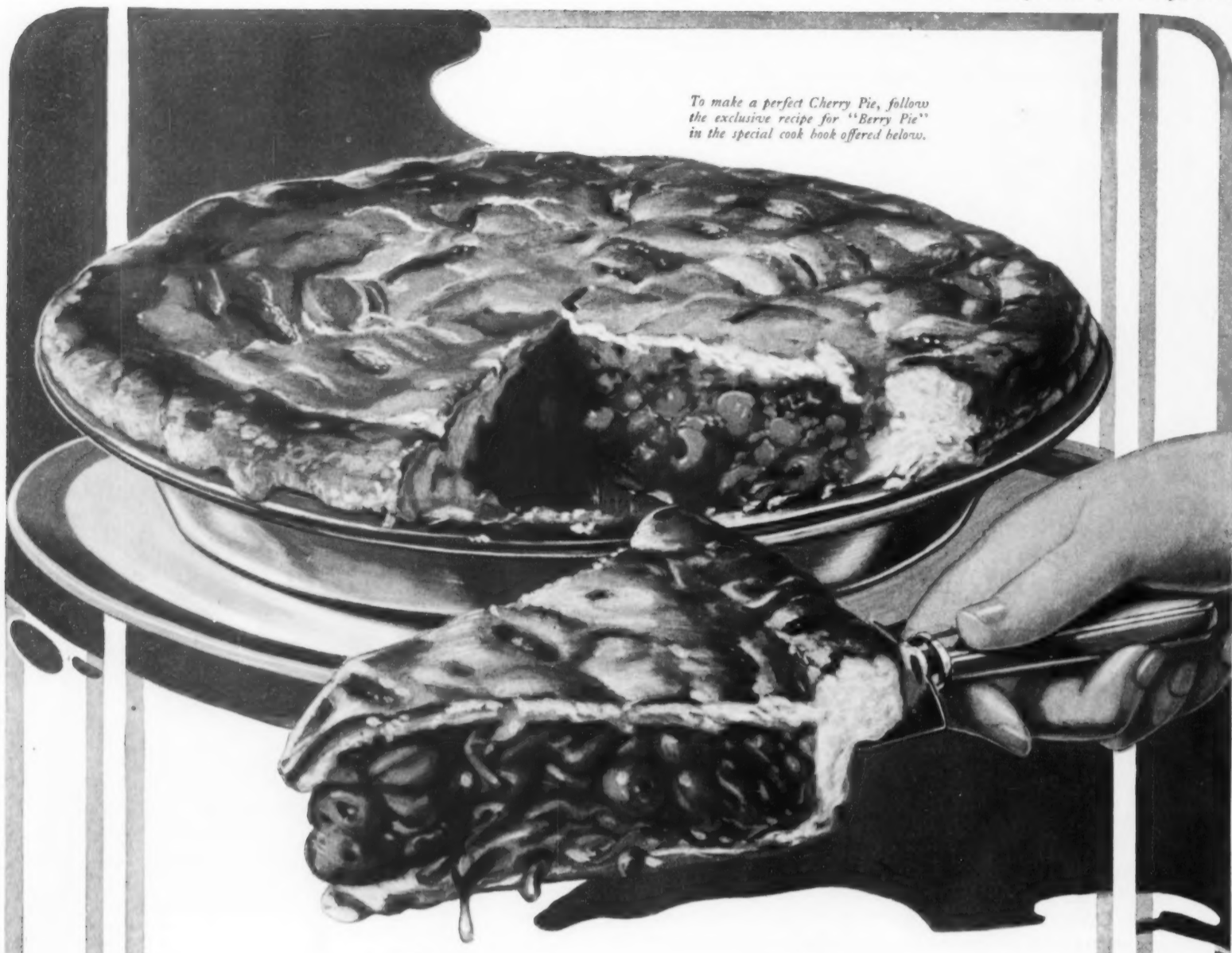
Analysis shows Lux to be absolutely pure and harmless. Washing a garment in the safe gentle way you recommend in the Lux directions actually lengthens its life.

We are glad to co-operate with you in giving publicity to the Lux method of laundering. Its use by women who wear our skirts inevitably means greater satisfaction to them, and thus to us.

DAVID CRYSTAL
& COMPANY



To make a perfect Cherry Pie, follow the exclusive recipe for "Berry Pie" in the special cook book offered below.



Cherry Pie

—learn how to keep it from soaking the crust!

How can juice be kept in fruit pies?

This is just one of scores of cooking problems solved in "The Whys of Cooking," the cook book in which Janet M. Hill, founder of the Boston Cooking School, tells the cookery secrets that have made her famous, and gives many of the choicest of her exclusive recipes. This book gives the practical cookery help that every housekeeper wants. Well bound. Illustrated in color. More than 100 pages. Every copy costs us 26c wholesale, but is sent to Crisco users for 10c in stamps. Not for sale elsewhere. Send for your copy now, to Section L-7, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, O.



BAKE a juicy pie in a glass plate in a hot oven (with the heat coming from below) and it will have a dry, crisp crust. The glass heats quickly and bakes the lower crust before the juice can soak in. Reduce the heat to finish baking the pie.

There are remedies as simple as this for every one of your pastry troubles. Using Crisco for shortening will prevent many of them. Crisco helps to prevent tough pastry because it is the richest shortening and works into the dough with little handling. It prevents indigestible pastry because it is a healthful vegetable product. It prevents all greasy taste because it has neither taste nor odor; its delicacy permits the full flavor of the pie filling to prevail.

Make pie crust once with Crisco, according to the approved domestic science rules (see cook book offered to the left) and you never will go back to the old-fashioned methods. This modern cooking fat is different from anything you have used—unlike lard in origin and effect. Use it for all your cooking. See how much it improves everything that you make.

Get Crisco from your grocer, in sanitary dust-proof containers, holding one pound or more, net weight. It never is sold in bulk.

Crisco is also made and sold in Canada.

CRISCO
For Frying - For Shortening
For Cake Making

Mrs. Harding of Main Street Moves Into the White House



HERE YOU WILL READ EXACTLY WHAT THE NEW FIRST LADY OF THE LAND DID THE FIRST WEEK SHE SPENT KEEPING HOUSE IN WASHINGTON

By William H. Crawford

WOOD-CUT ILLUSTRATION BY J. J. MURPHY

LONG before she dreamed there was a possibility of her becoming the First Lady in the Land I knew Mrs. Harding. The chance to observe her in that high rôle, therefore, came as a pleasant accompaniment to a week's visit I have just concluded at the White House. As a human being possessed of healthy curiosity, I was glad to observe Mrs. Harding at such close range—to learn her new routine of days, to study her manner, her tastes, her trend of thought.

I wanted especially to know whether her elevation to the dizzy height of wife of the President of the United States had turned her head or whether she had risen to the occasion. In order, however, to judge correctly how her sudden metamorphosis has affected her, we must recall her life before she transferred her residence from Main Street, Marion, Ohio, to the White House.

Mrs. Harding has had three distinct and separate periods in her life. She was born the daughter of a well-to-do banker in Ohio. Her father was a self-made man who became the leading citizen of his community. His daughter, Florence, was the apple of his eye, upon whom he lavished his fortune; consequently, in her girlhood, she had all the best that money could buy, and an assured place in the society of her home town in the Buckeye State. Then she fell in love with a great brawny country boy, the son of a country doctor, without any capital save his good right arm, an unbounded ambition and an untiring energy. He had nothing to offer her but his love. She considered this more than repaid her for lack of worldly goods, so, contrary to the commands of her father, she married Warren G. Harding, and her stern parent cut off the allowance he had been giving her.

Mr. Harding had begun editing a small newspaper with a very limited capital, and it was necessary for him to economize in order to make both ends meet. He had no money to employ sufficient help, so Mrs. Harding began her second rôle, that of a business woman. She assumed control of the circulation department, and a large share of the business management of the Marion Star. When she entered the business field, she perforce eschewed the social life to which she had been accustomed. As a business woman she was a success, and a large part of Mr. Harding's rise was due to her judgment, sagacity and energy. As he succeeded he began to take an active interest in politics, as is natural for editors from the Middle West to do. He rose rapidly to Lieutenant-Governor, Senator and then to President of the United States.

Two questions arise: does a business life unfit a woman for a social career, and has Mrs. Harding—first an indulged

The President's Wife Writes This Message to McCall's Readers

THE Fourth of July should mean more to the American Woman this year than ever before. It is a symbol of independence, and that great boon has come to her at last. With her freedom has come responsibility. It behooves her to use her franchise to the betterment of our country and the uplifting of its people.

It rests with her to prove that the men have made no mistake in bestowing on her the privilege of being a sovereign elector of the United States.

Fluence Harding

daughter of a country banker, then the wife of a poor editor, a hard-working business woman—risen as rapidly as her husband? In other words, will she be a success as mistress of the White House?

I believe she will, because she is *herself* under all conditions, though she adapts herself readily to new environments. She is natural and unaffected. She is still, and will remain, Florence Harding, the wife of Warren G. Harding, and as his wife, is equally ready to grace his home whether it is the small cottage in which they lived when they were first married, or the White House. She will be as socially popular as she will allow herself to be. I mean she will not develop the exclusiveness that some society leaders would desire. They will never monopolize her entire time to the exclusion of her former friends. Her effort will be to be the First Lady of the Land to all the people of the United States. She loves folks, is naturally friendly; not a friendliness demonstrated by the political handshake, but one inspired by kindness of heart, and an interest in the everyday affairs of life and everyday folks. She likes to meet people,

and as far as the engrossing demands on her time will allow, will devote a large portion of her time to meeting people from all sections of the United States.

In order that you may know the woman as she is, let me describe Mrs. Harding to you—her appearance, manner, style of dress, tastes, hobbies, religious inclinations and her daily routine of life. A simple way would be to tell how she appeared on my first visit to the White House after the inauguration, at the same time offering my apologies for the meager description of her attire. Being a mere man, it is entirely beyond me to describe adequately a woman's dress.

I had made an appointment by telephone to see Mrs. Harding at 3 p. m. At the appointed hour I drove to the White House, and the colored man, who has so long been usher at the entrance, opened the big glass doors with as much gusto as if he were welcoming a prince. He escorted me to Mr. Hoover, the Chief of Staff of the White House, who brought me into the Green Room, saying that Mrs. Harding would be down in a few moments. I had arrived about five minutes ahead of time. As the clock was striking three, she appeared, holding out her hand in the most friendly fashion, saying that she was glad to see me again, and graciously reminding me of my former visits to her home in Marion. She received me with such simplicity and naturalness of manner that I immediately felt at home. While she was talking, I furtively sized her up, and here is the result:

She is about 5 feet 7 inches tall and weighs about 130 pounds. She has a luxuriant head of brown hair which is tinged with gray, particularly around the temples. She combs it back, which has the effect of displaying her high and intelligent forehead. Her well-set eyes are clear gray, and extremely direct in their glance. She looks right at you when talking and displays evident interest in your responses. She has a well-shaped nose, on which she wears a pair of unframed eye glasses. Her mouth is of generous proportion and she has a well-formed chin. Her complexion is good, though inclined to be a little pale, which may be due to the strenuous time through which she has been during the inauguration. She is very erect. Her shoulders are rather broad and well thrown back; her arms are particularly well shaped; and she has a very girlish figure for a woman of middle age.

Now comes the rub—how was she dressed? She wore a crêpe de chine dress of a warm gray color. Incidentally, let me remark, Mrs. Harding assured me, regardless of the fact that Harding blue has been so much exploited and advertised,

[Continued on page 28]

The CROOKED FAIRY

By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

WHEN Squinty saw a safe he cracked it. When Dean saw a duty he did it. They met, and thus Arthur Train spins one of his best stories of love and high finance.

Our work is not design, but destiny.
—Owen Meredith "Clytemnestra."

SURE!" affirmed "Squinty" Phelan, stoutly. "Abso-lutely, Boss! I promise—on me affidavit. You should worry. I'll be back on the six-ten tonight." The big warden, whose faith in his fellow man had never yet wavered, clapped the little, twisted fellow beside him upon the shoulder and pushed him almost affectionately out of the prison office.

"Well, Squinty, go to it! Remember! 'Word of honor,' now!"

Then the Boss closed the door and left the convict a free man outside—free for six hours on his own parole. Squinty blinked and rubbed his right eye, hesitating to believe that he was outside the walls behind which he had been immured for over four years. Then he fitted on the derby hat he had borrowed from one of the keepers and took a tentative step along the macadam. In the warden's enormous black cutaway he looked curiously like a crow; indeed his movements imitated precisely those of a hitherto captive bird suddenly and unexpectedly liberated from its cage. There was the same moment of distrustful uncertainty, the cautious, gradual adjustment to surroundings, and the not too rapid hop to freedom. A half minute later Squinty, a grotesque figure, was hurrying along the road to the railroad station.

Back in the office in the bare brick building on the hill over the track, Tim Anders, the trusty, watched him through the window. Tim, as Vice-President of The Mutual Welfare League, had his doubts. What was the use? The Boss was all right—had a big heart and all that—but he was taking a big chance in letting a convicted professional safe-cracker go off by himself to New York to his grandmother's funeral. That part of it was O. K. She was his grandmother; but it was taking a chance. If Squinty shouldn't turn up, then they would all be in bad, their privileges would be cut off, and to use his own mental expression, the whole damn League be put on the bum. He grunted disapprovingly as he contemplated the brass cuspidor he was polishing upon his knees.

"What's the matter, Tim?" inquired the warden from his desk. "Jealous?"

"Me?—Huh!" The trusty placed the cuspidor on the floor and sat back on his haunches. "Suppose the little runt don't come back?"

"He will come back!" asserted the Boss with conviction.

ANYBODY else, mebbe!" muttered Tim. "But Squinty's a weak character. You can't count on him. Does whatever happens to come along. Ain't got no will of his own. Fact. He'll do anything you tell him. He ain't a real gun at all—belongs to the class of mental deficient, a 'high-grade neuro'—ain't that what the bug doctors call 'em'?"

"You mean, if he sees a safe he cracks it!" smiled the warden.

"You've said it!" assented the other.

"He's a good sort, whatever else he is!" returned the warden. "Had less trouble with him than with most of you. And he's only got six months more to serve. He'd be crazy to beat it and forfeit all his time off for good behavior. He's earned a year and two months, besides making himself liable for another ten-year term on that suspended sentence of his."

"I'll tell the world he is crazy," replied the trusty, embracing the cuspidor again. "They say we're all of us nuts, but Squinty's the nuttiest of the bunch. Ever hear how he got into the safe-crackin' business? It was this a-way! He had a good job at the time on a lighter. He didn't want to be no burglar."

"One Sunday afternoon he come ashore to see his folks. But he happened to step out to get a bag of peanuts for his kid nephew and met a guy across the street who suggested they climb in the back window of a grocery store and see what they could find. So he forgot all about his peanuts and hooked up with this feller, and they got in the window all right and Squinty sat up on the counter and began to eat prunes. He didn't pay no attention to what his friend was doin', and all of a sudden a couple of bulls rushed in and pinched the other guy in front of the safe which was open. Nacharly they took Squinty along too as his stall, an' the judge handed him two and a half. That's how he got to be a burglar and that's why he can't eat prunes."

Squinty, the warden's cutaway flapping about his legs, seemed to himself, as he entered the train, to fill the entire

"Well, this has been a day!" he cried, and put his arm around her



car. Four years in prison breeds not only a certain self-consciousness but renders one sensitive to sights and sounds that pass us fortunate ones by unnoticed. To the released convict every emotion, every desire, is intensified threefold. The blazing light from the river blinded him; the rattle and roar deafened him. Squinty, always retiring, sank in confusion to a secluded seat by the fire extinguisher. Those who in fact noticed him, saw only a meager, narrow-shouldered, middle-aged man with a plaintive, half-surprised look upon his twisted face—where a prematurely blown-open safe-door had crushed it in. He shrank back in the corner, trying to keep out of sight as much as possible, nervous, confused, almost inclined to wish he had not come.

IF he had not had a real purpose in going to the city, he might very well have got out at Yonkers and taken the next train back to Ossining. When he had first applied for permission to go to his grandmother's funeral it had seemed a wonderful opportunity to catch a glimpse of the outside world again, and he had made an eloquent appeal. Grandmother Phelan was the last one of Squinty's immediate family, surviving even his father and mother. He had always been her favorite grandchild—so he alleged. Not to be permitted to follow her to her last resting place would be in the nature of a cruel and unusual punishment—prohibited by statute. He seemed so sincere, and he was undoubtedly so pathetic that the warden could not bring himself to refuse his request, even though it involved the almost unheard of experiment of permitting a prisoner to go to New York without a guard, under his mere promise to return. Squinty would have died for the Boss then and there.

He lived in a flutter of joyous perturbation until the day arrived. Now it was here, he wasn't sure there really was anything in it except to make him feel embarrassed and uncomfortable. Granny Phelan had been nothing to him. He had hardly known the old woman. The heat and dust gave him an awful thirst and a slight headache. He had a curious, helpless feeling. He had forgotten how to do things. He congratulated himself on having no duties except to go to the funeral and then come right back—"home." He had his return ticket—the warden had handed it to him. And he had a two-dollar bill. His linen collar was too high and very stiff, and it held his neck as in the iron grip of a photographer's head-rest.

The funeral services for Grandmother Phelan were held at the house of his Uncle Richard in Long Island City, but he had no sooner arrived there than it became quite evident that his appearance was both unexpected and inopportune. He had given no thought to the purely social aspect of the affair, and the aloofness of his Uncle Richard and the manifest resentment of his numerous Phelan cousins, had a chilling effect. Moreover, no place had been arranged for him in any one of the funeral hacks, so that ultimately he was thrust, ignominiously and much to his disgust, into the landau used to transport the floral decorations from the house.

Even at the cemetery he was clearly *de trop*, and he lingered in the background, the object of malevolent side-glances from his relatives, the last to leave when the ceremonies were concluded. The others all piled into their hacks, but the floral landau had vanished, and Squinty found himself standing disconsolately alone at the gate while they rolled off merrily toward the Queensboro Bridge. He nearly wept. That was what you got for trying to pay decent respect to your grandmother's memory! A fine lot they were! Curse them! Give him the boys at Sing Sing, the big boss, the Welfare League and a fixed and unambiguous place in the social order!

Stung with mortification, nervously exhausted and ravenously hungry—since in his excitement he had hardly eaten any dinner—Squinty (as there were no street cars) started to walk back to New York. The day was warm, and the Saturday afternoon stream of motors bound for Long Island filled the air with a hanging pall of white powder that got in his nose and eyes. Tired out, utterly miserable, his throat fiery, the warden's dust-covered cutaway weighing him down like a coat of mail, Squinty staggered footsore into Long Island City—with an hour in which to catch his train at the Grand Central Station.

Just before him across the way, clean, cool, refreshing, a row of lights were alluringly reflected in plate-glass mirrors and shining mahogany. Through the windows he could see a white-jacketed barkeeper busily filling beer glasses from the wood, and sliding them across the counter to thirsty souls like himself. This happy person would simply seize a glass, rinse it with a single motion behind the bar, and holding it beneath the tap, skilfully catch the foaming, amber liquid in it until the suds ran over. Then he would toss off the spindrift, allow a few more drops of beer to run in, and hand it sparkling to the waiting customer. To Squinty it was the most beautiful vision he had ever seen.

WE make no excuses for Squinty. He had promised not to touch alcohol while in the city, and he had intended to keep his word. The promise played no part in the matter. Like a parched wanderer in the desert who finds himself in sight of a life-giving spring—he drank. At that instant there was for him no such thing as Sing Sing, a warden, or a Welfare League; promises and paroles did not exist. He was thirsty and he drank—again and again.

He drank alone and he drank with others—he drank up his two dollars, and then mysteriously absented himself for a few moments in the company of a new and sympathetic friend, he returned without the warden's cutaway and drank some more. All hail, Gambrinius! As he said afterward, it wasn't so much the heat as the humidity. But when he woke up, it was the next day and he was in a fifteen-cent lodging house on East Houston Street. In place of the cutaway he was wearing a blue jumper.

Tim Anders had proved right and the warden wrong. Squinty had broken his parole. The curse was upon him.

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SUCCESSOR

The

By the
Princess
Antoine Bibesco

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

THE PRINCESS BIBESCO is the charming and talented daughter of Margot Asquith, whose autobiography is the literary sensation of two continents. She has just come to the United States with her husband, Prince Antoine Bibesco, who represents Rumania's diplomatic interests at Washington. The Princess, who is known in England as a wit and writer, has often appeared on the platform with her father, Herbert Asquith, the former premier. This is her first literary work to appear in America.

NEARLY every afternoon Rosemary and Mrs. Dearborn drove out together in a fly, making a leisurely escape from the garish, rhetorical scenery of the coast where the crimson rocks and sapphire sea seem to have caught God in a poster mood. As they got away from the face it shows to the world, the countryside assumed a more relaxed and loving expression, the hills were at once more intimate and more remote, the sky was unfaithful to the advertisements and became paler, more transparent, more lovely. They drove through nestling, crouching villages, drinking in with their eyes the silvery olives on their carpet of emerald jade, the fuzzy, outlineless almond trees posturing against the sky—so many pink smudges on the unbroken blue.

Both ladies had been ill, but Rosemary, though pale and thin and easily tired, was alive and radiant and easily revived—on the brink of life, on the threshold of adventure, ready to accept all challenges, laugh at all setbacks, take every risk and— She hadn't got any further than that, for she didn't want to settle down for a long time yet to that happiness which was of course waiting for her.

Mrs. Dearborn was making a slow, painful recovery, punctuated by relapses. She looked frail and faded and a little frayed—like some old brocade, made rare and precious and lovely by time and wear. It was not so much that she was old as that she was so essentially not new.

She loved being with Rosemary, who in exchange for experience brought her forgetfulness—thus belonging to the blessed who give more than they receive.

Rosemary had the vital, militant curiosity of youth. She believed in leading questions; they were frank, they were flattering, and, she maintained, they were tactful. In asking them you laid yourself open to being laughed at, being snubbed or being answered. Surely that was fairer than the circuitous, trapladen zigzag by which, observing the dictates of delicacy, your friends attempted to trip you up into a confidence.

They drove this afternoon for some time in silence, and then abruptly Rosemary said, "Tell me what your husband is like?" She knew that Mrs. Dearborn wasn't happy, and to her unhappiness meant an unhappy marriage, and an unhappy marriage must be either the wife's fault or the husband's. In this case, as she knew the wife, it was obviously the husband's.

Mrs. Dearborn opened her wide gray eyes even wider than usual. She always looked a little surprised, a little bewildered, as if life had suddenly been brought to her notice—a guest forced on her when she was not at home. "I wonder," she murmured vaguely, "—I mean I wonder how to describe him to you. He is very big—" Her voice trailed off. Rosemary waited.

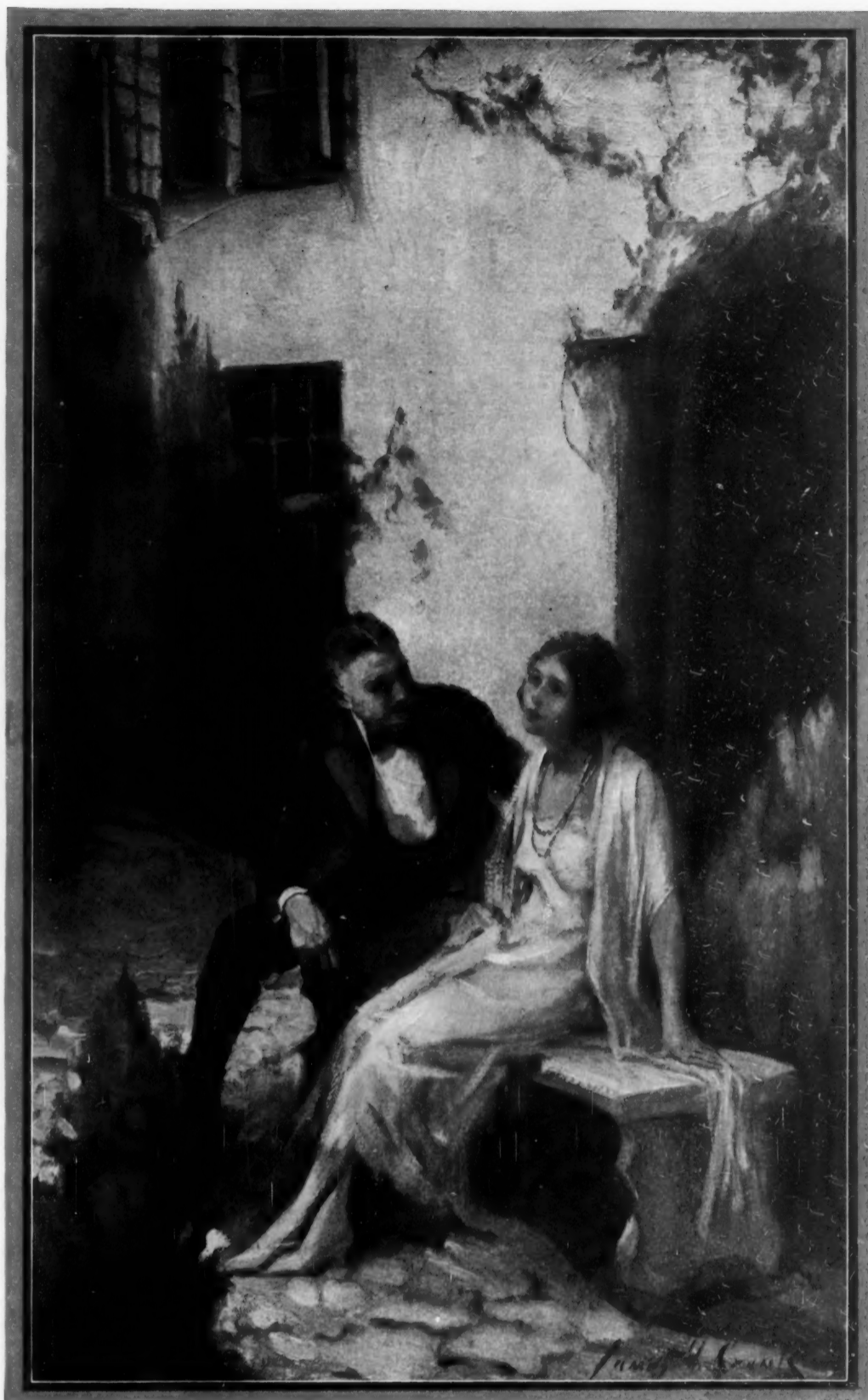
"I am afraid my illness has been a terrible expense. He has been very good about it." Mrs. Dearborn managed to convey subtly that he had *not* been very good about it. "But of course it is so difficult for the people who are always well to understand bad health, and Charles thinks that I don't lead the right sort of life, that I am not outdoors enough. He is a wonderful fisherman and a very good shot."

"Why did you marry him?"

MRS. DEARBORN knew the answer to that. It was an answer she had made very often. "I was very young—only seventeen—and we were such a big family. My father and mother were enchanted when Charles proposed. He was a neighbor, with a big property and heaps of money—it seemed heaps to us. His mother always drove to church with a footman and wore such beautiful old lace. Old lace means nothing," added Mrs. Dearborn with sudden, unexpected passion. "Nothing. You can't sell it. You can't cut it. It simply lies about in drawers and is the wrong length if ever you want to use it." She subsided. "And then there were the family jewels—big, yellowish diamonds that had been reset in 1850. It all seemed to suit Lady Amelia. She was a terrifying old lady, holding herself beautifully, invariably courteous to her inferiors and insolent to her equals."

"Did she like you?"

"I was penniless, but she thought it vulgar to mention money. In her way she was a great lady. 'The child is a gentlewoman,' she said. 'If she were a princess she could not be more and,' she added drily, 'she might be less!' When we married she insisted on moving into the dower-house, and all that first year while I was expecting Tom she was very good to me. Soon after he was born she died, and I felt that I had lost not only a friend but a ram-



They sat on the terrace under a red-gold harvest moon. "Charles, do you very much wish you had married a different sort of woman?" she asked

part. I think she always knew I didn't love her son as I should. What she did not know was that I cared for someone else."

Rosemary was thrilled. Her green eyes were dancing. "Tell me about him," she begged eagerly.

HE was tall and dark and ascetic looking. He reminded one of a crusader or some medieval knight-errant. He was always talking to me about the injustices he was going to fight; and he said that, with me to keep his armor bright—by his armor he meant his ideals—he thought he really could make the world a little happier."

"And you deserted him?"

"Well, he was nineteen and I was seventeen. I married Charles; and he became a very distinguished novelist. His name is Hilary Severn."

"Hilary Severn, the Hilary Severn? Then you are the heroine of all his books—the exquisite, sensitive woman crushed by the brutality of the world! Sometimes, you know, I thought he capitalized misfortune, but now I see he was always thinking of you—and of course the coarse, unsensitive husbands were all Mr. Dearborn."

Mrs. Dearborn smiled. "Don't jump to conclusions. Hilary never knew Charles. He wrote and wished me happiness, and said that I should always be his great inspiration through life—his star I think he called it—but that he didn't want to see me. It would be too painful."

"Oh how wonderful! But of course he never married—or if he did it must have been years afterward—out of kindness."

"I don't know—I have never seen him since. I so seldom go to London."

There was a silence. Rosemary thought, "Ah, the worst books must be true then. Life is like a serial—Hurrah!"

Mrs. Dearborn thought, "I wonder if his wife is like me at all, or if he married someone very young and fluffy and

second-rate. I should hate her to be very young." She turned again to Rosemary. "My dear," she said. "You mustn't think that Charles is a villain. He is just the wrong man married to the wrong woman. He ought to have had a sporting, out-of-door wife. Someone whom he could have described in his favorite phrase as 'an awfully jolly little woman, plucky as they make 'em.' I was no good for that."

Mrs. Dearborn looked very pathetic; Rosemary's chivalry was aroused. "It is like you to defend him," she said. "He must be horrible." And Mrs. Dearborn left it at that.

A FEW days later Charles unexpectedly arrived. He was undoubtedly a very viking of a man. Rosemary, as a loyal champion of his downtrodden wife, was frankly hostile from the first and full of ostentatious little attentions to her friend. But she found the attitude hard to keep up. Charles with his golf-clubs, his tennis-rackets, his fishing-rods, his irrepressible spirits, his inexhaustible plans for picnics and excursions of all sorts, seemed to be plotting fun for them all the time. And whether it was an expedition to Grasse for scent or to Monte Carlo for gambling, his frank enjoyment of everything and his efficient control of the practical arrangements, made him invaluable either as a host or a guest. True, his sense of humor was of the private-school boy variety. He was always talking of a "hole in his racket," "a hand like a foot," and making jokes in which beds or whisky bottles played prominent parts. Every night he said to his wife, "Well, we must go to our baskets; or perhaps I should say, in more refined language, to Bedlam." And every morning he said to Rosemary, "Ho, ho! Miss Rosemary, for whom are we so beautiful today?" And yet he wasn't somehow very like a brute.

Mrs. Dearborn was always very sweet to her husband and very patient. To see her smile at one of his jokes was to

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He was worse than an outlaw, for he had double-crossed his own gang. He possessed no longer even the honor accredited to the thief.

II

In a way one should no more blame Squinty for being what he was, than one should praise Dean Thornton for being so different from him—each being the product of cosmic relationships over which he had no control. Each differing from the other inversely as the square of their distances. People are either trustworthy or they are not. Although we use the expression, a man is not faithful or loyal to anybody: he is simply loyal and faithful. The warden made the mistake of imagining that, because he and not someone else was warden, a faithless Squinty would be faithful to him. But it doesn't work that way. A faithful man is faithful to his wife—no matter what she is like—just because he is a faithful man.

Dean Thornton was not faithful to his wife—since he didn't have one—yet. But he was faithful to her when he acquired one, which was shortly after the dénouement of our narrative. He was younger than Squinty by ten years and everything had been in his favor from the start—including the fact that he did not have any money. He had a whimsical, cadaverous face, out of which a pair of soft gray eyes shot straight at you, a lanky muscular body; had been welter-weight champion and stroked the crew at college; and, because he had been a regular fellow although he came from an unknown region infested by coyotes and timber wolves, had effectively demonstrated the error of supposing that Harvard University is snobbish in insisting upon the right to select her own heroes, by being one of those heroes—perhaps the biggest one of them—himself.

This loose-jointed Lochinvar had come out of the west and made a clean sweep of Boston's Metropolitan District including the Back Bay, Milton and the Norfolk Hunt. Yet he had never seen a dinner suit or a red coat until 1905. He had been brought up to regard women as semi-spiritual creatures to be worshipped afar off; and he was rendered immune to the virus of romance by the thorough vaccination he received by being pursued from his freshman year until his graduation, by Massachusetts females of all ages—maids, wives and widows—who regarded any six-foot collegian as their natural prey. In a word the aggressive love-making of Cambridge so bored him that he escaped marrying into one of the old families and remained heart-whole until he had become president and principal stockholder of the Weed-Jackson Tool & Hardware Company at thirty-five and saved a hundred thousand dollars, which is doing pretty well for a sage-brush New Yorker even in these days. Then, having transplanted his old mother from Nebraska and set her up quite well enough in a comfortable house on a lesser avenue, Thornton allowed his thoughts to turn to the next duty of good citizenship.

NOW in an earlier paragraph we have sought to draw a moral contrast between our hero and our villain, merely seeking to mitigate the comparison by pointing out that neither was really responsible for what he was. We must now go further and practically eliminate the supposed difference between them for the reason that the reaction of the one to outside stimuli was just as immediate, automatic and unconscious as that of the other. Show Squinty a drink and he drank; show him, as the warden had said, a safe and he cracked it; show Thornton a duty and he did it. There was no moral or immoral wavering on the part of either of them. You pressed the button and they did the rest—only Squinty usually got arrested.

So when Thornton proceeded to fall in love with Jessica Winthrop, one of the very Boston banker's daughters he might have married fifteen years before but hadn't, he did not pause to reason why but took the midnight train and after a hearty breakfast at the Parker House bearded her father in his financial den on State Street.

"Mr. Winthrop," he began without further elaboration, "I want to marry your daughter. You don't know me but—"

"Well, who the hell are you?" demanded his prospective father-in-law laconically.

"Thornton, '05."

"H'm!"

Even the famous banker had heard of the even more famous oar.

Winthrop '80, gazed searchingly at Thornton '05, and saw that he was good. Both had stroked an eight and punched the puissant pugs of the 'Port in the eye.

"Can you support her?" concluded Mr. Winthrop. "When my girls marry they go 'as is'—without a cent."

"You can look me up in Bradstreet," answered Thornton confidently, "and I've got a hundred thousand dollars."

"With you?"

Thornton removed from his inside pocket an envelope containing an assortment of stock certificates. Winthrop glanced through them and nodded.



Squinty or his ghost was kneeling before the safe, the door of which was swung wide

"I see you've got quite a lot of our stuff there. I guess you're all right. Go to it!—Hello, what's this? Pujo Limited! What on earth put you into that? It's absolutely rotten!"

"I know it," admitted Thornton readily. "It was just a flyer. I haven't counted that in the hundred thousand."

"But how on earth did you get into it?"

Thornton laughed reminiscently.

"You know Scanlon the promotor? Well, I didn't. But I used to be a deputy police commissioner, and one day I was watching a parade from the grandstand—and he happened to be alongside me. Someone in the crowd who didn't like him threw a brick and I—well, I managed to catch it before it hit him. He was naturally grateful and gave me an inside tip to buy Pujo at sixteen. So I did."

"He's nothing but a crook!" snorted Mr. Winthrop.

"So I found out afterward. But at that time Pujo was supposed to be a big thing."

"O Lord!" groaned the banker. "And you want to marry my daughter!"

"Excuse me!" apologized Thornton. "But may I ask whether or not you ever bought any Pujo yourself?"

The banker's eye twinkled in spite of himself.

"Yes, I did," he admitted sheepishly. "And I bought mine at thirty-one."

THE course of true love cannot be permitted to run smooth. The wallow Fate had in store for Dean Thornton was delivered within a month. The wedding day had been fixed, the bridesmaids' costumes chosen, and Jessica was in New York visiting Dean's mother and buying her trousseau when the bomb exploded. The two women were sitting in the cosy drawing-room waiting for Thornton to come home. He was already late and Jessica's nervous figure flitted continually from before the marble fireplace to the bow-window, as each consecutive surface car ground to a standstill at the neighboring corner. A key rattled and the girl flew to the door. Thornton, apparently in the gayest of spirits, carried her back laughing in his arms and deposited her in front of his mother.

"Well, this has been a day!" he cried, and pulling Jessica to the fire, he lit a cigar and put his arm around her.

"What! A cigar just before dinner!" she expostulated.

"It was my last cigar!" he hummed, but his eyes were serious.

"What's up!" she demanded suspiciously.

"Hold fast!" he returned. "I've one grand little joke for you. Are you ready? We're busted—wiped out!"

Jessica drew back her head and looked intently up into his face while old Mrs. Thornton laid down her knitting resignedly.

"I knew there was something!" she sighed.

"Well, we're just busted. Hard luck! That's all! Have to start over again and all that. Call it a misfortune,

The Crooked Fairy

perhaps, but no real calamity. I've still my good right arm!"

"O, Dean!" murmured the girl, covering her eyes. "What has happened!"

He threw the barely lighted cigar back into the grate.

"Durham, our treasurer, has disappeared with every cent of our money. The accountants say he's been jockeying with the books for at least two years. Collecting the accounts and pocketing the receipts, you know. He's got away, first and last, with about two hundred thousand. Heaven knows what he's done with it. Salted it away very likely in Chili or Peru. He's left a wife and five children stranded without a dime. The company owes nearly a hundred thousand over its assets."

"O Dean!" cried Jessica, putting his hand to her cheek. "Poor Dean!"

"But he hasn't taken any of your money!" remarked Mrs. Thornton sagaciously. "Even if the company is bankrupt you can start in again on your own capital, can't you?"

"I won't have any capital after I've paid off the corporation's creditors," he retorted rather grimly. "The best I can do is to keep the ship afloat and begin a new cruise."

A proud look came into his mother's wrinkled face.

"Silly!" she muttered protestingly. "But your father would have done the same thing!"

Jessica lifted Dean's hand, turned it upward and kissed his palm.

"I don't mind! If we have to we can wait!" she said heroically. Then she suddenly threw her arms about his neck and burst into tears.

The Weed-Jackson failure turned out to be worse than the accountants had prophesied. But a sympathetic creditors' committee and a capable temporary receiver saved the corporation from actual shipwreck. Nevertheless the statement presented at the meeting, held as it happened upon the Saturday afternoon of Squinty Phelan's visit to New York to attend his grandmother's funeral, showed past due indebtedness of ninety-seven thousand dollars. Thornton, dogged but cheerful, asked for a week's delay before they should apply for a trustee in

bankruptcy. His accumulated savings would have enabled him to go ahead and marry Jessica, and there was no reason but a perhaps Quixotic sense of honor why he should not let the corporation be dissolved or settle with its creditors on the usual percentage basis. But that was not Thornton's way. He had it out with Jessica before she boarded the train for Boston to see her father, who she protested would not think of letting them postpone the ceremony. Her father was foolishly rich, she said, and she and Dean could live with her family until he could get a fresh start. But he was obdurate. Her father had insisted on his taking her "as is"—well, she must take him the same way. He would never live with or on anybody—even his wife's parents. The wedding would have to be put off until he was able to offer her at least a makeshift for a home of her own. In ten days or so he would join her in Boston and tell her how much could be saved out of the wreck.

During the next week Dean finished his investigation of the corporation's financial condition, liquidated his private holdings and on the second Monday after the collapse invited the creditors to dinner at his club, where each guest found under his plate a certified check for the full amount of his claim. Dean made a little speech in which he explained that a friend of the company who had a perhaps unwarranted faith in its future and his own, had opportunely come forward to relieve the situation.

There is nothing like an unexpected dividend to stimulate geniality, and the dinner resolved itself into a financial love feast. It was half after eleven before the final creditor had departed rejoicing and Thornton, having slipped his last five-dollar bill to the club waiter, put on his overcoat and started toward home—the home that had already been sold to meet the Weed-Jackson Company's debts. He was cleaned out, all except his hundred shares of Pujo Limited which, after five years of dejection, had within the last month worked up from the digits to around fifteen. It would keep his mother and himself going for a few months—if he sold it, and it had seemed a good time to sell. So he had taken the certificate out of the vault and put it in his pocket intending to deliver it to his broker the next morning.

THE club was only a short distance from his house and ordinarily, since it was raining, he would have jumped into a taxi; but taxis, he told himself, were no longer for him, and so he turned up his collar and started forth on foot. As he neared Park Avenue a man who had been standing in the partial protection afforded by the entrance to a grocery store, zigzagged across the sidewalk and intercepted him. In the dim light of the arc lamps he presented a grotesque almost laughable appearance, for the old jumper which enwrapped the upper part of his figure hung heavily about his knees and his flat-topped derby—or what was left of it, was pulled down close over his ears. He stood

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Character, not mere beauty, is what Mary Alden strives for in her pictures

The coquette who flirts with you over her fan is the screen's hardest worker—Norma Talmadge

There is no more beautifully dressed woman in film-land than Elsie Ferguson

Lillian Gish's great sad eyes and wistful mouth seem made for pathos

Beauty, provocative and saucy, has won popularity for Bebe Daniels, a recent recruit from comedy

Will Fate Make You the Next Great Movie Star?

By Genevieve Parkhurst

WHAT are the chances of an unknown girl to become Mary Pickford's successor?

NOT long ago, a girl, whom I shall call Sarabelle, disappeared from home. Her distracted parents searched for her in vain. The police took up the trail and the papers throughout the country published her picture and a detailed description of her appearance and characteristics. After three months she was traced to Chicago and from there to St. Louis and then to Hollywood, where, with the aid of the City Mother's Bureau of Los Angeles, whose business it is to look after just such girls, she was found working out as a nurse-maid. Sarabelle's story was a simple one.

She was pretty and her friends had often told her how closely she resembled a popular moving-picture actress. Whereupon her adolescent mind wandered far from her little home town, into a dream world where fur coats and strings of pearls and limousines and luxurious abodes flourished as the green bay tree on the summer hillside. School grew very tiresome. So did the prospect of a humdrum life in an office when her school days were over. Certainly, with the moving-picture studios only three thousand miles away, the answer to a more adventurous future was as clear as day. To Hollywood she would go. One call upon a motion-picture producer and hers would be the "easy life"—dressed "up to the eyebrows" all of the time, even when working. When not working, there would be shopping and riding around in a limousine or reclining on an oriental divan, waited upon by footmen in livery and always with a coterie of adorers at her feet.

To Hollywood Sarabelle went. She had few belongings and less than twenty-five dollars, which she had deftly pre-empted from her mother's bureau drawer. In Chicago she was forced to tarry for three weeks in a restaurant, until, by wages and tips, she had enough money to start on another relay of her journey. She bought a stop-over ticket to St. Louis. Here by the same process in six weeks she had the fare for a through ticket to Los Angeles and a little money to live on for a day or two. There were dull days on her journey from east to west. Sometimes she cried herself to sleep. But then she had her dreams—and they were promising enough, goodness knows.

Sarabelle's dreams were short-lived. The only directors she saw were the personnel directors at the studios and they only half-listened to her. She was pretty, yes—but there were over a hundred pretty girls in line that same day waiting to be heard—just as Sarabelle was waiting. So she was sent away with the excuse that they had engaged the extras for the next picture, but that maybe, when they were ready to produce another, there might be a place for her in the mob for a day or so at five dollars a day.

IN a week Sarabelle's money was gone. She tried the restaurants again. They were "full up" on waitresses. So she went out to work as a nurse-girl. A few weeks later she went home a sadder but a wiser girl.

Wherever there are motion-picture studios, this same comedy is enacted day after day. Only sometimes it is not a comedy—it gets pretty close to the fine line of pathos and too tragically often beyond that to the valley of despair. From the cities, the small towns, the villages, the farms, these girls come—the majority of them under twenty-one—their hearts aflame with enthusiasm, thinking that theirs is the only pretty face in the world, or believing, because someone has told them so, that they look like Mary Pickford or Lillian Gish or Norma Talmadge or Bebe Daniels. Often their mothers are to blame. They see things in their daughters that are not there and, dreaming for them a future of fame and luxury and high good fortune, they bundle them off to Hollywood, California, or to Long Island City or some place in New Jersey where there are studios. Sometimes they never come back. But they do not stay in Hollywood or Long Island or New Jersey. They get no further into the pictures than did Sarabelle. They are broken on the wheel of the cities, and the motion-picture industry bears an unearned onus, when there is no one to blame but the girls themselves or their mothers and

their ignorance of the necessary qualifications for a successful motion-picture actress. A pretty face and a graceful figure are the least of these.

There was a time, perhaps, in the early development of the motion-picture as an amusement enterprise, when beauty alone conquered the public. But the movie public changes its mind rapidly, and these stars were but meteors, flaring up in the night, leaving a trail of evanescent and ever fainter light across the sky as they sank below the horizon never to rise again.

OUT of the mouths of the moving-picture directors and the stars who have achieved a lasting success comes an alinement which must discourage the thousands of Sarabelles from all such futile attempts toward a fly-by-night fame and fortune.

David Wark Griffith, who was the first to see the motion-picture as a new medium of artistic expression, sets a high mark for the prospective star. I called upon him to ask what encouragement he had to offer the young girl who feels she has been called to shine as a fixed star. He shook his head and replied, "Many are called but so few are chosen! The movies afford a sad outlook for most young women. Photographic faces and graceful bodies are very rare—for they involve something more than mere regularity of feature and line. There must be strength, both physical and mental. The work is difficult and more than trying. I have seen young women so exhausted by a day's work that it has taken them a week to recuperate."

"Being painted up and looking pretty is only one per cent. of the game. There are no union hours. Often we work straight through from eight in the morning until midnight and later. On the other hand there are scenes which demand such a concentration of the mental and physical forces, in order to raise the emotions to proper heights, that one scene, lasting but two minutes, exhausts an actress for the rest of the day."

"And then there is education," said Mr. Griffith, "a very stern requirement. I do not mean that it is necessary for a girl to be a college graduate, or even to have finished high school. But she must have a capacity for unceasing and tireless study and observation. She must know something about literature—a great deal about life. She must have a keen sense for plots—she must know that they are

Mary Miles Minter's winsome ways charm the souls of those who adore ingenues

Constance Binney—favorite of the awkward age



Frank eyes and tip-tilted nose—Alice Brady



good or bad according as to whether they are true or false. She must be able to act—otherwise she is just a marionette with the director pulling the strings. Marionettes wear out and grow shabby very quickly."

The general belief that a director can make a star, Mr. Griffith flouted with considerable emphasis. "It is stupid," he declared, "to say that. It might as well be said that he can make a face or a soul, or that Milton's English teacher made him, or that a college professor made a great surgeon, or that a music teacher created a great genius. No director, either on the speaking or screen stage, ever made a star. My ideas, or any man's ideas, are not women's ideas. We think and feel in entirely different terms. All we can do is to help and to guide. Stars make themselves, just as great musicians or great poets or great artists achieve through the qualities and temperament of their own souls. What they've got, they've got. If they have nothing, all of the advertising and publicity, all of the money in the world, all of the energy of all the directors are not going to bring the response from the heart of the people to the heart of the actress which is the proof of real artistry on the stage."

FROM his broader statements, Mr. Griffith diverted to the more particular details of what a girl must be if she is to grow into a successful screen actress: "Character, more than beauty, must be found in the face. The eyes count the most, for they register the emotions. The mouth does not matter so much as what an actress can do with hers. It must not be too large, although if it is mobile and expressive, the make-up often attends to the shape and size. There must be youth in contour and expression of the face. I mean that life must have put no marks upon the soul—years count only in so far as they have or have not proved destructive. For the camera is diabolical—it brings out qualities and reactions that nobody ever dreamed of."

Mr. Griffith never seeks stars. He chooses his story first—and then he looks about in his own company for those whom he thinks best able to develop it upon the screen. "That is the story of the making of Lillian Gish. Lillian Gish and her sister Dorothy," he explained, "began with small parts. My attention was called to them first by their sincerity and sturdy capacity for hard work. They were advanced to middle parts and then to leads because they had been tried and found not wanting in the many things that combine toward success in dramatic art. Lillian Gish will be as great as or greater at forty-five than she is today. She will take different characters, of course—but hers is a genius that will burn steadily and stand the test of time."

WHEN I went to see Lillian Gish I was prepared, from her performance in "Way Down East," to hear much of wisdom, but not such wisdom as issued from the lips of this very young girl who does not look a day over sixteen. If Mr. Griffith set a high mark for entrance examinations into the movies, hers attained the zenith. "I can sum up success in three words," she answered to my questions. "First—understanding; second—imagination; third—concentration. By understanding I mean the understanding of humanity—love for it; charity for its mistakes; sympathy for its weaknesses; pity for its tragedies; humor for its contradictions; and applause for its braveries. We who would get on, must observe life and understand

why men and women love, why they hate, why they steal, why they kill. Above all, we must try to feel as they feel, taking into consideration their heritages, environments and racial traits."

Elsie Ferguson, who is a fixed star on both the stage and screen, declared: "The stage day of the pretty girl without talent is over. No longer may a banker say to a producer, 'I know a pretty girl who is anxious to go on the screen. I am willing to back her with any amount of money.' The producer knows that machine-made stars do not last, and all the money in the world could not induce him to risk his business reputation in such a venture."

Of education as an asset—and a necessary one if a girl's career is not to be overwhelmed with liabilities—Miss Ferguson insisted: "An actress can't know

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DO you believe in love at first sight? Jimmie didn't until he met the "inevitable she;" and then he became—

The Conquering Male

By Lucian Cary

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE BENSON

JAMES HEATON PARKER had always lived in Richmond Center, for the sufficient reason that his father and mother (and his brother Alex and his sister Susie) lived in Richmond Center. But a few days after the birthday when he became eighteen, and a few days before he entered upon his last year in the high school, the Parker family moved from Richmond Center to Belleville.

Richmond Center is the kind of place where the young men about town give dances every other Saturday night in the K. P. hall at a dollar a couple; and where, several times a winter, each of the churches gives a sociable; which means that you get a supper of oyster stew and roast chicken with mashed potatoes and gravy, and baked ham and candied sweet potatoes, and hot biscuit with quince honey and spiced peaches and pickled watermelon-rind and cherry preserves, and apple pie and lemon pie and cream pie, and cake—angel's food cake and devil's food cake and chocolate layer cake and cake with figs in the filling and cake with a coconut frosting—with ice-cream and coffee—for fifty cents.

Belleville is that kind of place, too. Indeed, to the detached observer, there is no great difference between Richmond Center and Belleville.

But James Heaton Parker was not a detached observer. For him there was a profound difference. The difference was that he knew nearly everybody in Richmond Center and he didn't know anybody at all in Belleville. Not that he preferred Richmond Center on that account. He preferred Belleville.

He was thinking, as he walked rapidly down Main Street in the late afternoon of his second day in Belleville, that this change ought to be the turning-point in his life. It meant that he could step gracefully out of boyhood into manhood. That step would have been difficult if he had continued to live in Richmond Center. He would have had to assume the rôle of man among people who had known him when he rode a velocipede, and who still affected surprise at seeing him in long trousers. Such people, James reflected, kept on thinking of you as a child and treating you as a child after you positively had to shave.

There were no such people in Belleville. He could assume the air of a man—just assume it—and Belleville, having no memory of him as a small boy, would accept him for what he was—a man. At the thought, James took his hands out of his trousers pockets. They felt sort of queer, just hanging at his sides. He tried putting them in the side pockets of his coat; that proved more satisfactory—it was comfortable enough, and it was like a man.

He entered Utley's grocery store with dignified step, got the attention of a clerk and gravely read off the list his mother had given him. This done, he turned his back to the counter and leaned nonchalantly against it; and while the clerk put up his order, he surveyed the store with an air of boredom in conscious contrast to that excited interest which affects small boys in the presence of food. Boredom was, he felt, a peculiarly becoming state in a man—a man of the world would always be a little bored.

And then the girl came in.

THERE were in fact two girls and three young men of about his own age. But James was only vaguely aware that there were others. He saw her and for the moment he saw nothing else, not even his picture of himself. She was a pretty girl, slender, and not too tall, and coolly sure of herself. She wasn't trying to make an impression. She didn't need to. James' glance took in the other girl. He reflected that some men would think her the better-looking of the two. But he knew better. The second girl was vivacious—too vivacious, as if she were trying to put herself across. James stared at the first girl, without knowing that he was staring until she glanced in his direction. Instantly James became absorbed in contemplation of the big red coffee-mill in which the clerk was grinding his coffee.

James avoided looking at her again. But when the mill ceased its roaring he heard her voice—a contralto voice, he decided—with a slight, agreeable drawl. He caught one reference to the fact that school began next week. That meant they were all high-school students, like himself. Seniors, too, probably. And while he listened to what they were saying, James reassured his air of boredom. He became



He looked down into her eyes. He knew he could tell her. He had to tell her. "I've been in love with you ever since the first moment I saw you," he said

so bored that the clerk had finally to touch his arm in order to attract his attention to the fact that his packages were ready. The clerk had managed to get them all into two huge paper bags.

James tucked one bag under each arm. In passing through the group to get out of the store, he had to pass between the two girls. He spoke an impersonal "Beg pardon" as they made way for him. The too-vivacious girl giggled. James turned instinctively to the other. Their eyes met for one flashing instant, and James saw that hers had warm little lights in them. She was even nicer than he had known at first she was. And then he remembered that the others would be staring after him, and that the moment he got out of the door they would ask the clerk who he was and where he lived, and he could feel his neck growing warm and red.

JAMES walked rapidly up Main Street for several squares and turned off into a side street, a street that was little more than a lane and quite out of his way. He needed ten minutes in which to think. He put his packages down and took his pipe out of his pocket and sat on the fence.

He thought of a phrase he had read recently—"the inevitable she." That was what she was—inevitable. And like the inevitable, there was something terrifying in the thought of her. She was so exactly the kind of girl he had always known existed somewhere in the world. It wasn't just that she was pretty. He had known three or four pretty girls in Richmond Center—two, anyway. It wasn't just her voice—her delicious voice. It wasn't just her eyes—although her eyes had warmth and depths and promises in them that he had never seen before in a girl's eyes. There was something else—something over and above all these things. It was the spirit you felt in her. She was the kind of girl who glowed—softly. She was the kind of girl you could talk to.

The next moment James wondered if she was—well—going with somebody else. He disliked the phrase—"going with." But there was no better phrase for the relationship of eighteen. You weren't "engaged" at eighteen. Although you could be. Certainly she wasn't engaged yet. She had too much sense. She might be going with somebody—sort of. In that case—James Heaton Parker frowned. He knocked out his pipe—grimly—and picked up his packages.

Caesar was not more thoughtful when he prepared for the conquest of all Gaul.

When he reached the house, James walked round to the kitchen door and dropped his packages on the table and rushed upstairs to his room. He shut the door and locked it, and put his pipe in his mouth. He approached the mirror. It wasn't so bad. He compared the effect of the pipe in the left corner of his mouth with the effect of the pipe in the right corner of his mouth. He rather preferred the left. His mother's voice interrupted these rites.

"In just a minute!" he yelled.

But he did not go in a minute. He paused to brush his teeth with care, and to chew a piece of gum, and wash his hands. His mother had found a pipe in his bureau drawer recently, and, ever since,

she had shown a singular acuteness in detecting the odor of tobacco on his breath or his hands. His mother did not approve of smoking. Indeed, she had threatened to tell his father the next time. And, though James felt that he had now reached the age when he might legitimately smoke, he had no intention of making an issue of smoking. So now he slipped downstairs and outdoors and hid his pipe in the wood-shed. His mother had forgotten to call him again. He set to work piling up the refuse of moving in the back yard. There is nothing like an hour's hard work outdoors to take the odor of tobacco from one's breath.

WHILE he broke up crates and gathered newspapers and excelsior, James planned his campaign. There was, he told himself, nothing like being in earnest where girls were concerned. He must take a bold line from the start and stick to it. He never had taken a bold line with girls. He had always been shyer of girls than he liked. He had learned to dance passably, but he had never learned to dance well, because he hated walking up to a girl and asking her to dance.

He didn't know what he was afraid of. He knew there wasn't anything to be afraid of. Girls who weren't dancing were always glad to be asked to dance. They hated being wall-flowers ten times worse than having the clumsiest partner. Only this girl was no wall-flower. She was popular. She was undoubtedly the most popular girl in this town. But that, of course, only made her more worth while.

James wondered if that had been the trouble before, back in Richmond Center—that there hadn't been any girl who was worth while. Well, if he wanted this girl he would have to go after her. He would have to walk right up and ask her for three dances. He had never done a thing like that in his life. But you could change. You could change in a thing like that overnight. He would change. Henceforth he would be bold and gather all the rewards of boldness.

The idea so captured him that he kept on thinking about it at the supper table, picturing himself as a bold young man, picturing the things he would get that he wanted. He was so absorbed that he was hardly aware of the others at table. He ate mechanically, in a kind of daze.

"Well," his father said genially, "what's the matter with our Jimmie?"

His father laughed as if it were a great joke to catch him day-dreaming. James recovered himself with a start.

Susie seized the occasion. "I guess he's all right," she said with irony. "He's eaten two pieces of pie."

James glowered at Susie. Susie had in the last few weeks unaccountably ceased to occupy herself exclusively with her own affairs and begun to take an acute and by no means respectful interest in his.

Susie raised her eyebrows at James. She didn't say a word. She just raised her eyebrows in a perfectly maddening way. A remark about little pests occurred to James, but he thought better of it. It was not the part of dignity to provoke Susie. But if she wasn't careful he would get even. He would suggest aloud that it was time that child was in bed, and his mother would realize that supper had been much later than usual, and send Susie to bed, which was the worst punishment she ever received. Only he had other and better things to think about. How, for instance, he would meet the inevitable she, and what he would say—and was there such a thing as love at first sight? And would she experience it too?

THE meeting, when it came, as it did the very next week, was hardly as eventful as James anticipated. On Monday he had presented his Richmond Center credits to the principal of the Belleville high school and been accepted as a senior. On Tuesday he had faced the ordeal of entering an assembly-room containing more than two hundred of his contemporaries as a stranger. But he had been lucky enough to get a seat well back, and he had hardly taken it before the man in front turned and introduced himself. He was one of the three young men with the girl in Utley's grocery store. "My name's Price," he said cordially. "Mine's Parker," said James.

They shook hands.

"You're from Richmond Center, aren't you?"

"Yes," said James. So they had asked the clerk about him that afternoon in the grocery store.

"Thought so," said Price.

A sharp tap of the bell on the rostrum cut short further speech. James leaned back in his seat and for ten minutes, while the principal talked about the rewards of hard study, James' eyes roved up and down the rows in search of the inevitable she. He did not find her for the simple reason that she sat three seats removed and directly behind him.

But at recess, the too-vivacious girl came forward and Price introduced James. Her name was Daisy Blodgett. James

didn't know quite what to say to her, but she saved him the trouble for quite five minutes.

Price grew impatient. "Here," he said. "Choke it off, can't you, Daisy? Mr. Parker might like to meet Mabel." "He might want to meet Mabel?" Daisy Blodgett cried. "Every new man wants to meet Mabel. There she is"—Daisy pointed—"talking to Eddie Cook."

The three advanced toward Mabel. Mabel, James perceived, was the inevitable she.

MABEL looked up as they bore down on her. James braced himself. He knew exactly what he was going to do and the words he was going to speak. He was going to bow, and say, "I'm very happy to meet you," in a tone that showed he meant it.

"Mabel," said Price, "this is my friend, Mr. Parker. Mr. Parker—Miss Eyre."

The inevitable she held out her hand and smiled pleasantly and said: "How do you do?"

James took her hand in his. For an instant he held her small, cool hand. "How do you do," he said stiffly. He didn't mean to say that. He didn't mean to be stiff. He just couldn't help himself. And before he had a moment in which to recover himself the bell rang, and they had all to go back to their seats.

But within three days, James felt himself one of the "crowd"—which meant that Mabel and Daisy and Bill Price and Eddie Cook and Ethel Williams and George Davis had accepted him. He was invited to a party at Ethel Williams' for Friday night.

The party was a bit stiff at first, owing partly to the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Williams. But these understanding parents removed themselves at the first opportunity, and Ethel immediately proposed that they all go down cellar and pop corn in the furnace. There was a barrel of apples in the cellar—red Snow apples—and the party quickly found itself and was most jolly.

Somehow or other, James found himself always beside Daisy Blodgett. It was partly that she placed herself there, but it was also partly that James made no serious effort to escape. He realized that he was not at all afraid of Daisy, and he was very much afraid of Mabel. He didn't care what Daisy thought of him.

Once he found himself standing beside Mabel. He wanted to ask her to sit down with him. The rest were sitting on upturned boxes and the cellar steps, two and two, munching apples and pop-corn. But he hesitated to make so obvious an advance. Presently she sat down on a box. James perceived that it was a large box, that two people could sit on that box—close together. He decided he would wait until the party broke up and then he would ask her if he might see her home.

HE wondered whether it was the custom in Belleville for a young man escorting a girl home to take her arm.

Of course, if it was raining and they were walking under an umbrella, he'd pretty nearly have to take her arm. But it wasn't raining tonight; it was bright moonlight; and there wasn't any ice or snow; it was the season of first frosts; there would be no snow for two months at best. Probably it would be all right to take her arm. Only if it wasn't the regular thing in Belleville it would seem—well, presuming on a short acquaintance. As a conqueror he ought just to march up and take her arm—as a matter of course.

James wondered how other boys managed these things. But owing to the singular peculiarity of boys, he had never heard any discussion among them of the methods of conquest. This peculiarity is a profound unwillingness to appear ignorant of the subject. James was still in so active a

state of doubt about whether he should boldly take Mabel Eyre's arm when he walked home with her or not take her arm, that he did not ask her if he might take her home.

Somehow he and Bill Price and Mabel and Daisy left together when the party broke up. James was between Daisy and Mabel. He meant when they came to a narrow place to drop back with Mabel and let Bill and Daisy go on ahead. But Bill knew where the first narrow place was better than James did, or something. Anyhow it was Bill and Mabel who dropped back and James and Daisy who walked ahead. And Daisy promptly put her arm through his and said, "Why so sad, Jimmie?"

It was the first time she had called him Jimmie, or anybody else in Belleville outside his own family. "I'm not sad," he protested.

"Don't be sad, Jimmie," said Daisy, "or I'll think you want to walk with Mabel."

This remark diagnosed the case so truly that James had to deny it. "Don't you s'pose if I'd wanted to walk with Mabel I'd have asked her?" he challenged.

He reflected bitterly when he got home that his first evening in Belleville society had found him more successful in pleasing the wrong girl than in pleasing the right one. It was so much easier to please the girl you didn't care about!

SUNDAY found James rather forlorn. He thought of calling on Mabel Eyre. But he didn't know the family.

They might not approve of callers on Sunday. You couldn't tell. If her father came to the door he would wonder who this young man was and what he wanted. What could he say? He might say: "Is Mabel at home?" He might call up on the telephone and ask her if he might call. But that would seem rather formal. The fact was that James had never called, regularly called, on a girl in his life. And he didn't intend to betray his ignorance of the way to go about it to Mabel Eyre. So he stayed at home all day.

After supper, Bill called up. "Come on and let's go to church," he said.

"Church!" James said. He went to church Sunday mornings with the family. He had to. But the idea of going to church when he didn't have to, struck James as absurd.

"Sure," said Bill. "Meet me down Main Street—the drug-store corner."

"All right," James said. It would be better to go to church with Bill than to sit around home, anyway.

Bill led the way to the Methodist church. But he did not go in. He walked on around to the side entrance, which was dark. "We can wait here," he said, sitting down on the step.

"Wait—for what?" James asked.

"The girls, of course," Bill said.

"Oh," said James.

Thus was James inducted into the simple device of young people in small towns for meeting each other and walking home together on Sunday nights—a device he might have learned in Richmond Center, but had not.

Daisy came out of the church first. She saw James. She came skipping down the walk ahead of Mabel. "Why, there's Jimmie!" she cried. She took his arm and fell into step beside him. "I feel just as if I had a beau again," she said.

"Again?" said James. He couldn't very well tell her he wanted to walk with Mabel!

"I had a beau once," said Daisy.

James wished she had him still, but he was not rude enough to say so.

"He was quite crazy about me," she admitted. "He was always trying to kiss me."

"That must have been very trying," commented James in his most sarcastic tone.

"It was," Daisy confessed. "But then it would have been more trying if he hadn't."

James laughed at that in spite of himself. And then he wondered if she expected him to try to kiss her. She was certainly going to be disappointed if she did. He would walk home with her because he couldn't get out of it. But that was the limit. She acted as if he had wanted to take her home. "See you tomorrow in school," she called after him when he had left her at her front gate.

"Sure," said James perfunctorily. First thing you know, he thought helplessly, they'll think I'm going with her.

That was what they did think. On Monday morning Daisy bombarded him with notes—as everybody except the teacher observed. Monday noon Ethel Williams hailed him. "Well," she said with mock seriousness, "I see you've got a girl and none of the rest of us have a chance." James knew she was only kidding him, but he couldn't kid back. He could only smile weakly.

Monday, after school, Daisy was waiting for him on the school steps. She took it for granted he wanted to walk home with her. He practically had to ask her if he might carry her books. And that, at eighteen, is almost as much of a signal as an engagement ring at twenty-one!

They stood for a long time—until dark, in fact—at the Blodgett gate. James didn't know how to get away. He didn't want to get away, particularly. He realized that he would quite like her—if it weren't for Mabel.

Susie topped off the day for him. "I see," she said at supper, "that our Jimmie's got a girl!"

"What's that?" Mr. Parker asked. He had a strange tolerance for Susie's sallies.

James essayed an amused laugh, but he was more successful in blushing.

"I saw them standing in front of her house when I was on my way home," said Susie. "I guess they stood there most two hours."

"Indeed," said Mr. Parker. "And who is this girl, Susie?"

"Her name's Daisy Blodgett."

James felt it was time to squelch Susie. "That's about enough from you," he said bitingly. But everybody laughed except Susie, and she raised her eyebrows in her maddening fashion.

A week later James took Daisy to a dance at the K. P. hall. He didn't intend to ask her. He intended to ask Mabel. But before he had decided on how to go about it, he discovered that Daisy expected him to take her. He didn't exactly ask her, but he acquiesced.

JAMES had rather a trying time at the dance. But he consoled himself for having to dance so many dances with Daisy by the thought that he was learning to dance, and when the time came to take Mabel to one he would be a really finished dancer.

On the way home, Daisy expatiated on what a good time she had had. "I like to dance practically a straight," she said, by which she meant that she liked to dance practically through the evening with James. "Don't you?" she finished.

"Sure," said James indifferently.

Daisy squeezed his arm. Daisy snuggled her hand into his. James pressed her hand. Her gesture demanded it. He had to press her hand. They walked on, arm in arm, her hand in his. Daisy was strangely silent. Silence was not her mode. James felt her shoulder touching his. James felt that she expected him to kiss her. He tried to think of something innocuous to say. "It's a lovely night," he said finally.

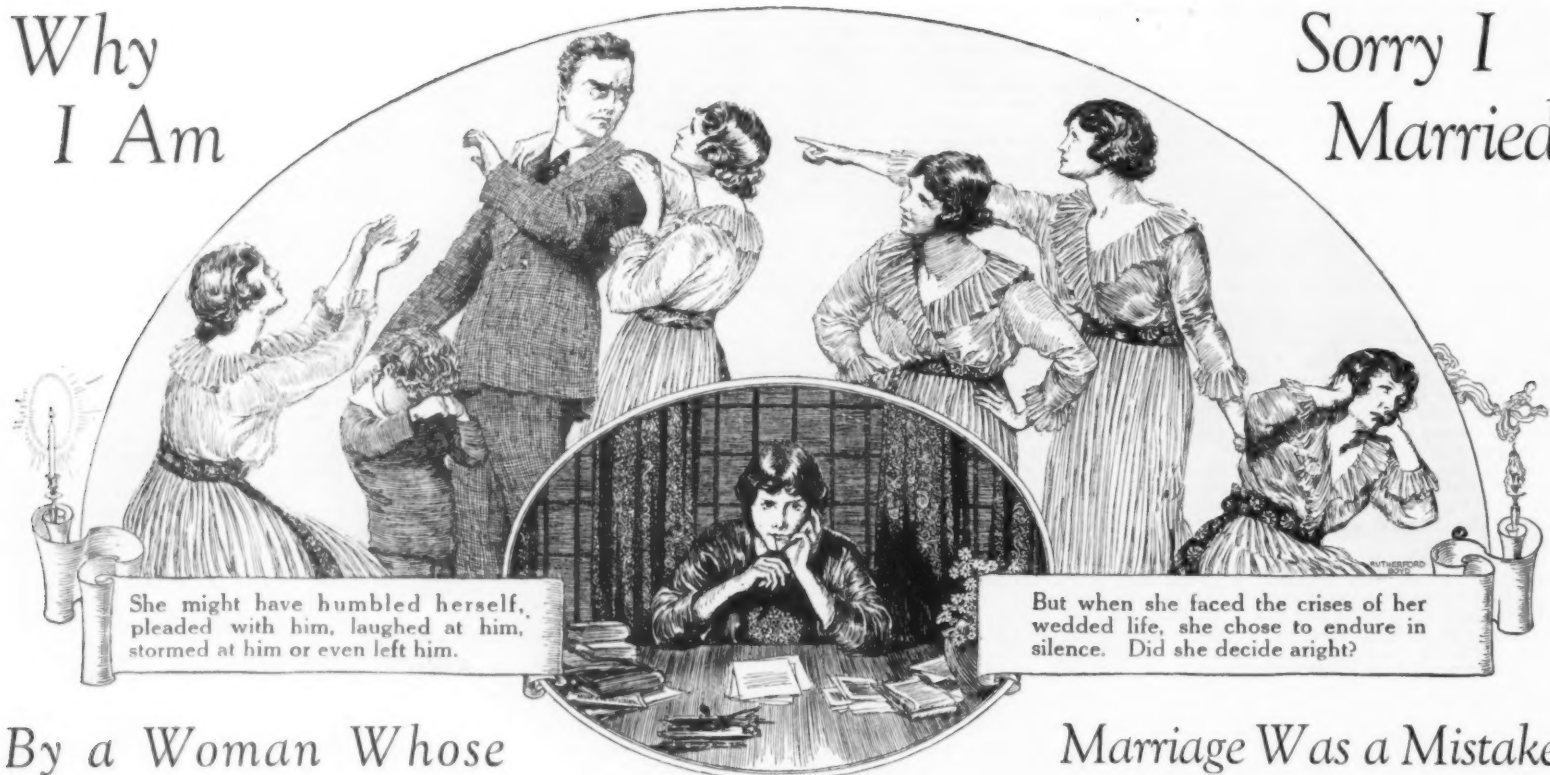
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The rest were out of sight round a bend. He and Mabel were alone. He took her arm and they skated along with long, free strokes. He felt that somehow they understood each other, just as they skated together

Why I Am

Sorry I Married



She might have humbled herself, pleaded with him, laughed at him, stormed at him or even left him.

But when she faced the crises of her wedded life, she chose to endure in silence. Did she decide aright?

By a Woman Whose

Marriage Was a Mistake

ILLUSTRATED BY RUTHERFORD BOYD

I AM sorry I am married.

It has taken all the honesty there is in me to write that one sentence. I have never spoken it aloud, but it has been true for more than twenty years. Six months ago, I said it to myself for the first time; since then, I have said it to myself so often that it has worn a sort of track in my brain.

I married when I was eighteen. Both my mother and father had died the year before, and I was left with a capital of five thousand dollars which gave me an income of just twenty-five dollars a month. How pathetically small that seems now! At the time, I regarded it as rather a neat little sum, though, of course, I couldn't live on it. I worked in a dry-goods store for fifty dollars a month. With an income of seventy-five dollars a month, I was considered fortunate by my friends. I dressed well, according to the standards of our town, and I was told so often that I was pretty that I came to believe it. As I look at my old photographs of that date, they anger me so that I can see no beauty in them. The expression is self-satisfied, the face vacant; nothing there but youth and health and regular features.

It was that girl of eighteen who had the fate of the woman I now am, in her hands. It was to her that the head of the dry-goods firm began to pay marked attention. It was just as if a spotlight had been thrown on me. Every man, woman and child about the shop began to notice me. They seemed to be holding a sort of competition among themselves as to who could be nicest to me. What little sense I ever had I lost completely. I never once asked myself if I could really love this man who was fifteen years older than I. All I knew was that my employer, to whom I had always spoken with formal respect, who stood well in the town, who had what I considered a palatial home, seemed on the point of asking me to marry him.

There must be women who can understand that it never entered my head for a moment that I could refuse such an offer if it came to me. It did come, suddenly, but oh!—in such a matter-of-fact way. I was proposed to on the street, as my—I can't bring myself to say lover—as my employer escorted me to my boarding-house after closing hours. I said "yes" very quickly, and on the whole gladly, but I ran to my room after it was over and sat down limply, staring out of the window, dimly conscious that perhaps I had committed a crime against romance. I remember asking myself in a dull, dazed way: "Is this all the thrill there is in life?"

But the fact remained that I was vain. I still am, I suppose, but then I certainly had more than my share of vanity. I had saved a small amount from my income, and I made up my mind to spend this and a thousand dollars of my capital on clothes. Coats, hats, gowns! They were cheaper than now. It is honestly true that a welter of clothes was hiding reality from me. Marriage, for the moment, meant a trousseau and triumph. Every friend and acquaintance that I had, and many new ones I made at the time, conspired to impress upon me how lucky I was. Social leaders in the town, whom I had never met, gave parties for me. I don't wish to make excuses for myself, but I am convinced that only a girl of unusual character could have failed to lose her head under such circumstances. I entered marriage in a state of self-centered excitement, was followed to the station with rice, flowers and fluttering ribbons, and sank into a Pullman seat in a glow of anticipation—a glow which faded in a week and has never been recaptured.

It is difficult for me to bring back a clear mental picture of the early months of my marriage. I seem always to have had a recognized social position in the town, and always to have known my husband, his little tricks of speech, his characteristic movements of hands and head, and his very fixed point of view. I wish I had kept a diary—even a line a day. There is one conversation with my husband the date of which I should like to fix. It burst my young girl bubble of belief that I had entered upon a life of easy luxury. It probably took place during the first week of "the honeymoon."

My husband began by paying me just the sort of compliment I loved to hear. He told me that I was beautiful—which was hardly true—and that I had an instinct for choosing the clothes which exactly suited me. If he had only left it there, our wedding journey would have been a happier one, but he went on to say that the marvel to him was that a girl in my circumstances could, with her own fingers and the help of cheap dressmakers, get together such a trousseau. This drove me to a confession.

"But the dressmakers were not cheap," I said, and I explained that I had spent a thousand dollars of my capital.

HERE is another confession by a woman who is unhappily married. She says that she is unemotional and that she should have remained a spinster. What do you think? She married a well-to-do but stingy man. Would her wedded life have been happier if she had chosen a poor but more liberal partner?

It amuses me now to remember that I could ever have made the statement in unsuspecting simplicity.

He looked at me as he might have at an idiot. Then he walked up and down the floor.

"You think," he said, "that you have married old 'money bags.' Money, you think, grows on bushes, and I am one of the bushes. Your own money you can throw away."

He frightened me terribly that day. I thought I was married to a hard man. This is not true. My husband is not hard, but he is incurably close, with that awful type of closeness which makes a man wish to seem to spend more money than he does; the terrible all-in-the-show-window habit. It is a method which he finds successful in business. It is not successful in the home.

WHEN I had established myself in his mind as "a girl who liked to put a dollar on edge just to see it roll," he set himself the task of supervising every cent I spent. It was then that I developed a ray of heaven-sent cleverness. I refused to buy any single article either of clothing or for the house, unless it was forced upon me. At first, this amused my husband. It ended by boring him. The third step was his reaching a decision which had been my object from the start. He concluded that it was best that I should have both a dress and housekeeping allowance.

Having granted this, he exacted an accounting to "freshen up" my arithmetic. This was during a period when he was treating me more like a father than a husband. I have one of those account books still. I kept them in the utmost detail; recorded the expenditure of the ultimate cent. I took these books to him in season and out of season. I begged him to add up column by column, lest there be a mistake. I was cruel with them. I used them as instruments of torture. I never failed to bring them to him when he was tired. At last, in desperation, he turned on me.

"Can't you," he cried, "spend your allowance sensibly without all this confounded figuring?"

If I had laughed just then, I wonder if he would have laughed with me—if he could have laughed at himself. I am afraid not. At any rate, I didn't laugh. I just said very quietly:

"I'll try to get along without the bookkeeping if you think best."

And he nodded with that "good-child" nod of his which he still uses with me.

After six years of half-suppressed quarreling, I realized that a baby was to come to us. I felt that here, at last, would be common ground; here our hearts and minds could meet, could work together toward a safe and sound foundation for the happiness of the child.

I went to those of my friends who had families and listened by the hour to their experiences. I filled a little leather book with notes on them. I collected volumes on infant and child care, and pored over them. I tabulated the information, compared, discarded and accepted. When all this was finished, I took the result, in great pride, to my husband, certain, for once, of his cooperation.

He glanced at my notes, listened to me in mock solemnity for a time, then burst out laughing.

He had never hurt me more deeply.

"Fuss and feathers," he cried, "and busybody hair-splitting! All a child needs is to get born and to grow!"

I was silenced, and made the selfish determination to be the only one of us informed on the subject of child care, believing that if I were armed with knowledge, I could ward off his possible interference with my methods.

THE baby was a boy, a vigorous, well-formed boy. His father was mildly fond of him, but after a few word battles was content to leave all questions of his care in my hands.

The happiest years since my marriage were those of my son's babyhood and little boyhood. Even when he was but a few months old, I felt, as I held him in my arms, the warmth and glow of companionship. Before he was a year old, I began my bid to be known not only as a mother to be loved, but also as a pal to be played with. His father would sometimes watch our games with an amused, quite superior air. He never entered into them.

As the boy grew older, there were times—many of them—when he needed correction. He was, and still is, active, thoughtless and possessed of an enormous curiosity. As a little fellow, it seemed necessary for his happiness that he should know exactly what was under, behind, and inside every object in the house. This fact led to innumerable accidents. I learned to take them calmly, as part of the order of the day. If a costly piece of bric-a-brac were broken, I told myself that, as the culprit was a child, the offense had no relation to the value of the property destroyed. I punished my boy no more severely for breaking a valuable vase than a chipped tea-cup.

I worked very hard on the problem of natural punishments. They were not always easy for me to think out. With a vase, for example. What was a natural punishment for breaking a vase? At last, I had it. There was a delightful neighbor whom my son loved to visit.

"I am sorry," I said to him, "but for a week you are not to go into any friend's house. First, you must learn not to break vases. It would be terrible to have that happen away from home."

I almost never used bodily punishment. My son has a brain, and to that I appealed. It astonishes me now, as I look back on it, that my husband allowed the system to be so fully developed and so consistently practised without interference. It was as if he were deliberately allowing his wrath to accumulate. It broke on the boy's sixth birthday. On the kitchen shelf there was a cheap nickel clock, with a particularly loud tick. The child climbed up to the shelf, listened to the regular sound, then suddenly grabbed the clock and gave the winder such a violent twist that the spring was snapped. I was in the room at the time. He turned to me and held out the silent clock with a question in his eyes. What would be the penalty for this offense?

"We will buy a new one," I said, "and you must pay for it out of the money you are saving for an air gun."

His lip trembled, but he did not cry.

"It broke so easy," he said.

I explained that that was because clocks were delicate things.

"Can I take this one to pieces, and see what makes it go?" he asked.

I TOLD him I thought that would be a most excellent idea, and suggested further that every night, for a whole week, he wind the new clock very, very gently. He laughed out with pleasure at the thought. And this was the moment my husband chose to come into the kitchen to see what time it was.

There stood my son, with the broken clock in his hand.

"Did you break it?" his father demanded.

The boy said, simply, "Yes."

"You break a good clock and you laugh, and your mother encourages you. This sort of thing has gone on too long!"

He caught the boy, struck him cruelly, and pushed him from the room.

He informed me that if I had the bringing up of the child he would be worthless, or a mollycoddle. It was time, he said, that he took a hand.

It was a turning point in our lives. Since then, and that was more than eight years ago, he has done little else than "take a hand."

Gradually the control of my son was assumed by his father, until finally I was denied any voice in decisions

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WINGS of HEALING

By Anne O'Hagan

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

PART TWO

HE did not let us outside the house the whole of the next day, my mother and me. We never saw my sister again.

"Oh, don't go on—don't go on! I can't bear hearing it."

Jane had almost forgotten her auditor. Her eyes had been fastened somberly, unseeing, upon a low bowl of lilies-of-the-valley, standing upon the piece of dull gold brocade with which Mrs. Greene had hidden the lacquer-like top of the hotel table. But at the anguished exclamation, she came back to the present. On Mrs. Greene's finely cut, delicately wrinkled face, she saw intolerable repugnance, intolerable pain, and for a second the older woman became to her not the mother of her lover, but the embodiment of the comfortable world that she hated, the comfortable world that could not bear hearing the truth! It was to that world, not to the shrinking lady, that she spoke.

"But you've got to hear it. She had to live through it—my mother had to live through it. Meg—"

"You're quite right, Miss—Dr. McDermot," Mrs. Greene resumed her fine, familiar garment of control. Her hands, loosely clasped, dropped into her lap. Her face became again the beautiful, elderly mask it had seemed to Jane when she had first beheld it an hour before.

The meeting with Bowdoin's mother, after he and she had taxied up to the hotel, had been no more awkward than was inevitable. Mrs. Greene had welcomed the girl cordially, though at first Jane had been rather overwhelmed by the casual way in which the mother had accepted the visit—she always expected to share Bowdoin's friends! She had half-apologized for the bits of brocade and tooled leather, for the flowers and photographs, with which she had succeeded in giving her hotel sitting-room some touch of the mellowness that she loved. New York, she had said, was dreadful to her, no matter how she tried to extenuate it, to drape it!

"Although I suppose such a saying sounds weak-minded to you, Miss—Dr. McDermot," she had added. "Bowdoin tells me that you do all sorts of wonderful things among the poor. You are all very wonderful, you young people. But I don't merely try to hide from myself the things I dislike—I believe in the reality of beauty, even more than in the reality of ugliness."

Then she had asked the customary questions about Jane's preference for cream or lemon, and there had been a little halting talk about the influenza, and by and by, Bowdoin, paler than usual, had taken his leave. Jane, through all her own embarrassment, had admired the way in which they managed it. She could not remember what he said, or what his mother said, but she knew that without any banality he had made it plain that he was Jane's suitor, and that her answer to his suit was, in some way that didn't sound silly as they spoke of it, involved in his mother's judgment.

Jane had been sincere when she had told Bowdoin that she did not wish to be swept off her feet into love, into marriage. Yet, as she had driven toward her lover's mother, something new stirred, unrecognized, in her heart, as April stirs deep soils where the seeds lie frozen, all unaware of their destiny of leaf and flower. For was she not to see a woman, wise in love and sorrow? Might not such a one utter some mystic word that would dissolve Jane's bitter knowledge to nothingness, make love seem right and the world not utterly wrong? Oh, perhaps there was a truer rule of life than that harsh one by which she had lived!

"Do you want to go on, Dr. McDermot? Or have I chilled you too much?"

"I want to go on," Jane answered brusquely. "I promised—your son—that I would tell you all about myself."

THE mother's pearly face, wrinkled delicately like a pale piece of crêpe de chine, grew a shade whiter. "Does Bowdoin know what you are going to tell me?"

"No. I told him that I would tell you and let you be the judge of how suitable—that is, of how much likelihood we would have of happiness if we married."

"That is rather wonderful of you, Dr. McDermot. I don't think I quite understand it, though. Bowdoin is a mature man, you are not a young girl. Of course, I assume no rights over his life. I'm not sure I see why—"

"It was a sort of bravado, I suppose," Jane answered. "I knew that if I told him about myself he would only want to—make up to me for everything he would think I had suffered! He's in love with me, you see—" she flung it half-angrily, half-deprecatingly, at the mother—"and besides, he's a pitying sort of person. It wouldn't be quite fair. I wanted to see how it would seem to a woman, a woman who didn't love me, who did love him—"

"I see. I understand. I had heard"—she smiled faintly,—"that girls had grown chivalric in these days. I see it is true. I have met one. I am glad."

Jane flushed, a nerve in her throat throbbled. She was embarrassed, and yet there leaped into her reddish-brown eyes a look of tears and ecstasy.

"Will you go on?" Mrs. Greene leaned her chin upon her hand. The light played upon a square-cut yellow diamond on a thin, long finger. Jane watched it, half hypnotized, as she talked.

"My mother managed to live for about a year and a half after that. Just able to drag herself about. Growing more and more ash-colored all the time. Almost never speaking. Never speaking to him. She didn't talk much to me either, but she taught me to do things—washing and bread-making. And my father went on just as before—a terrible, brooding, fanatical old man. And once every week he got drunk, not noisily, not foolishly, like other men, but silently, grimly—it only made him the more dreadful, as it had made him that night when he punished Meg and my mother for their disobedience to him."

She saw the delicate fingers quiver when she said that. She went on: "She died—my mother died—when I was about ten. And we kept on living together there, in that cabin halfway up the hill outside the town, for the next six years, my father and I. I kept him comfortable. Comfortable! Not a soul on that hillside knew what comfort meant! But I kept the three rooms clean; I boiled and baked and washed and ironed. I did it all for six years—did it and went to school, and studied and studied. I had no girl friends—I had no time for them. I had no 'fellows'—I had no softness, no gaiety, for them."

HER eyes looked backward, down a long vista, and they smoldered with an old savage pain. "I had always made up my mind to run away from my father and from Sterrets' Mills as soon as possible. That was my chief reason for studying so hard. Most of the children left school at the age of fourteen. But he didn't want me to. Not that he cared at all about my education, but if I went into the mills I could not keep his house so well for him! So I had two years more of school, jammed it through in two instead of the usual three. It was, somehow, to be my way out."

"I never had a cent, you know. Not even to buy my own clothes, my own shoes. He would drag me over to the company's stores when the time came when I had to tell him that I needed things. But I used never to tell him

THE STORY SO FAR

SHE didn't want to be swept off her feet—into love, into marriage. She feared love—the happiness of love. For the harshness of life had kept Jane McDermot ignorant of nothing. Ever since that night, back in her childhood, when her father had turned her sister out on the streets because she had stayed late at a party, Jane had hated men. And, though she fought her way to an education and professional success, she kept that hate in her heart.

And now, in the midst of her career, love finds her—the love of a man set among all the beautiful things of life. But what can he, Bowdoin Greene, rich, fastidious, handsome, know of all that has scarred her mind and heart? Can she surrender to the happiness he offers? Will the healing wings of love soften her heart?

for staying after school and helping her. Fifty cents a week. It was the first money I had ever had in my own hands.

"One afternoon I was leaving the school building to walk home—I lived a mile out of town and the school building was another mile into it, so that every day I had four miles to walk. And as I came up the basement stairs to the school yard I ran into a young man. He was very gay and debonnaire. He had on a straw sailor with a bright band, and he lifted it with—an air— He said that he was a salesman for some textbook publishing house, and he asked me a lot of questions. He stayed in the Sterrets' Mills hotel almost a week. I saw him every day."

SHE paused and looked defiantly across the table at the impassive face resting against the beautiful, ringed hand. "At the end of the time, I spent the dollar which I had earned and a little extra money that he had left with me, for a ticket to Philadelphia. He had told me that he could find work for me in the publishing house whose agent he was. I am not quite sure whether I believed him or not. You see, I had grown up face to face with every sort of squalid thing. But I didn't particularly care whether he told the truth or not. I felt—poor little fool!—perfectly competent to take care of myself. In the meantime he offered me what seemed a chance of escape from the prison that I hated. I went to Philadelphia on the train that he told me to take, and he met me."

"Fifteen minutes afterward I took my last look at him. It was Saturday afternoon; the publishing house was closed—he had forgotten about that—it would be all right

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She marveled a little . . . Her father, the relentless tyrant, who had driven her sister from his door . . . her father acting the part of kind neighbor!

until my poor rags were falling from me. "Well, when I was sixteen I had a chance to earn a little money. The janitor of the high-school building had been hurt, and his wife, anxious to keep the job, had tried to do his work. She offered me a few cents

The LARK

By Dana Burnet

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. ALLEN

He knew that life was beginning again for her, as he listened to her golden voice, soaring passionate and uncontrolled through the dusky room.

THE life of Teresa, young wife of Stephen Millard, was a strangely unhappy one. Nineteen years before, the sisters of the convent near Havana, found a nameless baby. They called her Teresa; and, as she grew, because of her beautiful voice, the people named her The Lark. Stephen Millard, a rich American, hearing her sing at vespers, arranged for lessons at his villa. One hot afternoon, Howard, Stephen's reckless brother, came upon Teresa sewing. Under the spell of the languorous, Cuban night, mutual interest flamed into passion. Howard sailed away to the great war the next day, and three months later Stephen married Teresa and took her, broken and unhappy, to New York. Her child died, and although Stephen tried to heal her unhappiness there was nothing but hatred and misery in her heart. Her life, she explained to Stephen, had been like a concert where, just when all the music was loud and most beautiful, the musicians had thrown down their instruments and begun to laugh. Months passed. Teresa could not forget the man she hated. Then, one night, for the first time, Stephen took her to the opera. A few days later, coming into the house he heard her singing—and now, he knew suddenly that the tide of her unhappiness had ebbed. Now continue the story.

CHAPTER XII

Steiner

IN the next six weeks Teresa tried two singing teachers. They were both famous persons, one a man, the other a woman. The first decided that Teresa's voice was a mezzo-soprano; the second declared positively that she was a coloratura.

About that time she met Steiner.

The way of it was this: one afternoon she was practising in the music-room. It was a mild, sunny day, early in April. She was sitting facing the French windows that gave on the little balcony. The windows were open. Afterwhile she became aware of a figure—the figure of a man, astonishingly perched on top of the pergola. He was sitting on a crossbeam, scowling in at her.

How he had got there she didn't know.

He had no hat on. His hair was close-clipped and stood up straight on his head. His face was so ugly it was fascinating. He looked like a griffin. He saw that he had attracted her attention and made a movement with his arm. She got up and went out onto the balcony. He continued to scowl at her from a distance of about ten feet.

"You think I'm mad," he said, in a resonant, nervous voice. "I'm not."

"How did you get up there?" demanded Teresa.

"What difference does that make? I'm here and I've heard you sing. You're forcing! You forced that last note—B natural, wasn't it?"

"Yes," she said, amazed.

"Who taught you that trick?"

"I'm studying with Madame S—" weakly responded Teresa.

The griffin put his hand to his head. "Heavens! That woman. She's ruining your voice, I tell you."

Teresa was startled into answering: "Yes, I think she is."

The young man began to crawl toward her over the crossbeams. When he had reached the balcony he took hold of the iron-work and stood up. "I'm Charles Steiner. So far as I know I'm the only person in New York who has the faintest conception of the science of voice culture. I don't know whether you're worth bothering with or not. But I can tell—"

To her complete dismay he climbed over the railing of the balcony, strode into the music-room and seated himself at the piano. "Now. Try a scale. C major. Forget everything you've ever learned. Sing."

Teresa by this time was furiously angry. She opened her mouth to shriek at the griffin, but instead she began to sing. It was miraculous and extraordinary. By the time she had finished the scale she was in positive awe of the scowling Steiner. She sang as he directed, helplessly. At the end of twenty minutes he stopped playing and glared at her over the music rack. "Lyric. I thought so. You're too hoarse to tell much about the quality—" He interrupted himself to heap anathema on the head of Madame S—; but ended by saying, "I'll take you, if you're serious."

He seemed to dominate her existence, as he sat crouched over the piano, his long fingers clawing the keyboard . . . challenging even the shadowy figure of Howard Millard, whose memory had never ceased to haunt her mind

"I don't know whether you'll take me or not!" burst out Teresa.

Steiner glared at her. Then for the first time he seemed to comprehend the situation. He looked in bewilderment around the music-room. He ran his fingers through his stiff hair and gave a laugh that was like a dog's bark. "I haven't the least idea where I am, and I haven't the least idea who you are. Moreover I don't care. But I'm Steiner. You can look me up if you're interested—"

He took out of his waistcoat pocket a soiled card, dropped it on the top of the piano and walked out through the window. Teresa had a strong impression that she had been dreaming. But there was his card on the piano.

Stephen, when she reported the incident to him, was properly indignant. The next day he called on Steiner at the latter's studio, which was uptown, in West Thirty-seventh Street. Teresa was waiting for him when he returned. He looked at her and smiled ruefully. "I've arranged for you to study with Mr. Steiner. You're to begin at once. I went up there," he continued, in an amused tone, "to give him a piece of my mind. Instead he gave me a piece of his. It seems he was visiting a friend of his—a sculptor—who lives in the alley, and he heard you singing. He climbed over the fence and got up on the pergola. . . . I believe he's something of a genius. . . . He's rude enough to be one."

A LARGE, bare room on the top floor of a remodeled brown-stone house that smelled of mold and escaping gas. . . . Three flights of black stairs. A door with a broken, glass panel patched with brown paper. Miss Trimm's invariable, panting comment: "Well! I should think he'd get that door mended."

Steiner himself, a grotesque figure emerging from the depths of the room to scowl at her. "Late, aren't you?" An alcove, hung with a dirty red curtain, from the direction of which issued odors of impromptu cooking. A window beside which Miss Trimm sat knitting socks for the soldiers in Europe. . . . The housekeeper had become, by imperceptible transition, the duenna. Six days a week she accompanied Teresa to the studio. She was indefinitely but resolutely suspicious of Steiner—who endured her presence with a kind of contemptuous humor.

Steiner's manner did not improve upon acquaintance. He seemed always to be in a fury, but it was a creative fury, out of which came extraordinary things. . . . His genius was for voice production; but he combined with it the talents of a first-rate operatic coach. Teresa's voice, under his direction, grew as any living thing will grow when naturalness is accepted as the principle of development. He began to be enthusiastic about Teresa, and launched forth with her upon an ambitious program. "You will learn six rôles in two years. I will teach you."

He became the dynamic center of Teresa's world. He seemed to dominate her existence as he sat crouched over the piano, his long fingers clawing the keyboard, his close-cropped head half turned to listen.

Though she did not admit it to herself, he was far more real than Stephen. His vitality challenged even the shadowy figure of Howard Millard, whose memory had never ceased to haunt her mind. She had kept alive that memory by an emotional process that took the form of a cherished hate. But hate is negative. Steiner's influence, on the contrary, was positive and constructive. It produced a conflict in her mind. Evidently he had intimations of it. His sensitive nature discerned in her some obstacle to full artistic expression. "You don't give yourself," he would growl at her, hammering the keys.

The presence of Miss Trimm prevented anything further in the way of intimate diagnosis.

She had been studying with him several months, before he found an opportunity to talk to her alone. He had taken her to a concert (for which she had paid) and had insisted that she walk home with him. On the way back to his studio he hardly spoke, but when they reached the building in Thirty-seventh Street he said: "Come up and I'll give you some tea."

Teresa followed him up the stairs, chiefly out of curiosity. He filled a battered teakettle with water and put it to boil on the gas-stove behind the red curtain. Teresa sat down at the piano and began to play. . . . After a while he came out of the alcove and stood leaning against a chair, his head sunk down beneath his shoulders. She looked up at him, smiling faintly.

He said: "There's something baffling about you. . . . I wish I knew what it was. . . . It's as if you were



Her white face, turned up to his, had a flowerlike beauty that possessed him like fragrance and like flame. But he saw vividly what lay in the depths of her eyes. She gave a little gasp. "You don't want me?" "I want you so it's like death not to have you."

always—"He made a gesture, fluttering his hands in the air. "What? What is it you want of life?"

She answered after an instant: "Happiness, I suppose." "That means a great love," she flushed, angrily, but he went on in his rude manner. "Yes, I thought so. You're the romantic sort of woman."

"You forget that I'm married," said Teresa. He gave his barking laugh. "What's that got to do with it? I tell you you're romantic. Look at your hair! No woman ever had hair like that who wasn't romantic." He paused and glowered at her. "That's the trouble with you. You've got the voice and instinct of an artist. But you'll never amount to anything until you stop looking for happiness—as you call it."

"Isn't it possible for an artist to be happy?" "Supremely possible. But not in the way you mean. You're searching for treasure outside yourself. You're expecting life to supply you with passion and beauty from some external source. Am I right? I know I am! You look at yourself and think: 'I'm charming; it must be that God has some fine romance in store for me.'"

She was so keenly aware of the truth of his observations that she hadn't the impulse to resent them. She merely asked: "Do you believe in God, Steiner?"

He tapped his chest with a bony forefinger. "God," he said—"it's all in here. Heaven and earth and hell, life and death—the whole circle of existence." He turned his finger toward her. "Have all the experiences you want. But don't expect from other people or outside sources, what you can get only from your own soul."

He turned abruptly and disappeared behind the curtain. A moment later he came back, grinning like a gargoyle. "I can't give you any tea. The tin's empty."

"Never mind," said Teresa, rising. "I'm glad of it."

"You're not hurt at what I said?"

"No. But I don't want any tea. . . . It was curious after that to go home and dine with Stephen and Miss Trimm; to sit at a glowing table in the caressing light of candles, and talk of the concert she had heard that afternoon."

Later, as she was undressing in her room, she tried to recall her conversation with Steiner. But she couldn't remember clearly what he had said to her. Something about her hair . . . something else about her soul. . . . Had she a soul? If so, she wasn't conscious of it. But she was quite definitely conscious of her hair.

She sat brushing it before the mirror and smiling vaguely at her own reflection. Then she stood up and viewed with critical detachment the lines of her body, showing through the thin nightdress. "I am beautiful," she thought. . . . She switched off the light and going to the window lifted the shade. The park lay quiet and deserted under its round bulbs of light.

It was like a theater waiting for an audience . . . waiting for the play to begin. . . . She was playing in the play, abandoning her beauty to the audience, abandoning her body and her hair. Above all, abandoning her voice. . . . The audience was her lover and her child—to whom she must give herself or die. . . .

One afternoon, as Teresa was leaving the studio, Steiner drew her aside. Miss Trimm had gone ahead; she could be heard stumping down the stairs.

"I'm giving a tea-party next week," said the young man glumly. "Will you come?"

"A tea-party?"

"Yes. It's a fool thing to do. But I need social relaxation. At least that's what people tell me. . . ."

"What you need is a wife," said Teresa, buttoning her gloves.

"A wife? Pff-f! A wife would utterly ruin me. She'd dust and sweep and let in sunlight. She'd want things sanitary and cheerful. I can't stand cheerfulness. It sours me. . . . A wife would destroy my soul and—No! I don't dare."

Steiner brooded for a moment in silence. "I've a friend who has a sweetheart—a very pretty girl. They're idyllically happy. But Leon is only a conductor—an orchestra leader, you know. He has time for a little home life. I haven't." He shook his fist at Teresa. "Don't try to put any of your sentimental nonsense into my head! Romantic bunkum—!"

He looked her up and down. She was wrapped in her winter furs and had on a small hat edged with sable. The shape of it gave delicacy to her face, and the brown gloss of the fur brought out the golden shadows in her skin. All her charm seemed suddenly accentuated, as though to irritate him further. "Go home," he said. "You're exasperating."

She laughed and went down the stairs. He called over the banisters to her: "Next Tuesday—half-past four. I'll expect you."

Steiner's tea-party turned out to be rather a dull affair. The host himself, as the guests arrived, became nervously depressed and gloomy. "I had no business to do it," he muttered to Teresa. "Wasting my time this way. A tea-party!"

Most of the guests were musicians or had some connection with the musical world. They were a cosmopolitan lot, but their names apparently had been selected from common sources—chiefly Italian and Russian. This applied even to the Americans, so that Richard and Peter and George became, in deference to professional superstition, Riccardo, Pietro and Giorgio.

Teresa heard one of the guests, an overgrown boy, inveighing against this provincialism. "It makes me sick," he observed, with youthful candor. "You'd think we hadn't any life of our own to express. . . ."

"America lacks soul," said the person he was talking to, a pale, stout little man with fat hands and a kind of gloomy dignity. "She lacks tradition. She hasn't any artistic background."

"No such thing. . . . Plenty of it. Natural and artificial. Niagara Falls and Pittsburgh. The Grand Canyon—the Mississippi River—the Thousand Islands. Why doesn't somebody write an opera about coal mines and cattle ranches and Wall Street? I wish Edgar Lee Masters would write an opera, or that guy Sandburg in Chicago. George

Cohan could do the music. Sandburg and Cohan! Something American. We've got to come to it, I tell you. The public isn't going on forever swallowing a lot of alien stuff it can't understand simply because it happens to be labeled classical."

The rest of the conversation was lost to Teresa, for at that moment Steiner brought up a young man with a dark, handsome face and a thick shock of curly, black hair. Clinging to his arm was a girl whom Teresa recognized at once. "Let me introduce my friend Leon Bori. He's the man I told you was happy."

Teresa bowed. "And Miss Sylvia Glenn," continued Steiner.

"I have met Miss Glenn."

The young woman in question started; then smiled in a way that lent to wonder sweetness and to sweetness a certain wonder. "Why, yes! It's Mrs. Millard, isn't it? I met you at the hotel that day. . . . Let's see. A year ago last spring. Why, certainly! But I never expected—"

"She's Teresa!" said Steiner, scowling.

"Oh! It's you he's always talking about? Well, it's a small world—"

"Hush!" interrupted Leon Bori, majestically and with proprietary right. "Francesca Brownelli is going to sing the *Hymne au Soleil* from *Le Coq D'Or*."

Teresa interested herself in studying Sylvia Glenn. How strange, she thought, that she should meet in Steiner's studio the very pretty girl whom Don Esteban was helping toward a dramatic career. . . . She wondered whether Don Esteban knew of the existence of Leon, the lover? Did it matter whether he knew or not? She glanced at Sylvia and found

Teresa's interest—some hidden bond—some point of contact as yet unestablished. A matter not of intelligence but of instinct. . . . She decided not to mention the incident to Stephen.

CHAPTER XIII

Entrance and Exit

IN the spring of 1917 the United States declared war against Germany. Steiner was called up in the first draft, but failed to pass the physical examination. "I've got something awful the matter with me," he said. "Can't remember what it is. . . . We'll go on with our lessons."

Teresa studied with him until February of the following year. (Stephen had taken a place on Long Island for the summer months so that there would be no interruption of her work.) In February, 1918, largely through Steiner's efforts, she secured an engagement with a small opera company that, since the beginning of the war, had appeared every winter in New York. It played six weeks annually at the old Thalia Theater in the Bowery.

Teresa made her first appearance there as *Mimi* in *La Boheme*. "Don't worry," said Steiner as he parted with her at the door of her dressing-room.

Then he went out front and took his place between Stephen and Miss Trimm. He paid no attention to either of them, but sat staring at the ceiling and mumbling to himself until the spinster could stand it no longer. She gave him a blow with her elbow. "Land sake. Keep quiet." He looked at her and grinned. Then suddenly turning to Stephen: "See that gink with the mop of gray hair?" he said, pointing. "That's J—"

He mentioned the name of a well-known critic. "He drifts in here every now and then. He'll do a column on this, wait and see. I have an idea he'll discover Mrs. Millard."

"You think the review will be favorable?"

"It'll be interesting, at any rate."

Miss Trimm, who had listened apprehensively to this conversation, bristled up. "I don't know what right they've got to put things in the paper about people that aren't favorable."

The house lights went out. The orchestra launched into thematic gaiety. . . . The curtain rose. . . . Stephen's heart beat so that for a moment he had difficulty in getting his breath.

An attic: the traditional and historic garret in which Art, as of inalienable right, flourishes, starves and dies. Stephen smiled, and settled back into his seat. . . . A girl in a plum-colored dress, was coming into the garret. The poet led her forward—gave her a light for her candle. She sang a few bars. Her voice rose without effort, easily, beautifully—each note a clearly-rounded whole. . . .

Stephen closed his eyes. He was trying desperately to reconstruct the figure of a girl he once had known—a girl by the name of Teresa. She had sung for him, long ago, in the dim room of a bungalow. . . . *Finca Naranja*. . . . The scent of orange-blossoms. . . . No. He couldn't remember. This girl groping on the stage, with an unlighted candle in her hand, quite overshadowed that other. . . . She was real. The other a dream. There was a kind of death in the music. . . . A girl named Teresa was dying to the sound of violins.

Your tiny hand is frozen.

How strange that people could die like that and still go on living. Perhaps death itself . . . Why should he think so much of death?

The poet had finished his air. *Mimi* began to explain herself. Her voice rose again without effort, easily, beautifully—

Applause—a good deal of applause. A few shrill "*Bravas!*" The house was Italian and enthusiastic. . . . It came to Stephen with something of a shock that the applause was for his wife. . . .

Miss Trimm turned to Steiner. "When does Miz Millard come on?" she asked.

"Oh, my Lord," blurted Steiner. "Didn't you know—?"

"Was that her?" queried the spinster, and added imperturbably. "I thought so. But I wasn't sure."

After the performance Stephen invited Steiner to drive home with them. "We'll have some supper and a glass of champagne," he said.

Steiner refused. "Thanks. No." He shook hands with Teresa—they were standing on the sidewalk waiting for the car. "You did very well. I'm satisfied," he said, and walked off with his chin sunk into his overcoat collar.

"Satisfied!" exploded Miss Trimm.

There was an elaborate supper laid out on the dining-room table when they got home. Teresa was hungry, and ate a good deal. Stephen sat across the table, watching her and smiling. . . . Her hair was rather disheveled and fell about her face like tangled gold wire. Her face was still darkened by her make-up. She raised her eyes suddenly and saw him gazing at her. "What is it, Don Esteban?"

He lifted his champagne glass. "To the new Teresa!"

She stared at him. "Was it I who sang tonight? It didn't seem so. . . . She slid her hands across the table and he covered them with his. "What do you think now about your being a great person?" he asked.

She shook her head. "I can sing," she said. "But—do you know how I feel, Don Esteban?"

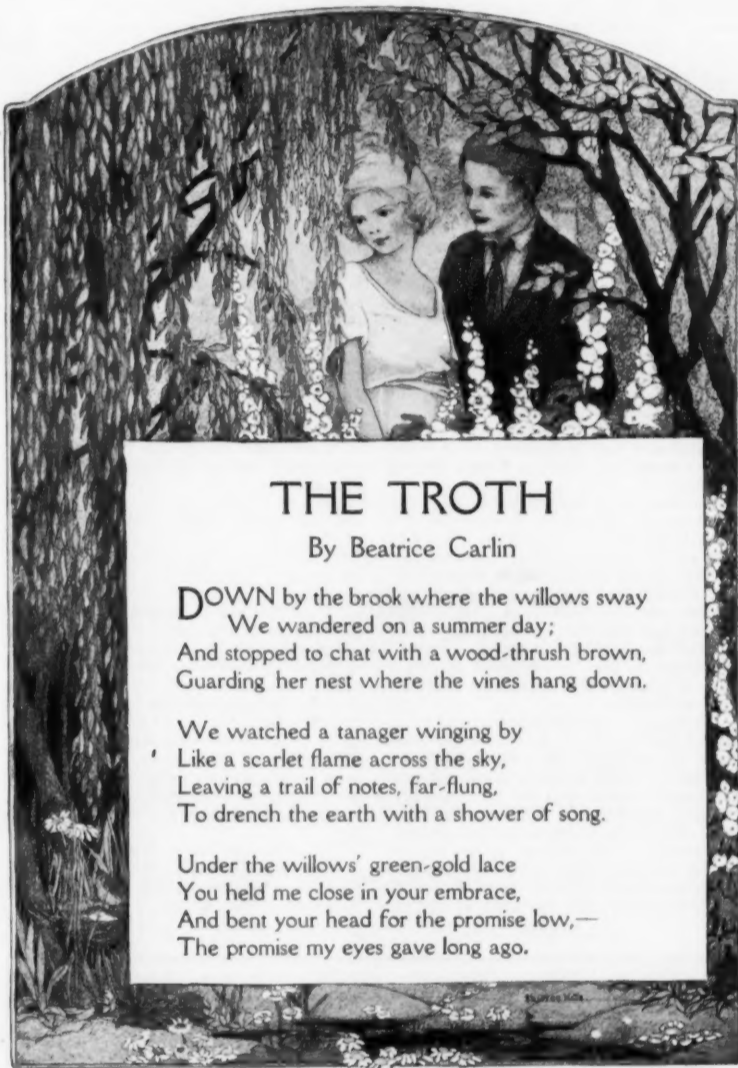
"How?"

"I feel as though I weren't altogether—alive. As though part of me were dead. I thought tonight that I should get over it, but I feel it more than ever."

He gripped her hands. "Surely it isn't because—of him?" She lifted her head sharply. "No. I've forgotten him, Don Esteban."

The critic didn't write a column about Teresa's *Mimi*. He wrote half a column, but it was enough to make a stir in the musical world. One of the most perfect lyric sopranos we have ever listened to and certainly the most beautiful voice that has been heard in New York this season, he wrote. But Mme. Millard's histrionic ability, is curiously lacking. Watching her last night, one had the impression of a personality completely withheld; yet out of this coldness came

[Continued on page 16]



THE TROTH

By Beatrice Carlin

DOWN by the brook where the willows sway
We wandered on a summer day;
And stopped to chat with a wood-thrush brown,
Guarding her nest where the vines hang down.

We watched a tanager winging by
Like a scarlet flame across the sky,
Leaving a trail of notes, far-flung,
To drench the earth with a shower of song.

Under the willows' green-gold lace
You held me close in your embrace,
And bent your head for the promise low,—
The promise my eyes gave long ago.

the latter staring at her intently, with a kind of nervous anxiety.

At the end of the afternoon, when Teresa was putting on her wraps, Sylvia came up to her and said, in a low tone: "Mrs. Millard!"

"Yes?"

"Please—!" The girl hesitated, then with a quick glance over her shoulder at the disintegrating company: "Please don't tell Mr. Millard that I was here with Leon!" she said. "I know I've got a nerve to ask you."

"Why should I tell—?" returned Teresa, and attempted to draw away. But Sylvia clutched the sleeve of her coat. "Not that he's anything more'n a friend—Leon, I mean—but Mr. Millard might not like my going around with him. You know how it is. And the way people always gossip—"

"You're holding my arm," said Teresa.

Sylvia relaxed her grip with an apologetic "Oh!" and falling back on her main line of defense, smiled trustfully at Teresa. "Please," she murmured, as she glided toward the door. . . .

Teresa said to Steiner: "She's pretty, isn't she, that friend of Mr. Bori's?"

"Pretty? Yes, of course. Idiots!" he exclaimed, surveying the few remaining guests. "Why don't they go home?"

"I'm going at least," said Teresa. "But first I want to know about Miss Glenn. Is she a musician?"

"I thought you said you knew her?" snapped Steiner.

"I've met her only once. Perhaps she's an actress? Or a singer?"

"Both," said Steiner, "and neither. She's in musical comedy—I really don't know anything about her," he added crossly.

Teresa smiled. "It isn't important. Good-by. I've had a lovely time."

As she drove home in the early twilight, she thought of Sylvia Glenn. The girl, for some mysterious reason, had obsessed her mind. There was something about her that drew

a voice of beauty and of color.
Mme. Millard in private life is Mrs. Stephen Millard.

In March of that year the most terrific battle of history broke out in France. America was required directly to furnish enormous numbers of men. Steiner was called up a second time and on this occasion was passed for active service by the examining physician.

That same afternoon, at the end of her lesson, he told Teresa. "I don't complain," he said, with his wolfish grin. "Why should I? If a reputable little doctor with gold spectacles says I'm well enough to die for my country it's not for me to dispute him. Of course war's futile, but it's no more futile, perhaps, than teaching people how to breathe. . . . Are you going to cry?"

"No!" said Teresa. She sat down at the piano and struck a vigorous chord or two. They were alone in the studio. Steiner had got rid of Miss Trimm by the simple expedient of requesting her, with politeness so startling as to render her helpless, to go downstairs and wait in the car.

"It's almost a relief to join a great, stupid mass movement like this. One gets infernally tired of being an individual." He walked over to her and put his hand on her arm. "I want you to make a smashing success of yourself." He laughed. "I never thought I'd live to have an ambition. But I've got one. If I felt sure you'd turn out to be a good artist I wouldn't care whether I came back from France or not."

Teresa smiled uncertainly. "Of course you'll come back," she said, and added: "By that time I'll be singing at the Metropolitan."

"Don't be in a hurry to get to the Metropolitan," he growled. "I know your husband has influence there. But you'll do much better to wait till you've had your experience."

"I was only joking."

She reached up suddenly, caught him about the neck with both arms and drew him down on the piano bench beside her. "You must write to me, Steiner!"

"Yes. I will."

He let himself rest a moment in her embrace, his head on her breast. Then he got up, rubbed his stiff hair with his hand and said: "I don't complain. . . . Why should I?"

Two days later Steiner left for the training camp to which he had been assigned. Teresa went to the railroad station to say good-by to him. He was deeply affected, and taking her arm walked up and down the platform with her in absolute silence. At the last moment he turned to her: "It has been worth everything to have known you."

His face was almost beautiful. . . . He stepped forward and disappeared in the crowd pouring through the gate. Teresa stood helplessly staring at that crowd; it was like so much water pouring over a dam. Then she heard a sound of uncontrolled weeping, and looking about, saw a young woman in an expensive fur coat, with her hands over her face, sobbing. It was Sylvia Glenn.

Teresa spoke to her. The girl glanced up with the frightened, anguished look of one who has no inward recourse against suffering. "Oh, Mrs. Millard," she gasped. "It's Leon—he's gone. They've taken him. And Steiner too!"

Teresa nodded. "I've just said good-by to Steiner."

"It's terrible. I'll never see him again. Oh, Leon, Leon—"

"Don't cry like that," said Teresa. "it's no use. Come with me. I'll take you home in my car."

"I've got my own car," returned Sylvia, with a curious flash of pride. Then she burst into renewed sobbing. "You," she wailed, "you don't love Steiner. Wait till somebody you love goes off to get killed—I!"

Teresa stiffened and grew cold. But she said quietly: "I understand. I'm sorry for you. Come to see me—if I can help you."

When she got home no one was about. She wandered into the music-room and sat down at the piano. She was heartsore about Steiner; his face haunted her. She improvised a little dirge, became interested in the theme and forgot her grief in the dramatization of her emotion.

Stephen came in later. She heard the bell ring and went to meet him. "Steiner has gone, Don Esteban."

"To war?"

"Yes."

"I envy him!" said Stephen.

Teresa was surprised at his tone; then she understood, and taking his arm, gave it a sympathetic squeeze. They walked into the library.

"I offered myself some time ago," he said. "Of course they wouldn't have me. It was a pure effusion of sentiment on my part." He was silent a moment. "I've been talking to Mr. Z—about you," he said, abruptly changing the subject.

Teresa for an instant did not understand the significance of this statement. Then she remembered that Mr. Z— was managing director of the Metropolitan, and she became keenly alert in all her senses. "You—talked to him—about me?"

THE LARK

(Continued from page 15)

"Yes. He heard you sing *Marguerite*. He was very much impressed with your voice," continued Stephen, "but thinks you ought to have a few months with a good coach. He named a woman, Madame Something-or-other—"

"What does that mean?" said Teresa.

"It means that by the middle of next season you'll be singing at the Metropolitan."

"Steiner advised me to wait," murmured Teresa.

"Why should you wait?" he cried, with an excitement that startled her. He added more calmly: "Ordinarily, of course, you would go abroad for a year or two. You'd have a season at Milan, Paris, Covent Garden. But the war has changed all that. . . ."

He went on talking; she hardly heard him. She was lost in a dream. . . .

A gold curtain, on which played a brilliant light. A vast flutter of hands, storm of applause, blur of faces. . . . She herself, standing before the curtain in a white robe, with her yellow hair falling over her shoulders and catching the light. . . . Steiner's face among the rest, very ugly. . . . very beautiful. . . . "Brava!" Stephen's voice again.

Afterward, it struck her as strange that Stephen should be so bent on hurrying her into the fulness of her career. Had he begun to tire of his rôle of property-man? Had he begun to tire—of her?

She dismissed that thought promptly from her mind. His love for her, though of a quality remote and almost ethereal, was none the less too manifest to be in any sense assumed or unreal.

August in Maine.

Again the camp on the shore of a blue lake set among mountains. Again, glorious solitude, a drift of days. A wilderness of forest, stretching for miles over the wild country. Life was plain, unpretentious, beautiful.

Teresa lived like a pagan. She learned to swim and paddle a canoe, to fish the trout streams and follow a blazed trail up the ridges. . . .

Stephen found her changed. She was no longer the ingenuous creature he had taken from the convent in Cuba. She had new moods and subtleties. She was infinitely varied; resourceful in charm. He told himself that the metamorphosis was natural, nothing more than that of developing womanhood. The disturbing factor was that he should be so acutely aware of the change in her. It produced in him a sense of restraint that became at times almost intolerable.

There were moments when he was painfully conscious of the fiction of his marriage. His obligation to maintain that fiction was as strong as ever; he did not permit himself to question it. But he could not help wondering a little how it would end. Obviously it must end somewhere. Impermanence was written on the face of it. Yet he shrank from any definite thought of its conclusion for the reason that such thought involved the appraisal of himself

as a human being. The contemplation of his own humanity filled him always with a kind of morbid dread.

Teresa, for her part, felt in him a new sensitiveness, a new delicacy that expressed itself in the anticipation of her moods. His pre-perception in certain instances was quite uncanny. But this identification with her inner self, instead of vivifying him, made him seem more than ever a benevolent and impersonal shadow. He was a part of her mind but not a part of her life. She thought of him as a figure in a waking dream.

They had paddled out one afternoon to a small island in the lake. Stephen had brought a book to read—a new novel that had arrived by yesterday's mail. After a chapter or two Teresa dropped the book on the pine needles. She stood up against a white birch and looked out over the water. . . .

"Why don't you?" said Stephen.

"Why don't I what?"

"Go in swimming."

"But I didn't say I wanted to."

"You were thinking it. Go ahead."

She looked at him with a puzzled air; then laughed and strode off down the shore, disappearing behind a clump of alders. She undressed and swam out into the lake. He could see from a distance her white body floating in the clear water. . . . After a while she swam back, dressed, and came up to him with her hair hanging about her shoulders. She sat down in a glamour of sunlight and shook out her hair. . . . "It's wonderful to get wet all over and then dry yourself in the sun."

"Yes," he said musingly: "I suppose life is largely a matter of physical sensation; it was so in the beginning and it remains so, in spite of all our refinements of the process. . . . It's extraordinary how insufficient it is to touch it only with one's mind and one's imagination. One gets hungry. . . ."

He took in his fingers a strand of her strange blond hair and felt of it, weighing it in his hand, as though it had been so much gold. She sat quietly watching him. His own hair, as he bent his head, was as white and cold as snow. "Come on," he said finally. "We'd better be getting home." They paddled back to camp. . . .

The day's mail was in. There was a letter for her, said Miss Trimm. Instinctively, as she opened it, Teresa thought of Steiner.

The letter was from a Red Cross nurse attached to a hospital in France. It told her that Steiner had died of inflammatory rheumatism soon after his arrival at the port of debarkation. He had requested in case of his death that she be notified.

She was still trying to grasp the significance of the news when she heard Stephen coming up the steps of the veranda. For some reason, as he entered the living-room, she thrust the letter into her blouse. He looked at her and said: "You've had bad news."

"How do you know, Don Esteban?"

"I—when I came up the path I seemed to have a picture of you standing here. You were reading a letter."



By Mary Brent Whiteside

I have been grateful through the hurrying day
 For the kind solitude of chairs and walls,
 For cherished books that are untouched by other hands,
 For quiet thoughts, and firelight that falls
 In flickering patterns where my table stands,
 With treasured things in orderly array.

Yet sometimes in the evening, long and dumb,
 Bending alone above an open book,
 Or needlework grown dreary in the candle-light,
 I wonder how a half-smoked pipe would look
 On that prim table; and I dread the night,
 With its old need of tears that will not come.

She took it out of her blouse and handed it to him. "Steiner. He's dead."

"I thought so."

"But . . . that's funny! How could you—?"

He smiled faintly. "Perhaps I'm a clairvoyant and never realized it." He read the letter through; then turned to her. She had sunk into a chair and sat drooping there in a kind of wounded trance, not crying, but with tears on her face. Stephen said: "You mustn't grieve too much, you know. Death isn't the end. He'll go on."

She shook her head. "No. He didn't believe that." She was still a moment; then added thoughtfully: "Yes, I think he did."

CHAPTER XIV

"If you should ever so honor me"

THE war ended in November, 1918.

That fall Teresa studied with Madame Valestra, the famous coach, who afterward claimed her as her pupil. In January she had her audition at the Metropolitan, and a week later, in the office of Signor Z—, received her contract.

She made her debut as *Michaela* in *Carmen*. Caruso was the *Don José*, Miss Farrar the *Carmen*. The house was packed to the doors. The presence of the standees, who jammed the space behind the orchestra seats, lent discrimination to the audience. . . . It was among this dynamic company that Stephen found refuge. The conspicuousness of occupying his box alone (Miss Trimm was with Teresa) appalled him; he had turned it over to six young women whom he discovered leaning against the rail of the orchestra circle with scores and pencils in their hands. . . . He himself stood at the rail, at the side of the house, where he could command a diagonal view of the stage. . . . The crowd pressed in close about him. Two Italians were talking.

How almost impossible it seemed that they should be talking about his wife! He felt dazed—as though he had waked suddenly from sleep and found himself in a strange world. He looked about him in bewilderment. Who were all these people? What right had they to speak of her as if she belonged to them? . . . "A good voice, but a little cold!" one of the Italians was saying.

No, it was he who was out of place. By what grotesque jumble of circumstances had he got to this point, to this situation? He tried to think back, to reconstruct the logic of the process by which he had come to be staring at a music-swept stage, waiting, with all his nerves drawn taut as fiddle-strings, for the appearance of a slight figure with yellow hair. . . . He knew that her appearance had some vital meaning for him; but he could not remember at the moment whether it was her success or her failure that he was interested in. . . .

Then she was there on the stage, facing the hushed and curious house, a figure even slighter than he had expected. *Teresa Millard*. . . . *Teresa Millard*. . . .

Yes, that was her voice vibrating in the peak of the house. She had that voice. But it was amazing none the less. He had rarely heard such ease, such soaring perfection of tone.

Now her voice joined by that of the unfortunate *Don José*, who happened to be the greatest tenor in the world. The duet reached its climax. Stephen could feel the crowd growing tense about him. . . .

Three hushed chords. Then applause, spontaneous and hearty. The great tenor grasps the new *Michaela* by the hand and thrusts her forward to take the call. He has a great heart as well as a great voice, this man. . . . The crowd adores him.

It goes on, with passion and color. One act, two. The beginning of the third. . . . A scene in the mountains. The impetuous *Carmen* has seen her fate in a pack of cards and the death-motif has sounded. The smugglers have straggled off-stage. . . .

Teresa Millard. . . . *Teresa Millard*. . . . *Teresa Millard*. . . .

She has come into that wild place in her blue cape, searching for her lover. . . .

She is alone on that vast stage. Her moment has arrived. The orchestra strikes into the familiar aria.

Vous me protégez, Seigneur, Protégez-moi, protégez-moi, Seigneur.

She has reached the end of the aria. There has been no flaw, no slightest wavering or uncertainty. The song hangs in the air like rain. . . . Her voice mounts to the high note, strikes it surely and holds it until the whole house vibrates, unconsciously, to one rhythm. An emotional rhythm, which, when it breaks—

It has broken and the house has responded. The standees are striking their hands together wildly, their faces are distorted with the violence of their approval. "Brava!" The shouts penetrate sharply the din of applause. . . .

Stephen was stunned by the tumult around him. So far as he was concerned it was over. He left the opera house during the next intermission and drove home. The excitement had almost completely exhausted him.

(Continued on page 22)

With Campbell's we steer refreshingly clear
Of the worry, the heat and the fuss.
To be faring like this, out of care into bliss
Is an everyday outing for us.



A treat in summer

Two of the big satisfactions in life are the leisure to be out and the health to enjoy it. Campbell's Tomato Soup not only frees you from the hot stove—not only energizes you with its tonic vigor, but delights all the family as well by its enticing appetizing flavor.

Campbell's Tomato Soup

Is made from fresh red vine-ripened tomatoes blended in Campbell's famous kitchens with choice creamery butter, granulated sugar and fine seasoning. Merely the addition of milk or cream makes a Cream of Tomato, even more nourishing and delicious. For pleasing variety serve it sometimes with croutons, rice, noodles or cheese. Any way you try it, you are sure to like it.

Price reduced to 12c a can

A tasty recipe for macaroni

Fill a casserole with boiled macaroni and pour over it the contents of 1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup. Mix well adding grated cheese. Sprinkle with bread crumbs and dots of butter. Bake in oven till brown on top.

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

Monday morning, and in the meantime he had an aunt—"Jane gave a sudden laugh.

"Do you know," she resumed, in a sort of surprised voice, "that this is the very first time it has occurred to me that perhaps he was telling the truth? Perhaps he actually did have an aunt who would take me in! But I'm just as glad that I didn't take any stock in his story. . . . I told him a few things in the awful language we children learned in Sterrets' Mills, and I got away from him. I had fifteen cents left—and my iron, young strength, and my knowledge of household drudgery. I was ready to start the world!" Bitter amusement rose to a crest in her voice.

"But surely you could have gotten some assistance," said Mrs. Greene, rousing herself and speaking with something remotely like irritation. "There were Travelers' Aid Societies, and such organizations, weren't there?"

"Undoubtedly. But I had never heard of them, and if I had, I should not have believed in them. I should have been right, too. They would have tried to send me back to my father. I tell you I would rather have stayed with that young man, in his straw sailor hat!"

"Don't say that! What did you do?"

"After I had successfully lost myself from him in the Saturday afternoon crowd, I walked, and walked, and walked. I did not know what I was going to do. I thought of ringing door-bells, and asking if the inmates of the house did not want a servant. But I grew frightened. After all—a sudden break in Jane's voice brought pity for the poor little adventurer of years ago—"after all, I was only a child, and such an ignorant child! My feet ached from the tramping of so many miles in stiff, cheap, rough shoes.

It was late—after nine o'clock—when finally I was so tired and forlorn that I sat down upon the stone steps that led up to a little terrace, and began to cry. It was a suburban terrace. I knew afterward that it was a part of Germantown.

"While I sat there, footsore and hungry, a woman turned the corner below and came up the street. I sank as much as possible in the shadow of a privet bush, and tried to stifle even my breathing until she should go past. But she didn't go past. She turned and came up the step and found me."

"Ah!" Mrs. Greene's relief exhaled in a great sigh.

"Yes," Dr. Jane answered the unspoken comment. "I was saved. I gave poor Miss Warren the fright of her life. But she was a woman of good nerve, and she recovered in a second when she found she had nothing more dangerous to deal with than an exhausted girl. She marched me before her up the narrow concrete walk that led into her prim, little house. She insisted upon hearing my story before she gave me even a slice of bread and a glass of milk. Well, when she had heard, she fed me and turned me loose in her bathroom with instructions how to use it—the first one I had ever seen! Then, I produced a coarse nightgown from the little bundle I had lugged around with me all afternoon, and, in that, I crept into the bed to which she led me, and fell asleep from utter exhaustion."

"A good woman!" Mrs. Greene looked up, happy at sailing again in familiar waters. Jane nodded.

"Yes," she admitted, "a good woman, but no sentimentalist, Mrs. Greene! She kept me at first because she found that I could work, and she needed someone to help with the housework. She was a school-teacher and she lodged two other school-teachers in her little house. By and by she found out that I studied when I wasn't washing or sweeping or cooking. She promptly put me through an examination, and when I passed it, she began giving me an hour's tuition every evening. She was a good woman, Mrs. Greene, but she knew how to be kind so that she spoiled one's gratitude. Colorless, angular—in her nature as in her body. All the time I was with her, she never gave me a kiss, a caress, and very few kind words. Few unkind ones, either. I must admit. . . . She taught me—very successfully, I believe. She sent me to college—"

"A good woman," Mrs. Greene repeated with happy conviction.

"Yes, and not the less so because she kept account of every cent she spent upon me, and presented me with the bill when I was finally supposed to be on my own feet. Of course, she took a chance—I might never have paid her! She reckoned my housework at its proper rate for part-time domestic labor and allowed my account against her its due offset to hers against me. Of course, too, I partly worked my way through both college and the medical school. I'm as strong as a horse, you see. I could do with short rations of sleep, and besides, having no friends, I wasted no time in gabbling and playing. So that it was not too hopeless a bill when finally I was through. . . . We understood each other, Miss Warren and I. I don't know Miss Warren's story, but I somehow gathered that she had no more belief in love than—I have."

Wings of Healing

[Continued from page 13]

The last words were bitten off short. It was as though she feared to trust herself any longer—it might show too deep a desolation. There was a long pause. Then Bowdoin Greene's mother said:

"I wish I could help you, my dear. I wish I could!"

"You're very kind," Jane, in command of herself again, spoke formally. "I think in a way, you have helped me. Just telling you all that I have told you—all the ugliness and hardness of my mother's life, and of my beautiful little sister's—just telling you about that has—driven away a sort of—oh, mirage. I see things," she ended bitterly, "as they are, again. I was forgetting—"

"I'm afraid from the way you speak," said her listener, courteous but a little cold, perhaps a little uneasy, too, "that the help you say I have given you is not the sort I could wish it to be. You speak as if you were confirmed in—in beliefs—of the cruelty of life."

"Mrs. Greene, after what I have told you, do you wonder that I grew up believing in the cruelty of life?"

"But you have such a partial view of life! So one-sided. So limited—so—so—"

"That is not my fault. Heaven knows I have hated the limited life I knew. I have tried to forget it, to forget Sterrets' Mills, and my father and the smoke-stacks and the flare of furnace fires and my mother crying in the night. I cannot. There isn't a day when they aren't with

unspeakably rude, unable to believe that people who don't know us trust us, incapable of taking fineness for granted." She hesitated. Then she said: "Good-by." And then: "How beautiful your lilies are!"

Mrs. Greene's lips tightened as Jane went out of the room. But when Bowdoin came in, eager, expectant, he found his mother drawing a check for a Boston charity.

Jane's thoughts were in turmoil as she rode down-town, jammed in a subway train. Oh, she had been a fool ever to mingle with these people! Their ways were not her ways, their life was not hers—their life was not living at all. Living was pain, brutality. Their living was a dream. Yet how she hated that reality of hers! How she wanted to feel Bowdoin's love for her the truth, the firm foundation of life!

Flinging herself gloomily, wearily, down in her leather chair, her brooding eyes by and by perceived upon the floor a copy of the evening paper. It had evidently been dropped by her landlady. Jane wondered what she had been doing there. Purling a stick of wood or a shovelful of coal, she supposed—she must get a padlock for her little wood-box! She took up the paper and, scarcely aware of the words before her, began to read the day's reports of the epidemic. A little paragraph tucked away at the bottom of a column caught her eyes, because of a familiar collocation of letters. The local

A Newcomer on McCall Street Next Month

Robert W. Chambers

America's Master of Romance

will arrive with his latest short story

"The Flaming Jewel"

me. And though I fight them—I know that they are the real things."

"But—"

"Mrs. Greene," she interrupted impatiently, "after what I have told you, would you want your son to marry me?"

Out of a long silence, Bowdoin Greene's mother's answer finally came.

"Would I want my son to marry anyone I believed incurably ill? Would I want my son to marry a woman doomed by cancer, by tuberculosis? And you, it seems to me, my dear girl, my poor girl, are more hopelessly sick than they. Yours is a sick soul. Oh, I admit it is not your fault! It is the conditions of life—as society, civilization, has made them. I can acknowledge one of your truths, you see! Well, I see you incurably sick of soul. Let us say it is not your fault. But—to be a mother is to be the most selfish thing on earth, as well as the most unselfish. With all my heart I hope that you are not going to marry my son."

Jane rose. She looked a thousand years old. "I'm quite sure that I never meant to," she said steadily. "But it will be easier for him to believe it when you tell him—what you have told me. And—and—can't you see that what you think about me as a wife refutes, out of your own mouth, all your arguments?" She smiled a little as she looked at the older woman. "Oh, you're not to blame. No one's to blame. No one's to blame for anything except lying about it all—for pretending that it isn't so, for deliberately drugging themselves with that 'reality of beauty'—Good-by, Mrs. Greene."

Mrs. Greene looked up at her, a little startled. "Aren't you going to wait for Bowdoin? He expects—"

"No, thank you," Jane interrupted. "You can tell him that I have gone. He will understand. You can tell him anything you wish—that I ran away from home at sixteen, and have never gone back. You can put any interpretation on it that you wish—"

"Dr. McDermot!" Astonishment, rather than outraged dignity, rang in Mrs. Greene's voice. But it served as effectively to rebuke Jane and to stay the bitter flow of words. She colored.

"I beg your pardon. You see that is what life has done for me, what it has done for millions like me. It makes us

Board of Health of Ironcrag County, Pa., a board serving half a dozen towns, including Sterrets' Mills, had telegraphed to New York for volunteer physicians and nurses. The influenza in the mines and factories had grown beyond the local ability to cope with it.

Jane sat staring at the paragraph for a while. A sob broke harshly from her lips. She flung out her hands. "I won't!" she cried. "I won't! I hate them—"

She sat still a few seconds, fighting the battle whose end she knew even while she made the futile gestures of conflict. She had run away from Sterrets' Mills—but she had not escaped it. She had run away from ugliness and cruelty, but they had shaped her, possessed her. Why struggle? With a sigh she rose and found an old traveling bag. At first she moved draggingly, unwillingly. Gradually her motions grew swifter until, finally, it was in a fever of haste that she hauled from the drawer of her desk a few certificates, counted the money in her lean little purse, and calling down the stairs into her landlady's basement that she was going away for a while, fairly ran from the house.

Outside the narrow radius of illumination from the station lights at Ironcrag Junction, the country was dark into which Jane stepped from a train that had wheezed its way into the ascending hills. Mechanically, automatically, she had made the necessary motions of travel, but all the time she had the strange sensation of flying through upper spaces. She had started with scarcely more plan than when she had fled from home years before. Reaching Philadelphia about nine o'clock, she had discovered that she had lost the night train toward the Ironcrag region, and she had sat until daylight in the railroad station, scarcely aware of her surroundings, though once she had come out of her preoccupation to help an overwrought Swedish mother soothe two babies to sleep. The look of their round, soft knees as they had been stretched on a bench was the only impression of the night which she carried with her into the daylight.

In the morning she had telephoned out to the Ironcrag Board of Health. Then she had swallowed coffee and rolls at the lunch counter, and afterward had been moved to

revisit Germantown and the little house where Miss Warren had, with gray efficiency, trained her for life. Three tow-headed children were frolicking on its patch of lawn. A piazza had been added to the house. A young woman sat there darning an overflow of stockings from a bag of bright cretonne. It made a pleasant picture.

Then she had gone back to the station and had taken the afternoon train out into the iron country. Now, as she hesitated for a moment on the Junction platform, shivering in the crisp evening air from the mountains, a man approached.

"Dr. Demorest?" he inquired in the thick-tongued, monotoned voice of the almost exhausted. Jane started to say that she was not Dr. Demorest, but he went on: "I'm Dr. Greer of Hopewell. I told Dr. Sweeney of the Ironcrag Board of Health that I'd meet you. We're mighty glad to see you, Doctor. We need you. I haven't had my clothes off for seventy hours—haven't shaved—scarcely eaten. And the rest of us who aren't dead or down, are no better off. We plan to put you in charge of things at East Hopewell and Sterrets—they run into each other, and there's been only one man there for the last three days. Awful sickness up through the hills. You don't know this country, do you, Dr. Demorest?"

"I haven't been in this part of the world for years. I don't know it as it is now at all. My name—"

"I think I'll run you over to East Hopewell at once, if you don't mind. There's a little Y reading-room and gym that we want to make into an emergency hospital if we can get some cots in. We've had them ordered five days from Harrisburg. Freight's awful, though. Mrs. Wainwright, the wife of the Superintendent of the Bloos Smelter at Sterrets' has a room for you at her house across the street from the Y. She'll help—an untrained rich girl, but a dandy. I haven't given you a chance to open your lips. Have you ever been so tired, Doctor, that you kept on talking, like a runaway car with the brake worn out? That's the way I am. Thank God, you've come."

He picked up her bag and dropped it in a runabout at the edge of the platform. He climbed in and she followed. . . .

The night was cold, but Jane loved its feeling on her hot forehead. She took off her hat and threw it down, that she might feel the impact of the tingling wind against her face. She breathed deeply. The air was redolent of scents forgotten for years—the melancholy sweetness of dying leaves, the aroma of fresh-turned earth from an autumn-ploughed field, the acidity of smoke from a burning brush-pile.

Ahead of them the sky was pale, white almost, from the upflung reflection of glare, unseen until they rounded a turn and came into a valley, where ahead of them shone the bright lights of a thousand windows from an acre of mills all at work. In the farther distance geysers of flame, pale topaz, stormy, smoky red, spurted toward the sky at irregular intervals.

"The mills haven't had to close on account of the epidemic?" Jane commented inquiringly.

"No. Undermanned though. The schools are closed, and the movies in the towns—Here we are—"

They had swung away from the valley again and had climbed a hill into the residential section of the little town. Dr. Greer brought his machine to a standstill at the gate of a house opposite a small building bearing in electric lights the Y. M. C. A. sign. The door of the house swung open, and in the bright entrance hall Jane saw a pretty woman, young and blond. She was introduced to Mrs. Wainwright as Dr. Demorest, and when, again, she tried to insist on her own name, the young woman's nervous garrulity and the man's increasing exhaustion overbore her. After all, what did it matter? Perhaps, if she were going to cover Sterrets', it would be an advantage not to bear her own name; though, maybe, it had long ago passed from local recollection.

Sterrets'—She was there in another hour, after the hastiest of meals. Mrs. Wainwright drove her in her own car, never ceasing to talk. Her talk was all of the epidemic, of their delight in having a fresh physician to relieve their overburdened men, of her hopes of more aid. Did Dr. Demorest know if New York was sending others? Jane, immensely preoccupied, answered that she didn't know. She herself had come on—an impulse.

They stopped before a long, low, white building over whose door hung a square, white electric lantern with the Red Cross emblazoned on its sides. "They'll know where to send us," Mrs. Wainwright said. "They'll have a list of the more urgent cases since morning. They'll give us someone to act as our guide out in the hills. Don't be frightened if some of the people seem rough. I used to be such a fool—half afraid of them, despising them. But since the war I've worked with them and I—why I just love them. I used to think it was because you loved people that you worked for them. Now I know it is because you work for people that you love

[Continued on page 25]

Seven Soap Superstitions

Do you know them?

1. Do you believe color means quality?

Soap is like a lot of other things. You get out of it just what is put into it. The actual quality that is built into Fels-Naptha is responsible for its remarkable results.

Some good shampoo soaps are black. Some good complexion soaps are green and brown. Fels-Naptha is golden because that is the *natural* color of the combination of ingredients of this, the *real* naptha soap.

Fels-Naptha, the golden bar, makes snowy suds and whitest clothes.

2. Do you believe clothes should be boiled?

A housewife who does *not* boil her clothes may have whiter clothes than her neighbor who *does* boil her clothes. What is the reason?

You boil your clothes to get perfect cleanliness and whiteness. If you were sure of this result *without* going to the bother and expense of boiling wouldn't you welcome the idea?

You *can* be sure. Use Fels-Naptha. Boil your clothes with Fels-Naptha if you wish, but the point is, there is no need for the expense of heat and the discomfort of boiling clothes. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go. It works through every fibre of the clothes and loosens the dirt whether the water is cool, lukewarm or hot.

Therefore the temperature of the water is simply a matter of your own preference.

3. Do you believe hard soap means economy?

Results count. A soap that "lasts" may be a slacker as far as cleansing is concerned. It is *dissolved* soap—not the solid bar of soap itself—that does the cleansing work. Hard soap means hard rubbing to get it into action. Hard rubbing means wear on clothes. Worn-out clothes means increased expense.

Fels-Naptha rubs off easily and dissolves readily in water, so that you can get the soap into the wash water with the least effort. The perfect combination of naptha, soap, and water loosens the dirt without hard rubbing, thus saving clothes and work.

4. Do you believe hard rubbing is necessary?

Some people think so because it seems too good to be true that dirt can be loosened *without* hard rubbing. Others have the idea that anything that will loosen dirt must be "strong" enough to harm the clothes.

Naptha is used by dry-cleaners to cleanse and freshen even the most delicate cloth and finery. Therefore it *must* be both effective and harmless.

Fels-Naptha is *good* soap and *real* naptha combined. Its naptha *makes the dirt let go* with little or no rubbing and without harm to finest fabric.

5. Do you believe soap causes aches and irritation of hands?

Keeping hands in cold water for some time and neglecting to dry them thoroughly may redden and roughen the hands, particularly in cold weather. Therefore to keep hands in good condition find a cleanser that saves your hands from being in water so long.

The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go—*quickly*. Why not soak the dirt out of clothes with this safe soap instead of keeping your hands in water to rub and rub?

6. Do you believe in "doping" your clothes?

It is poor economy to use soap that needs something else added to it to help it make good.

Why buy inferior soap and then buy a compound or mysterious something to *help* the soap, when by using Fels-Naptha you get clothes clean quickly and safely without "doping" the wash?

7. Do you believe the odor of naptha can stay in clothes?

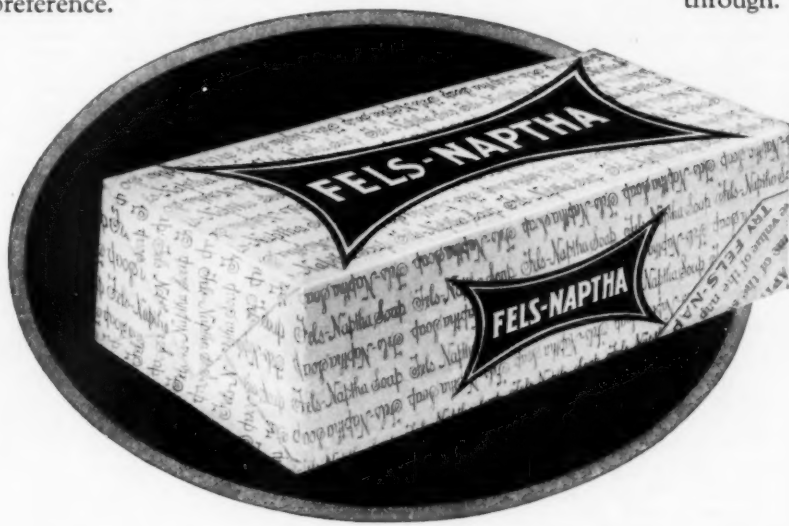
Clothes washed the Fels-Naptha way have that delightful clean-clothes smell. The naptha in Fels-Naptha completely deodorizes the wash and entirely evaporates after it has done its work. It makes clothes hygienically clean. A good rinse, and they are fresh and sweet through and through. Prove it yourself.



Smell the real naptha in Fels-Naptha! Blindfolded you can tell Fels-Naptha from all other soaps by its clean naptha odor.

FREE

If you haven't seen or used Fels-Naptha lately send for free sample. Write "Fels-Naptha, Phila."



© 1921, Fels & Co., Philadelphia

Don't let tradition or superstition stand between you and the easier, quicker, better way of washing and cleaning with Fels-Naptha. Get the *real* naptha soap. Order Fels-Naptha of your grocer today!

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



Comfort means so much to Kiddies

They don't just sit around or walk sedately; always on the run, even on hottest days. If clothing binds or chafes they feel it twice as much as grown-ups.

Sexton Unionsuit for boys and girls is just the coolest, comfiest garment that ever slipped on a lithe little body.



It yields to every motion so the child hardly knows he has anything on underneath.

And because there is no strain, this sensible unionsuit is a stranger to the mending basket. It is easy to launder and wears wonderfully, both because it is so well sewed and because the nainsook is such strong durable fabric.

The girls' style has bloomer legs with elastic and comes in all white, white waist with black sateen bloomers and white waist with pink or blue bloomers.



The boys' style is cut like Dad's, loose and free.

Both have elastic web seam back, buttons for outer garments and garter tabs so arranged that garters can go inside or out.

Sizes 2 to 12 years.

Let us direct you to a store which sells these splendid garments.

SEXTON MFG. CO.

450 Main Street
Fairfield, Illinois

SEXTON

UNDERWEAR & NIGHTWEAR for Men & Children



YOUR BABY

By S. Josephine Baker, M.D., D.P.H.

AND YOU

Director, Bureau of Child Hygiene, Department of Health, New York City

There has never been a summer like this one

Cool Comfort in the Heat Wave

For one million, five hundred thousand babies in the United States, because it is their first summer on earth. Probably at least one million mothers are thinking about the best way to care for their babies during the hot weather.

Summer has always been considered a serious time for babies. There is a sort of tradition about it. Many years ago it was the baby's second summer that was the particular bugaboo. In the last few years people have thought the baby's first summer most to be dreaded.

As a matter of fact, summer and babies need not get along badly together at all. Wherever this fact has been recognized and faced, and where the evils of hot weather have been overcome for the sake of the baby (and this may easily be accomplished) the months that are most to be dreaded are not July and August but February and March.

Sizzling days, of course, are uncomfortable for baby as they are for you, and anyone else, but as far as health and life are concerned, there are just two things necessary—one is intelligent care and the other is proper food. These are not hard to obtain if you are willing to take the time to make yourself intelligent about baby care and if you are determined to see that your baby gets the proper food. There is no part of this country where a baby cannot be as safe in summer as it is in winter; indeed, safer.

A VACATION FOR BABY?

Just about this time of year many mothers write me, asking about vacations for their babies. "What shall I do when traveling? What kind of climate is best for baby?" We think of summer as a vacation time, but, as a matter of fact, there is no member of the family who needs a vacation less than the baby. If the home is at all comfortable and the baby may obtain the few simple things he needs to keep him well, it is far better not to go traveling during the hot weather, for he will be more comfortable and safer at home.

Traveling, with the almost inevitable change in feeding and its many other discomforts, including adjustment to a new environment, is often more difficult for the baby than any amount of heat. If, however, the journey can be made easily and comfortably, if your baby is breast fed and if the place to which you are going will afford rest and recreation for you as well as for baby, there can be no harm in making it. I simply want to reassure you if you must stay the year round in one home.

HIS SUMMER HOME

Here are some of the things that you can do to make your home attractive and safe for the baby during the summer months. Do not worry and do not fuss over him. Remember that every baby, no matter how young, is a little mirror of the people around him. If you are nervous and fussy, baby will be nervous and fussy, and nervousness and irritability are always increased when the temperature goes up above eighty degrees. Remember also, that every member of the family, no matter how much he may protest to the contrary, can really stand the heat better than baby can. This is because what is

known as the "heat center" in the body is very sensitive in little babies. Although they cannot complain, it is probable that they actually feel the heat much more than grown people. There is a silver lining to this cloud, however, for just as the heat is felt more acutely by the baby, so are cooling measures felt in an equally quick and sensitive way.

KEEP HIM COOL

One of the best ways of keeping any person, and especially the baby, cool is to see that there is plenty of opportunity for the heat to escape from the body. During the hot days, every person loses an enormous amount of moisture from the skin; therefore baby should be kept in the coolest room in the house and should wear just as little clothing as possible. One slip, in addition to the diaper, is quite enough in very hot weather, while, on extremely hot days, even the slip may be discarded.

Baby should be in the airiest room of the house when sleeping, if he must sleep indoors. In any event he must have an opportunity for fresh air throughout the twenty-four hours.

There is no reason why if your baby is at least a month old, he should not sleep outdoors all summer, provided it is not raining.

A sleeping-porch is best for this purpose, but almost any piazza will do. Cover the crib with mosquito netting. The bed clothing should be light and soft and not too warm. In the daytime, place the crib in the shade and be very careful to protect baby's eyes by placing an umbrella over the crib or by raising the canopy of the carriage.

If you have no sleeping-porch, a wide-meshed hammock makes a splendid substitute indoors. Place a very firm pillow, preferably one of hair, in the hammock, and over this the light bedding that is necessary. After you have laid him in the hammock, draw its edges together and pin with large safety-pins. Over this a mosquito netting may be thrown and in this has the advantage of the most indoor airing.



COOLING BATHS

Three or more warm baths a week, with one or two cool sponge baths daily, aid the evaporation of moisture from the skin and keep the baby cool. In sponging, pat the little fellow all over with a soft cloth and dry him in the same way; then cover him with a good plain talcum powder, preferably one that is not perfumed. If there is prickly heat or any irritation of the skin,

use bicarbonate of soda (ordinary baking-soda) in the water in

the proportion of a tablespoon to a quart. Again, be very careful not to rub the skin. Stearate of zinc is slightly adhesive and very cooling and healing for prickly heat.

Give baby all the cool boiled water he wants. Absence of excitement, and as much sleep as possible are necessary during the hot days in order to conserve baby's strength. This is not the time for vigorous play. Children who are nearly a year old cannot be kept perfectly quiet, but every effort should be made to keep them from over-exercising.

SUMMER DIET

If you are nursing your baby, you need have little concern about the hot weather. If, however, it is necessary for you to feed your baby on some substitute food, there are several things that you ought to know.

First of all, the baby should not be weaned nor should his food be changed during the summer, unless by the direct advice of a physician. Wean him in the spring or wait until the fall; but under no circumstances should this abrupt change in food take place during the hot days.

All babies, whether breast fed or bottle fed, need less food in summer than they do in winter. They also make less gain in weight. In fact, it is not at all uncommon for bottle-fed babies to remain almost stationary in weight during the summer months. As long as your baby is not losing, you need not worry. Sometimes it is necessary to reduce the food in quality; that is, more water added in proportion to the amount of milk in the formula. The feeding interval may also be lengthened if baby shows any symptom of digestive disturbance.

IN CASE OF TROUBLE

If there are any symptoms of vomiting or diarrhea, all food should be stopped at once. The baby should be given barley water in a bottle at the regular feeding intervals of twenty-four hours. From two teaspoons to a tablespoon of castor oil, depending upon the age of the child, should be given at the first symptom of bowel disturbance. If the diarrhea persists longer than twenty-four hours, summon a doctor. In most cases, however, there will be a tendency for it to become better. Then the milk feeding should be commenced again, using a very weak solution at first and only about one-half the regular quantity. This should be increased gradually until the baby is able to take and digest its normal amount of food.

The care of milk in summer is another matter of great importance to baby's health. Milk from a mixed herd is preferable to that of a single cow, if you are sure that the milk is obtained from healthy cows, kept in clean stables, milked under conditions of the most rigid cleanliness. If when the milk comes, you put it immediately into bottles that have previously been sterilized by boiling; then cool and keep at a temperature below fifty degrees until prepared in the milk modification; and again reduce to a temperature of fifty degrees until heated just before being fed to the baby, it is probably quite safe to use raw milk. But if there is any question whatever as to the safety of the milk supply or the care which surrounds it, it should by all means be pasteurized; and in summer it will be safer to boil it.

Lazy Days and Friendly Books

By Mary Gordon Page

THE lazy creak of one's hammock or porch swing, a faint breeze among the leaves, the leisurely summer sun, the vista of quiet hours ahead and . . . a fascinating book—what a blissful combination!

Even to those of us who have left behind the real vacations of school and college days, summer brings more hours of our own. We have time at last to catch up with the interesting books of the year and to make new friends among the authors and books of other years.

Right now you are probably asking yourself: "What shall I read this summer? There are so many things to choose from that I haven't an idea where to begin!" Here is where lists and suggestions help.

Would you like to go a-gipsying? Then reach for George Borrow's *Lavengro* or his *Romany Rye*. Or would you care for a novel that lays bare the soul of the small town? Then Sinclair Lewis' *Main Street* is the book for you. It may delight you or it may infuriate you or it may even bore you, but, at any rate, as you have probably discovered, it is the most discussed volume of this year's books and you cannot afford to miss it.

The last twelve months have produced a fine crop of good novels, with plenty of variety to choose from. Edith Wharton's *Age of Innocence* is an absorbing story as well as an interesting picture of New York society in the forties.

The *Brimming Cup* by Dorothy Canfield which appeared serially in McCall's Magazine, is out in book form now. Its heroine, Marise, is no ordinary heroine. She is as real as one's next-door neighbor and as complete as one's knowledge of oneself. Zona Gale's *Miss Lulu Bett* is a delightful combination of pathos and humor and masterly story-telling.

Youth and the Bright Medusa, Willa Cather's latest book, is a collection of beguiling short stories of artistic young people and life and love. These new books remind one of other writings of the same authors, and one goes back from *The Brimming Cup* to *The Bent Twig*; from *The Age of Innocence* to *The Reef and Summer* and *Ethan Frome*. And after *Youth and the Bright Medusa* you will enjoy exploring *My Antonia*, *Alexander's Bridge*, *The Song of the Lark* and *Oh, Pioneers*. If you read all these you will have had a glorious time and you will have made friends with the four women whom a recent critic ranks highest among American women writers.

Other interesting novels that have come out this year are Eden Philpott's mystery story, *The Gray Room*, Floyd Dell's *Moon Calf*, Henry Aikman's depressing but remarkably well written *Zell*, and James Branch Cabell's medieval romance *Domnei*.

From Norway comes a masterly novel, a real contribution to literature, *Growth of the Soil* by Knut Hamsun, winner of the Nobel prize for 1920. Its characters are peasants, pioneer settlers of the Norwegian

wilderness—simple, sturdy lovable folk. It has a quaint beauty and wisdom that is all its own.

The easiest and pleasantest path to a review of history from the beginning of the world is Wells' *Outline of History*.

There are plenty of new travel books too—particularly about the South Sea Islands. It would be hard to find more entertaining reading than Frederick O'Brian's *Mystic Isles of the South Seas* and his earlier *White Shadows in the South Seas*.

So much for this year's books. A list is helpful as a starting point for one's voyages among books of other years. Here is a good list which was issued recently by the New York Public Library:

Kipling's *Kim*, Hardy's *Return of the Native*, London's *Call of the Wild*, Stockton's *Rudder Grange*, Wells' *Tono Bungay*, Hawthorne's *House of the Seven Gables*, Howells' *Rise of Silas Lapham*, Poe's *Tales*, Reade's *Cloister and the Hearth*, Stevenson's *Island Nights' Entertainment*, Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*, Palgrave's *Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics*, Kipling's *Verse*, Trevelyan's *Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay*, Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin, Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, Biography of Mark Twain, Roosevelt's *Letters to his Children*, Hudson's *Book of the Naturalist*, Thoreau's *Walden*, Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*, Grahame's *Wind in the Willows*, Dunne's *Dissertations of Mr.*

Dooley, Emerson's *Essays*, Lamb's *Essays of Elia*, Shaw's *Three Plays for Puritans*.

Of course you will find here the names of some old friends; you will find, too, books which you have always been meaning to read but have never gotten around to.

Biographies stand close to novels in fascination. The true story of the life of an interesting man's or woman's life, if it be well told, is a living thing. Only the person who stayed home for vacation could hope for time to dip deeply into Boswell's

Life of Johnson or the three volumes of Mark Twain's life, but the hours so spent would be full of interest.

The Book of a Naturalist, whimsical and amusing sketches, would surely be pleasant reading to supplement an outdoor summer or take the place of one. Beautiful style and clear observation and thought are the mark of Hudson. You will like, too, *Far Away and Long Ago*, delightful descriptions of his South American boyhood and his charming novel, *Green Mansions*.

It is needless to go through the list title by title. Each will find in it a suggestion. Of the late books there is no mention; perhaps the idea was to include only those books that have stood the test of time, or maybe it was the realization that we need to be reminded of the old, while the new is being brought constantly to our attention.



The charm of a shady nook on a summer day—and a book for idle hours

SUMMER

By Emma Perry

A snug retreat
In a window-seat,
Screened by a China tree;
With a morning breeze
Kissing the leaves,
Till they scintillate in glee.

A need for work
And a heart to shirk,
Is a combination ill;
But what care I,
As the moments fly,
With Summer joy athrill!

A chirping note
From a feathered throat,
Arrests the thought and eye;
And the flashing wing
Of a fairy thing,
Passes my window by.

Aunt Belle's BABY BOOK

Aunt Belle's Comfort Letters

Dear Mothers:

I have received so many wonderful letters about my Baby Book—a lot of them from doctors and nurses—that I guess it must be a pretty helpful book, even if I did write it.

I am afraid it isn't very literary and it doesn't pretend to be a medical treatise, but it does contain a lot of common sense about bringing up a baby.

I am just conceited enough to believe that if every mother in the United States would send for a copy, the 1921 crop of babies would be a bumper one.

Lovingly,
Beth

Everyone Says It's Great

We wish you could meet Aunt Belle personally. She is a splendid type—modern, practical, intelligent and efficient—the sort of woman that any harassed young mother would delight to have drop in and advise about Baby.

She has succeeded most remarkably in putting into her book something of her own buoyant personality and common sense viewpoint regarding baby culture. After reading it you will feel that bringing up a baby isn't so mysterious and difficult after all.

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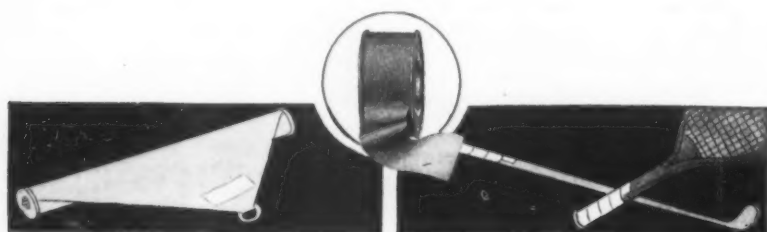


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The Lark

[Continued from page 16]

When Teresa came into her room that night she found there a box of roses, and in it her husband's card. He had crossed out his name and written under it: *Stephen*.

Teresa sang regularly for the remainder of the season. Her life was confined to a strict routine; when she was not rehearsing at the Metropolitan she was studying with Madame Valestra or practising in her own studio. Stephen had had remodeled for her use the old stable in Macdougall Alley, and in that rather charming retreat she spent a great deal of her time. The sovereignty of the studio was inviolable. No one ever disturbed her there.

Her success increased as the winter progressed. She was popular with the crowd because of her beauty and the quality of her voice. The more discriminating found in her still what the critic had felt at her first performance: a certain lack of warmth, of that passion without which no artist can project his soul across the footlights. But the fact remained that she filled to general satisfaction the more prominent secondary rôles that she was called upon to personate.

Back stage, because she was Stephen Millard's wife, there had existed at first a certain skepticism; the company had had experience of stars exalted by ulterior influence to the firmament of fame. But this antagonism gradually disappeared as her ability proved genuine. Teresa, moreover, was not without a certain tact in such matters. She had not lived in a convent for nineteen years for nothing. . . . It amused her to compare the little world of the opera with the little world of the convent. They were curiously alike—except that, in the case of the opera, there were only three walls.

Toward the end of the season Teresa was given her first leading rôle, that of *Ah-Yee* in *L'Oracolo*. It was not a great opportunity, but she made the most of it. Of this performance wrote J—: *The chances are that next season will see this young singer cast in certain high places not already preempted by the fixed stars. It will be interesting to observe whether or not she will measure up to her opportunities.*

It was Stephen who read this paragraph to Teresa. He had brought to her room the Sunday papers—a practise that had become an established ceremony—and, while she ate her breakfast, read to her the weekly reviews.

When he had finished J—'s piece, he glanced at his wife. She was in negligée and her hair was piled up carelessly on her head. She was engaged at the moment in the precarious business of opening an egg. He waited, smiling a little, until she had struck the decisive blow. "Do you believe in Destiny, Teresa?"

"Why not?" She took a sip of coffee. "I have reason to, haven't I?"

"What do you mean?"

She lifted her shoulders and smiled enigmatically. She was in a dramatic, exuberant mood—a mood derived chiefly from a healthy enjoyment of her breakfast and the fact that she had slept till eleven o'clock in the morning. "I am born with a voice. I am put in a basket and pushed through a convent window. . . . *Bueno!* I grow up and become a singer at the opera without so much as lifting my finger. . . . I stand before the curtain and kiss my hands to the people—like this." She rose and kissed her hands to him over the breakfast tray. "Once, when I was a child," she said, "I claimed to be the daughter of the Holy Virgin. That was a mistake. I am the daughter of Destiny."

"I'd like to believe you," said Stephen, "for that would relieve me of all responsibility." He straightened up in his chair. The papers slid off his knees. "Yes . . . if I thought Destiny had you in hand—"

"What, Don Esteban?" Her voice had fallen suddenly to a whisper.

He got up with a surge of his body. "I'd indulge myself to the point of remembering that I am a man."

Her exuberance ebbed visibly. She stared at him. He was a stranger—a person she had never seen before. There was a high color in his face. "Don Esteban!" she gasped.

"Do you understand me?"

It was no use pretending she didn't; but the revelation was an extraordinary shock. It destroyed in an instant her conception of him as a benevolent shadow—and replaced it with a presence disturbingly alive. He was a man after all—not a figure in a dream.

He must have known what was going on in her mind, for he said: "You've thought of me as a person beyond the reach of emotion—haven't you? I used to think of myself in the same way. But—now that you no longer need me—now that you're a person on your own account—I find that I'm flesh and blood—yes, and spirit, too—because I love you with all my soul, Teresa."

She sank down in her chair, but she couldn't take her eyes from him. "What is it—you ask of me?"

"Only the right to love you—to let you know that I love you."

She made a vague gesture. "You—you're my husband, Don Esteban."

"Have I ever reminded you of that?" he demanded.

She shook her head. He went on, speaking slowly, choosing his words. "I don't remind you of it now. You have no obligation to me whatever. Is that plain?"

She said, after a moment: "You want me to forget that I owe everything to you?"

"You owe me nothing. What I've done for you I've done for myself. You must see that."

He was pleading as a man pleads for his life. His vehemence frightened her. She managed to look at him and smile. "I do see it," she murmured. "But you must give me—a little time—"

She was hardly prepared for the light that broke on his face; it immeasurably increased her dread. "It's your right to love when and where you choose. If you should ever so honor me—" His voice, for the first time, trembled and stopped. He stood trying to recover himself, trying to recapture the strength that for the past few minutes had thrilled him with a vital pulse. But as he gazed at her there rose in him a sense of his own impotence, and with it a profound despair. He turned abruptly and walked out of the room.

Miss Trimm came in a short time later. "What's the matter? You haven't drunk your coffee. Have they been sayin' something mean about you in the papers?"

"No," said Teresa.

"I don't know what right they've got. Why can't they just put in the pleasant things? Lord knows there's enough trouble in the world."

CHAPTER XV

The Secret

THE following Wednesday night—it was the next to last week of the opera—Teresa had gone to the theater with a troubled mind—the result of three days of painful self-struggle. Stephen's declaration, the knowledge that he loved her, had brought to an unexpected crisis her relations with him. She had prayed—desperately—to be able to love him. Finally, doubting the efficacy of these prayers, she had begun, instead, to ask of her soul the courage to give herself to her husband without love.

In this, she was moved not so much by a sense of gratitude as by pity. That this man, living his life in a continual shadow, should become suddenly fuel for passion seemed to her essentially tragic. But though she could pity him, she could not compel her spirit to find joy in the thought of sacrificing itself to that pity.

During the first act she sat in her dressing-room, listening with a kind of terror to the music. Miss Trimm, aware that something was wrong, fluttered about anxiously, threatening her with smelling salts.

But the moment she appeared on the stage her depression and terror vanished. It was curious. She had not only a feeling of complete confidence, but of excitement that was happiness in an acute form. The audience seemed nearer and more intimate than usual; seemed endowed with an unusual personality. . . . She sang brilliantly. She returned to her dressing-room, after the final curtain, in a state of exhilaration. Miss Trimm commented on her good spirits. "You're nothin' but a child," she said sternly. "A while ago you were down in the dumps and now you're bubblin' over."

At that moment the doorkeeper, an ancient watchdog with a long white face, brought in a card which he delivered, with a weary dignity, to Teresa. The latter glanced at it. It bore the name of Miss Sylvia Glenn and on it was scrawled, in pencil: *Important—please!*

Teresa smiled and nodded to the doorkeeper, who shuffled off obediently. To Miss Trimm she said: "Would you mind, Doña Luella—?"

The spinster sniffed and gathered up her things. "I'll wait for you in the machine."

Teresa had a feeling that something unpleasant was about to happen to her. A picture of Sylvia weeping in the railroad station composed itself in her mind. She was so definitely prepared for tragedy of one sort or another that Miss Glenn's appearance, bright and smiling, was a distinct astonishment.

"How do you do?"

"How do you do, Mrs. Millard? It's awful good of you to see me."

"Not at all. I'm sorry I—haven't much time."

"I know. You must be tired. . . ."

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The Lark

[Continued from page 22]

It's just great about your success, isn't it? I certainly congratulate you," said Sylvia hurriedly.

"Thank you."

"I just wanted to—speak to you a minute about—" She paused and drew breath. Then, stepping forward impulsively, she said: "I came to ask you to help me. I know I haven't any right—but you were so kind to me the time Leon went away. . . . Say, it was awful about Steiner, wasn't it?"

Teresa winced at the girl's blundering stroke. Sylvia rushed on: "The war was terrible. I'm glad it's over, aren't you?"

"You didn't come to talk to me about the war," said Teresa gently.

"No. . . . Still, the war has something to do with it. It has something to do with everything nowadays." She hesitated an instant. "Leon has come back."

"Oh, I'm glad—"

Sylvia nodded. "I'm one of the lucky ones. He's come back, and—well—" Sylvia became animated, eager—"You see, Mrs. Millard, Leon wants—he wants me to marry him."

"Well?" Teresa wondered how this might concern her.

"And that's why I came to you. I just felt you'd understand—and—I thought maybe you'd help me with Mr. Millard."

"How?"

"Why, you know I've got to get a divorce!"

"A divorce? Are you married?"

The girl stared at Teresa. She put her hand to her lips. "My Lord!" she murmured.

"What is it? Why do you look at me like that?" asked Teresa with a sudden dread.

"You—don't know?"

"What is there to know? Tell me!"

"Why, about—about me and—I thought of course you knew." Her voice faltered. She said, weakly: "I'm Howard Millard's wife."

Teresa didn't move. She didn't shrink as she had done at the mention of Steiner's death, but she became gradually pale; so pale that her eyes seemed to burn in their sockets. "You are Howard's wife?"

Sylvia was frightened. "I didn't know—I thought of course—you being one of the family. Naturally I—"

"Yes. It's—quite natural. I understand."

"I'm sorry if I told something—"

"It's all right," Teresa smiled. "Only—you must tell me the rest of it now."

Sylvia shrugged her shoulders. "Well—you know what Howard was."

Teresa said: "I've met him only once."

"Oh. Well, he was—you know—kind of fast." She abandoned characterization and plunged into her story. "He liked me. 'Sylvia,' he used to say to me, 'I like you. You know how to take a joke.' Everything was a joke to him. He never took anything serious. . . . One night there was a big party and Howard had a lot to drink. 'Now Howard,' I said, 'you go home and go to bed.' But he just laughed. I can see him, yet. . . . 'Sylvia, we'll take my car,' he said, 'and go somewhere—a long way off—'

"So we got in his car and drove up the Hudson. We drove a good while. It began to get light. We came to a little town named Arcadia. Howard stopped the car. 'I knew it,' he said, 'I've been looking for it all my life. Just the place to spend our honeymoon.' 'Honeymoon!' I said. 'We aren't married.' 'We're going to be,' he said. 'Now, Howard!' I said, but I couldn't do a thing with him. . . ."

"Didn't you want to marry him?" asked Teresa, looking hard at the girl. Sylvia avoided her gaze.

"I—well, I—liked him." She glanced swiftly at Teresa; then continued, as though to get done with it: "Well, he insisted, and we—we were married. The next day we came back to New York. 'Sylvia,' he said to me, kind of laughing—'our little romance is over. I'll provide for you, which is about all a husband is good for, but I can't live with you. It remains to be seen,' he said, 'whether I can live with myself.' Then he went away, and I've never heard from him since, though I've had my money regularly."

"He paid you?"

"Well, he—he provided for me. Mr. Millard manages that part of it."

"Why didn't you go to him?"

"I was afraid he wouldn't want me to get a divorce. You see," she added, "I was to keep the marriage a secret. Now if I get a divorce the papers 'll find out—"

"And you'll lose your money," concluded Teresa.

"Oh, I don't care about the money—honestly I don't!" She gave a nervous laugh. "It's the truth, Mrs. Millard. I don't care about the money. The war—Leon—I can't tell you. . . . The only thing I'm afraid of is that Mr. Millard 'll try to keep me from getting my divorce. I've got to have a divorce to marry Leon."

That is—if Howard isn't dead."

"He isn't dead!"

"Oh! You've heard from him?"

"No, but—" Teresa felt her face grow hot. "I'm sure we would have heard if he—"

"Yes. I guess you would. Well—then—"

The girl's voice was pleading.

Teresa said: "I'll do what I can for you. But you must excuse me now. I'm very tired tonight."

"Certainly, Mrs. Millard. I understand. It was awful good of you to see me." She edged toward the door and went out. As she reached the end of the corridor, she stopped and glanced back uneasily. "I better tell her not to say anything about Leon," she thought. "They might get him into it."

She stood hesitating; then turned and walked back to the dressing-room. The door was open. Just inside it stood a small make-up table. Teresa was bending over this table. Her back was toward the door. She was not more than five feet away. Her nearness, and something in her attitude—a certain tenseness—checked the apologetic phrase on Sylvia's lips.

What was Mrs. Millard doing? She had taken something from the table drawer—a square of pasteboard. She was striking a match. She was going to burn it.

She held it away from her. Her hands glowed in the light of the electric bulb over the dressing-table. The light struck the square of pasteboard, revealing it plainly.

It was a rather crumpled photograph of Howard Millard.

The thick paper did not burn readily. The match went out. The woman in the dressing-room made an inarticulate sound and began to tear up the photograph. . . .

Sylvia was seized with a panic. What if she should be caught spying? She crept slowly backward, step by step, softly—groping her way along the dim corridor. At the end of it was a door with a glass panel. She opened this and fled.

It was raining when Teresa reached the street. She stood in the vestibule a moment while the doorkeeper fumbled about for an umbrella. She could hear him muttering to himself: ". . . had it here just a minute ago." What was he looking for? Oh, yes; an umbrella. But she didn't need it. The car was standing at the curb. "Thank you. Don't bother."

She went down the steps and across the sidewalk. The chauffeur was huddled over the wheel, asleep. Miss Trimm was dozing in the tonneau. She pulled open the car door. At that instant she heard a footstep behind her. She glanced quickly over her shoulder, and saw coming out of the rain a man in a long military cape. As he passed he turned his head and looked at her. . . . She gave a little cry and scrambled into the car, rousing Miss Trimm.

"Land. You scared me!"

"Dofia Luella, look! That man—just going under the street-lamp—"

"Who? You mean the soldier? Yes, I see him."

"Who is he?"

"Who is he? Goodness, how should I—" She stopped and glanced at Teresa, who sat staring after the unknown. "Pshaw!" said Miss Trimm sharply.

There was a light in Stephen's room when they got home. That was unusual. Miss Trimm remarked it. "Maybe he's sick."

"I'll go see," said Teresa. She went upstairs and along the hall to his study door, which she opened without knocking.

The red glow of a grate fire. . . . Stephen was standing before it, his elbows on the mantel-shelf, his head resting on his hands.

"Don Esteban?" He started and turned toward her.

"Are you sick?" she asked.

"No." He sank into a chair. "I—it's simply that I couldn't sleep." He made an effort to smile, but immediately his expression changed to one of keen concern. "Did anything go wrong tonight?"

"No. Why do you—ask?"

"You look as though you'd seen a ghost." Her face went dead white. She put her hand to her breast; her body swayed.

"Teresa! What is it?"

She threw herself at the foot of his chair and clung to him for a moment in silence. Then she raised her head and looked at him. There was a kind of desperation in her eyes. "You—love me, Don Esteban?"

"With all my soul."

"Take me," she cried. "Take me and—hold me. I want to belong to you."

"Teresa!"

His arms tightened about her. He held her against his breast. Her white face, turned up to his, had a flowerlike beauty that possessed him like fragrance and like flame. He bent his head to kiss her. . . .

[Continued on page 24]



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The Lark

[Continued from page 23]

But as his lips approached her mouth, he saw vividly what lay in the depths of her eyes. He drew back slowly as though straightening himself beneath a weight.

"No." She gave a little gasp. "You don't—want me?"

"I want you so it's like death not to have you. But it isn't true. . . . You don't love me. You're frightened. Something has frightened you."

"But if I'm willing—"

"No. I want love. Nothing else. I'm proud. I have a right to my pride."

She freed herself from his arms, and walking over to the fireplace, dropped down into a chair. He followed her, standing by the hearth. "What has frightened you?"

"How do you know—?"

"I saw it in your eyes. In your mind."

She had an impulse to hide from him, to veil herself. "You didn't. There's nothing—"

"I saw it."

There was a pause. Then, with a subtle intonation of relief, of surrender, she said: "Sylvia Glenn came to see me tonight. In my dressing-room—"

"Sylvia Glenn—came to see you?"

"Yes."

"She . . . How did that happen?"

"Oh, I've met her before—at Steiner's studio. She was—one of his friends."

"Why didn't you tell me this?"

"She asked me not to. And it meant nothing to me. I didn't know—then—that she—"

"You know now?"

"Yes."

"You know she's Howard's wife?"

"Yes."

"Why did she come to you?"

"She wants to get a divorce—so she can marry her lover. She was afraid to come to you."

"I see. And that's what upset you?"

Teresa nodded, staring into the fire.

"Nothing else?" he demanded.

She stirred restlessly. "No."

"Look at me."

Her glance wandered; was compelled at last to meet his.

"Do you know what I feel?" he said suddenly. "I feel as though there was a third person in this room—standing here between us—a ghost—a shadow."

She sprang up and faced him. "There is!" she exclaimed. "There always has been. Why can't you destroy it? Why aren't you strong enough? If you had only tried—just now—"

He grasped her arms. "Listen," he said. "Listen to me! No man can struggle with a ghost. I've been helpless against that shadow. My love hasn't been strong enough to conquer the hate in your mind. But now we're coming out into the open. Do you understand? Now I'm going to have my chance. After tonight the shadow won't be a shadow—any more."

She looked at him wildly. "You've had news?"

He released his grip of her; stood regarding her with a frankness that was indicative of the reality to which they had come. "Spencer telephoned tonight to say that Howard was in the city. He called this afternoon at Spencer's office. I'm to meet him there tomorrow morning."

[Continued in the August McCall's]

Will Fate Make You the Next Great Movie Star?

[Continued from page 6]

enough. She must have a good knowledge of history, of the drama, of human character, or human psychology. She must understand the operations of many kinds of minds. And then must come hard and persistent work, her goal rising higher and higher as her nature unfolds to its own magical impulses."

No star in the screen world has played more divergent and diversified rôles than Norma Talmadge, and at the same time maintained her place in the popular heart. Out of her career as one of the chosen few, she formulated for the girls of today fixed principles of success. The first of these is work. "There is no harder life than that of the motion-picture actress," she said. "There are so many things to learn—so many things to do. Sometimes I am called at six o'clock in the morning and I work steadily until two or three hours after midnight, with nothing but coffee and sandwiches to sustain me. I have had to learn to swim, to dance, to speak French and Spanish, to ride horseback. I have studied the interpretative dances of many nations, I am endeavoring to learn the new note in all of the arts, for complete success in one comes only through a blending of knowledge of all of them."

To those who would follow in her footsteps she spoke: "If you are fortunate enough to have the right distance between a pair of expressive eyes, if your nose and your mouth are the right length and width, and you have in addition a thinking mind and a body which lends itself easily to that mind, and you are physically strong and are not afraid of hard work, then there is a chance for you—but only as a neophyte. You must be sincere in your desire to interpret life aright. Sometimes I think that the motion-picture camera has the power of witchcraft. It is curious, almost miraculous the way it reveals the inmost secrets of the soul. The least insincerity or artificiality shows up mercilessly."

Bebe Daniels has shot into popularity among film fans during the past year. But her success has not been due to a sudden fluke of fortune. She has appeared on the stage since she was four years old, and for five years her saucy, dark face and provocative eyes appeared only in one-reel comedies. Then she won her chance in drama.

"I do not regret having had to work hard and earn my right to stardom by these years of playing leads in comedies," she says. "I know comedies are looked upon as very 'low-brow' compared to drama, but the stunts and the exceedingly fast action of comedy work give one poise and a screen technique that is priceless. Nobody who has ever played in comedy is 'camera shy' or nervous. For in comedy

stunts one's whole attention is focused on successfully putting over the stunt; the camera is forgotten."

Samuel Goldwyn, the famous producer, holds out more encouragement to young women seeking success upon the screen. He does not demand beauty. He seeks intelligence—for he believes that to be the test in the new order of the movies. "In the old days," he said, "beauty was the one and only requisite. But the public tires of a pretty face, where it never tires of intelligent acting. What I demand above all else in those who wish to work with me is personality. I prefer character to a cheek like a peach and eyes like stars, for character alone can give to a picture the semblance of reality. Also I want young women who can act. And don't let me forget to mention hard work. That's the most important of all."

As an example of the type that is welcome at the Goldwyn Studios, he mentioned Mary Alden. "Miss Alden has been a newspaper woman. She acted in small parts with Minnie Maddern Fiske. She is a college graduate. She has a fair share of good looks and more than a fair share of brains and understanding. She knows the meaning of work. She has dramatic talent. Such a combination is sure to register a lasting success."

Walter Wanger, Director of Production for the Famous Players-Lasky stars said:

"A girl ambitious to enter the movies must ask herself: Do I photograph well? Am I willing to play the smallest extra parts, such as one person in a mob of two or three hundred? Have I self-control? Am I patient? Am I interested in what is going on about me? This last is very important, for keeping abreast of the times—is a persistent demand from a public whose tastes are as variable as the four winds. There is not a star of today who was also a star of yesterday who has not kept her position through intelligence, hard work, ceaseless study in addition to a pleasing face and personality. I believe the stars of tomorrow will come from colleges or schools of high standing."

These producers and directors and stars are all agreed that even though the motion-picture world is overcrowded with aspiring young women, there is always room for the girl who has talent plus intelligence. Which is not so discouraging after all, since all worth-while work makes the same demands—demands which must be fulfilled if mediocrity is to be side-stepped, and excellence maintained. But they are demands not easily met by the Sarabellies of the world who think a pretty face can carry them by quick and easy flight over the hills of chance to a destiny of fine clothes and luxurious living.



"Just as Comfortable as Brother's"

Lady Sealpax is a new underwear joy for women, modeled after athletic underwear for men—always the last word in comfort because of its form-fitting style, full seat and wide legs—and yet just as dainty and feminine as you could wish your underwear to be. Made in an infinite variety of caressingly soft fabrics. Ask your dealer for **Lady Sealpax**—in a sanitary container.

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Mothers everywhere will tell you the strong fabric, double seat, taped buttons, and other reinforcement features make "**Little Brother and Little Sister**" Sealpax not only comfortable and healthful, but almost wear-proof. All sizes—Ask to see it. Also in a sanitary container.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct. Send for "**The Sealpax Family**" Booklet, describing the Sealpax line. Address Dept. B-3.

THE SEALPAX COMPANY
BALTIMORE, MD.

Canadian Representatives:
Walter Williams & Co., Montreal
T. H. Wardell, Winnipeg



Wings of Healing

[Continued from page 18]

them. . . Here comes our guide with the list—

Jane looked. A tall, gaunt man bundled in a mackinaw came with heavy tread down the steps. Her breath ceased for a second. Her heart stood still. Then it seemed literally to turn over in her breast. And yet, she argued against conviction, she couldn't be sure! The head upon which the light from the Red Cross lantern had for a second streamed was roughly white, not roughly black; the form was indistinct in its wrappings. A thousand men walked with that heavy tread—

"Oh, it's McDermot!" twittered Mrs. Wainwright, "the dearest old man. A character in these parts. You'll love him—if he'll let you know him—"

The dearest old man! The woman was a fool, an abject, congenital fool! After one ineffable look at her, Jane sank deeper into the upturned collar of her coat. But her father did not regard her with any attention. Mrs. Wainwright introduced them according to some friendly incoherence of her own. Angus McDermot accepted the introduction without interest. He climbed into the tonneau.

"Here's the list," he told Mrs. Wainwright. "The worst cases, that is. Ye'll know where the Czernas live—ye were there yesterday. The others I'm thinkin' ye won't know the places of. They're new. Ye'll have to walk part of the way—the leddy doctor will, I mean. There's nothin' more than a footpath after ye pass the Czernas—"

"That's all right. Dr. Demorest won't mind walking, with you to show her the path." Mrs. Wainwright spilled flattery, confidence, optimism.

"Mebbe," conceded Angus grimly from the rear. "I never saw any leddy doctors." The remark was, however, not a challenge to Jane. It was his announcement that he washed his hands of responsibility, and having made it, he dropped back in the darkness of the tonneau and wrapped himself in silence. Mrs. Wainwright, brightly apologetic to Jane, was stayed in the flow of her expostulation.

"Don't trouble yourself," said Jane curtly. "Why should I consider what he thinks of me and my profession?"

"Oh, but—I don't want you to misunderstand him."

"I sha'n't. Please don't bother about it." And Mrs. Wainwright was silent for three minutes, and then began again with tales of the community into which Jane was about to enter. Jane murmured unlistening responses at intervals. In a quarter of an hour she was in the cabin of the Czernas, where a thin, black-eyed little woman, shaking in a chill, flushed with a fever, was nevertheless declaring, in patois, that she was not sick, and was well able to wait upon her sick husband and two children.

Jane, grotesque in her linen mask, took temperatures, felt pulses, prescribed, soothed. She forgot her own problems, her own quarrel with the universe. She forgot her father and her amazement at his new rôle in life. She was consumed by the desire to help, even more than she was consumed with bitterness that the desire should be so unavailing!

And, strangely to herself, startlingly, she found all her emotions of pity and protest shot through with the wish that Bowdoin were at hand to be told of them—Bowdoin with his kind heart and his shrugging admission that, little as he knew the answer to the world's question, he was ready to help it through its pain.

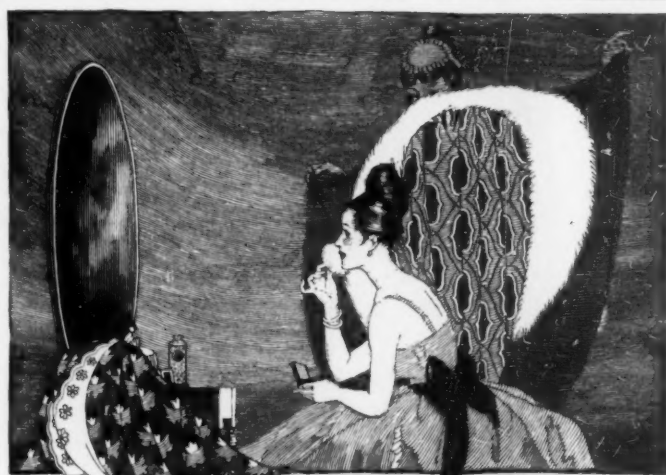
They climbed on foot after this, she and Angus McDermot. He indicated the path to her, walking ahead through the night and flashing an electric torch downward. Once Jane heard a sound of heavy breathing close behind her, had the sensation of impending attack from something huge, unwieldy. So immersed had she become in the stern necessities of the hour, that she had been following Angus with no present sense of the bond of flesh and hatred between them, and at the start of fright she almost called to him. But she remembered, repressed the call and turned to face whatever peril lay behind her. She felt the warm breath of a cow upon her face.

"So bossy—so bossy!" she said, out of some half-forgotten pastoral lore. And at the sound McDermot turned and saw the encounter. "Matzu's cow," he pronounced. "No one's milked her—I'll step in an' get a pail, an' I'll be doin' that while ye're in the house."

She marveled a little, but it was satire even more than amaze that twisted her lips. Her father, the relentless tyrant, who had driven her sister from his door—her father acting the part of kind neighbor!

Matzu was crying noisily when they pushed into his poor shack. He pointed to the still body of a young girl of seventeen or eighteen. He babbled to Angus of grief and pride and loneliness. Why had

[Continued on page 31]



WHO can account for the whims of Fashion? Women don't attempt to. They simply accept them. And how quickly are those whims sensed and felt to be inevitable?

So the vogue of Florient Talc comes very naturally as an outcome of the present mode. The art of the Orient enriches every phase of Fashion's fancies. Oriental colorings and designs in costume call for "Flowers of the Orient" in the boudoir.

Florient Talc best carries out the feeling of this art. Its perfume seems a very part of these costly fabrics.

The color too, is different, a warm Oriental tone, just off the white.

And again one senses another vogue—a new use of Florient Talc. For while it is fulfilling the duty of an after-the-bath powder, Florient Talc imparts a delicate fragrance which lingers exquisitely about the woman who uses it—as a powdered perfume.

For trial box of Florient Talc send 4c to

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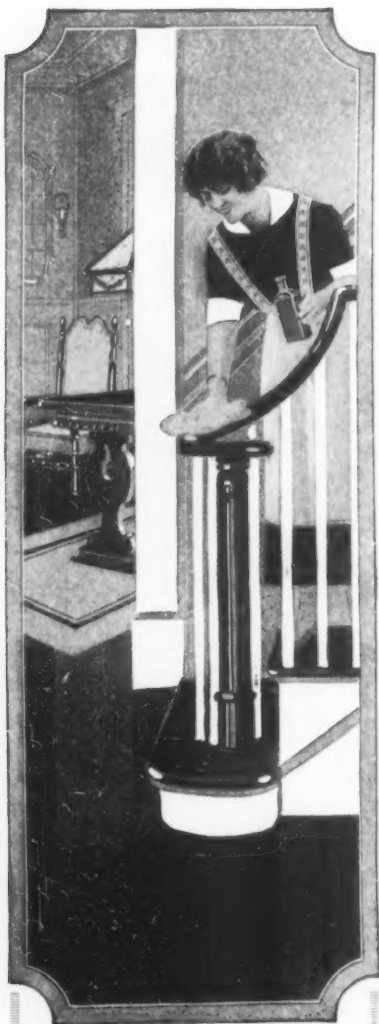
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Flowers of the Orient

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THE one way to have clean, and bright furniture and woodwork is to use O-Cedar Polish.

For O-Cedar Polish "Cleans as it Polishes." It removes finger marks, dust, grime and scum and imparts a hard, dry lustre that does not get gummy or sticky.

It brings out the original beauty of the grain of the wood and adds years to the life of varnished, painted or finished surfaces.

For 100% satisfaction—use O-Cedar Polish the O-Cedar Polish way: Wet a piece of cheese-cloth in water and wring it almost dry, add as much O-Cedar as the cloth contains water. Go over the surface and polish with a dry cloth.

O-Cedar Polish is sold under a positive guarantee—if you are not delighted with the results your dealer will refund your money without a question.

O-Cedar
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30c to \$3 Sizes—All Dealers

Channell Chemical Co.
Chicago Toronto London Paris

The Crooked Fairy

[Continued from page 8]

there, drenched and sodden, awaiting the approach of Dean, who could not but be touched by the sight of such genuine misery. Squinty raised his face timidly.

"Boss!" he wavered in a larynx-less voice. "Could you slip me enough for a cup of coffee? I've not had a bite to eat for two days. Honest boss. I'm near starved." Thornton took the scarecrow by the arm and looked him over.

"Why don't you go to a police station?" Squinty trembled in his grasp.

"I'm afraid of the bulls."

"What are you afraid of them for?"

Suddenly the scarecrow tottered. There was no fake about it. Had Thornton not grabbed him Squinty would have departed in an ambulance. The poor devil was all in. That was enough for Dean. There were no restaurants open at that hour. The man was soaked through—chilled to the bone. "Come along with me, old man!" said Thornton who was a trifle emotional after his evening's experience at the creditor's dinner. "I can fix you up somehow. There's still something left in the ice-box, I guess!"

Twenty minutes later a steaming Squinty was slowly rotating like a chicken on a vertical spit before the fire in the Thornton parlor. His boots were off—his jumper hung on a chair turned to the blaze, and on the mantelpiece beside him stood what remained of a tumbler of hot toddy. He had devoured, standing, two cold chops, a dissociated chicken wing, a saucer of olives, a can of salmon, and half a loaf of bread. As the warm toddy percolated through his body his heart expanded and he whimpered with happiness blent with pity for his unfortunate self.

"Feel better?" inquired his host entering at that moment with a couple of red bananas salvaged from the kitchen closet. Squinty nodded solemnly.

"Guv'ner," he said huskily, "You've saved my life—Too bad, it ain't worth savin'!"

"Nonsense!" retorted Thornton. "Any life is worth saving."

"Mine ain't!" muttered Squinty. "I'm done. It ain't no use for me to try to pull anything on you. I'm a gun. Doin' time up the river. The warden let me come down to bury my grandmother, but I fell for the booze and broke my parole. I'm scared to go back 'cause beside the six months I owe yet I'm under a ten year suspended sentence for another job, and I'll forfeit my good behavior. That makes eleven and eight. Life—for me—boss! Yes, life! I'll not live through it!"

Squinty coughed artificially through his banana, but it was doubtless true. Physically he was rotten to the spine. Thornton looked at him curiously.

"Why did you tell me that?"

"'Cause you treated me right. I want to be on the level with you. You'll have to surrender me."

"I'll not surrender you!"

"Not?"

"No. But I won't help you to make a getaway, either."

"Getaway!" Squinty shrugged his thin shoulders disdainfully. "A fine getaway I'd make. I dasset show my face outdoors. I hid in a lodgin' house until the damn Swede that ran it kicked me out, and slept two nights in a swill box under an area. I ain't had but three bites in six days and nothing to drink 'cept out of the sparrow fountain in Madison Square. Some life, what? Getaway! O, rapture!"

Thornton tossed him a cigarette.

"You say the warden let you come to New York alone?"

Squinty nodded.

"Then he must have had considerable confidence in you!"

"Confidence? I should say he did! Ain't I—I mean wasn't I—on the honor roll?"

"Oh!" Thornton regarded him severely. "Won't this performance of yours seriously affect prison discipline? Won't the warden lose faith in the boys?"

Squinty bit his lips, his twisted face became distorted, and tears—real ones—came into his eyes.

"Look here, my friend!" exclaimed Thornton. "You're sure to go back! No question about that! If you don't, every privilege they've got up there will be cut off. You'll make the other fellows pay for your good time for the next two years!"

"Good time!" snorted Squinty. "I've had a hell of a time!"

"But you preferred the hooch to keeping your word!"

"No I didn't. I didn't want no hooch."

"Well, why on earth didn't you go back?"

"Because," averred Squinty, facing Thornton again—"those damn Phelan cousins of mine at the funeral give me such a pain it just took all the pleasure out of it. I had to get drunk."

It was two o'clock before it occurred to Thornton to go to bed, and had it not been

for Squinty's inability to keep awake they would doubtless have conversed all night. Dean had lost all fear of his curious guest and, since he did not fancy the idea of tucking him into a clean bed in his unwashed state, decided to turn him loose in the adjacent smoking den. Leaving the fugitive snoozing in his chair, Thornton foraged for a blanket and arranged a shake-down on the divan. There was a small safe in the corner and before going back he unlocked it and placed the sheaf of papers which he had been carrying in his pocket in one of its pigeon-holes. Then he conducted Squinty thither, bade him good-night and locked him in.

He felt quite sure he could square Squinty with the warden. He was still dreaming when he heard a knock on his bedroom door and awoke to find to his surprise that it was already daylight.

"Mr. Hawksley wants to speak to you on the telephone," said the maid.

Still drowsy, Thornton lifted the instrument from the bed-table beside him.

"Excuse me for disturbing you," came his broker's voice. "But—you've got a hundred 'Pujo,' haven't you? I thought so! In fact we've got a list of present holders and you're on it. Well, did you see where Pujo closed at forty-nine last night?"

"No." In an instant Thornton was bolt upright. "Why," he gasped, "it's been selling for years around seven and eight."

"Sure! But they say old Scanlon is trying to corner it. If you want to get out, now is the time."

"Hurrah!" exclaimed his delighted client. "Sell by all means! Don't lose a minute. This is the only good news I've had for several months."

"All right," replied Hawksley. "I'll enter your order to sell at the market at the opening. Be sure and send me down your certificate some time today. So long!"

Thornton dressed slowly with a luxurious sense of opulence. His luck had turned. Forty-nine hundred dollars! A neat little profit. Almost enough to take a chance and marry Jessica on. A reward for doing the good Samaritan act the night before. In his excitement he had almost forgotten the existence of Squinty, but this made him think of him. He wondered what sort of a night the little fellow had passed on the divan. With his heart aglow he whistled himself downstairs and turned to the door of the den. It was ajar. The room was vacant. Squinty had vanished. And the safe in which he had so carefully placed his stock certificate for one hundred shares of Pujo was open and empty. Also empty was a bottle, his last bottle of King William, standing solitary upon the mantel. For a moment he could have cried. He could no longer sell his stock for he could not deliver it.

He looked at his watch—nine forty-five. In fifteen minutes the gong on the stock exchange would sound and Hawksley would sell a hundred Pujo for his account at the market. Why not let the sale go through on the chance that Squinty would turn up or be arrested during the course of a day or so, or that Pujo would sell off after the opening so that he could cover at nearer what the stock was worth. Why not wait and see what happened? Of course Pujo couldn't go on selling at forty-nine—such a supposition was ridiculous! He probably could cover in the twenties, or at least in the thirties.

Five minutes to ten! But—suppose Scanlon had cornered the stock and it should go up? Where, if he had sold, would he be then? He would have to buy in at a higher price in order to deliver—and he had no money. It was too risky! More than that it wouldn't be honorable, for Hawksley would have sold relying on his assurance that he had the stock. No, it was not debatable! Little beads gathered upon his forehead as he realized how close he had come to doing a shady thing.

Without more ado he got Hawksley's office on the telephone, asked for the broker, and, finding that he had already gone upon the floor, sent word through his partner to cancel the order to sell. The partner protested politely. There had been private dealings in Pujo and already before the opening there were outside bids of 60 for the stock. Sixty! Thornton turned faint at the risk he had run; then sick at the thought of the profit he was losing.

Six thousand dollars! If he could only locate Squinty and get back that wretched certificate—wholly useless to the thief! How did one find lost people, anyway? Squinty might be anywhere or nowhere,—in the river or in the morgue or already under arrest. The thing to do was to get in touch at once with the police and with his friend the warden at Sing Sing.

But nothing had been heard of the truant either at Sing Sing or at Police Headquarters. The use of the warden's name, to be sure, secured for his inquiry instant attention at the Detective Bureau. But it at once developed that the fact that Thorn-

ton himself had seen and talked with the fugitive the night before was the first and only clue the police had of him.

Thornton slammed down the receiver with an imprecation. Instantly he received a fresh incoming call, Hawksley speaking from the floor of the exchange.

"Look here, old man," he panted. "Pujo has climbed up to eighty-nine. There's terrific dealings in it. Looks like a real corner. Market may break at any moment. For God's sake, let me sell your stock. Why man, it's near nine thousand dollars!"

"Dammit!" roared back Thornton. "I can't sell. I haven't got my stock!"

"Haven't got it? Where is it? Did you sell it through some other house?"

"A burglar took it!" yelled Thornton.

There was an amazed silence at the other end of the telephone. "A burglar!"

"Yes—a burglar!"

"I'll be damned."

"Well, you can be for all of me!" retorted Thornton. "Isn't there anything I can do? Sell for future delivery?"

"Not in a market like this!" answered his friend. "They want immediate delivery. Of course you could sell and fall down on your delivery, but you might make yourself liable in tremendous damages. What you better do is to apply to the transfer company for a new certificate, file an affidavit setting forth the circumstances surrounding the loss and offer to give a bond in double the amount."

"And how long will all that take?"

"Oh, about a week. They're pretty slow over that sort of thing you know. Anyhow that's the best you can do. Sorry, old top! I've got to get back to the post!" And Hawksley rang off.

Thornton racked his brains for some method of tracing the elusive Squinty, even considering the possible use of bloodhounds. Nine thousand dollars! It was terrible! At that very moment the little safe-cracker might be selling the certificate with the aid of an accomplice, or—his blood curdled—he might be using it to wrap a sandwich in! He must be found.

How about an advertisement in the evening papers which might catch the convict's eye? He could offer Squinty a reward for returning the valueless stock—He jotted down what seemed to him on the instant an attractive "personal."

"Burglar. Will burglar who had supper with me last night and then robbed my safe kindly at once return stock certificate removed therefrom and receive one thousand dollars cash reward. No questions asked. Dean Thornton."

No, it sounded too beastly queer. Supper with a burglar! He couldn't sign his own name to anything like that! Besides he hadn't a thousand dollars cash.

"Pujo Ltd. Lost! Certificate in my name for 100 shares Pujo Limited. Agree to pay one thousand dollars (\$1,000) for its immediate return. No questions. Dean Thornton."

Ah! Something like. He'd print this among the regular "ads" in an eight-inch box—cost what may. Squinty might see it and awake to the enormity of his offense.

It was now after eleven o'clock and he decided to go to his lawyer's and start proceedings for the issuance of a fresh certificate. As he left the subway at Rector Street a boy shoved an extra under his chin. In a two-inch headline all across the top ran the words:

"CORNER IN PUJO LIMITED. STOCK SOARS TO 136."

Thornton brushed him roughly aside. At the lawyer's office the corner in Pujo was causing something like a Roman holiday. By lunch time Pujo had jumped to 190, at two o'clock to 240, and when the gong rang was quoted 385 bid without takers.

Thornton caused his advertisement to be inserted in four evening papers with the result that his telephone kept ringing all the evening. It appeared that all the world was anxious to talk to a man who could mislay 100 shares of Pujo. But Squinty did not call up.

Thornton lay awake all night trying to devise ways or means to extricate himself from his grotesque and tantalizing predicament. The only possible chance lay in the forlorn hope that Pujo might not decline too much before his new certificate could be issued—which they now told him would take ten days. He arose with his nerves twitching like a dope fiend's.

Pujo opened at an advance overnight of fifty points—a ten share lot at 435. A few more shares came out at 470, and by noon the stock was quoted 505 bid.

Thornton spent his morning in a frenzy of telephoning, to the Detective Bureau, to Sing Sing, to the newspapers, to the Pujo Co.'s offices in case the certificate had been picked up and turned in. Pujo closed at 577! Fifty-seven thousand dollars thrown away. By the irony of fate!

[Continued on page 27]



Hygeia the SAFE Nursing Bottle



The Hygeia breast is broad, rounded, yielding. It prevents fretfulness at weaning time. Sold at drug stores everywhere. Name Hygeia on bottle, breast, and box.

Don't Feed Baby Out of a Bottle You Can't Clean

Put baby's feedings in a bottle that you are sure is safe and sanitary. The Hygeia Nursing Bottle is safe. For its tumbler shape permits thorough cleaning, so necessary for a bottle that is sanitary. Send for free copy of new illustrated booklet, "Healthy Babies."

The Hygeia Nursing Bottle Co., Inc.
1206 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.



Don't Use

Avoid this old-fashioned narrow-necked nursing bottle. Its narrow opening makes cleaning difficult—thorough cleaning almost impossible. Remember that even a slightly unclean bottle may easily poison milk—and that many serious diseases result.



Until you have actually tried Armand Cold Cream Powder, you cannot appreciate its wonderful clinginess, its smooth softness, its fresh fragrance and its wonderfully natural tones.

Every woman who uses Armand loves it. We think you will, too! Buy a box today—Armand Cold Cream Powder, \$1; Armand Bouquet, 50c; Rouge, 50c in dainty metal box; Compact Powder, 50c; Cold Cream, 50c per jar. Or send us 15c for three samples of powder. Address

ARMAND—DES MOINES
Canadian customers should address
Armand, Ltd., St. Thomas, Ont.

ARMAND
COLD CREAM POWDER.
In the LITTLE PINK & WHITE BOXES

The Crooked Fairy

[Continued from page 26]

The torment of having this vast sum slip through his fingers drove Dean nearly frantic. He strode through the streets peering into saloons and down alleys, scanning the crowds, searching vainly for the vanished safe-cracker. From time to time he would pause long enough to telephone Sing Sing, or Police Headquarters.

Thornton, waiting beside the telephone, did not take off his clothes that night, but smoked cigar after cigar and consumed large quantities of black coffee. Sometime after midnight he threw himself upon the divan and fell into fitful slumber in which a diminutive burglar ever fled before him waving a gigantic stock certificate the size of a tire sign. It was after nine next morning when he awoke with stiff and aching muscles, his eyes smarting and his head full of tightly strung wires. When he arrived at his office there were no communications for him and no answer to his advertisements.

Pujo opened with a bang at 555. Ten minutes more and it had crossed 600, pirouetting gaily upward until it suddenly shot like a rocket to 725. The sight made Thornton sick. Seventy-two thousand dollars!

As he was about to ascend the narrow stairs to his rooms his attention was attracted by a faint, subtle but familiar odor, suggestive of whisky and stale tobacco—the Squinty odor! He cursed loudly. Must his nightmare forever haunt him? Then he observed that the door of the den—usually left open—was shut.

Puzzled and with an increase of pulse he turned the knob and quietly opened the door. The room reeked with the smell of Squinty. Thornton's internal mechanism suddenly stopped working and seemed to turn over. Squinty or his ghost was kneeling before the safe, the door of which was swung wide. He rubbed his eyes; but the figure was still there. More than that it turned a coal-dust covered face to his and gave him a pathetic, twisted, anxious smile. With a bound Thornton was upon him, his hands about his neck. "My certificate!" he gasped. "Where is my certificate?"

"Easy, guv'ner! Easy there!" protested the half-choked Squinty, squirming to relieve the tension upon his Adam's apple. I put all the papers back—"

Thornton's hands flew to the pigeon hole, snatched forth the envelope and tore it open. The certificate was there! One hundred shares of priceless Pujo! Hungrily he ran his fingers over its graven surface, devoured its ornate lithographing with ecstatic eyes, how beautiful it seemed in that instant, how lustrous its sheen, how exquisite its design!

Unnerved and shaking, he could hardly voice the question that trembled on his lips. "You—Why—Where've you been?" "In the cellar!" returned Squinty blithely. "It was the hootch! You gave it to me first—an' you lef' the bottle on the mantel. When I woke up I was in the cellar."

"Why did you rob my safe?" "I didn't, guv'ner!" protested Squinty indignantly. "I just opened it—matter of habit, I guess. Honest, I didn't know I was doin' it! An' as soon as I come to I put back the stuff. 'Twarn't nuthin'. A few papers. You got 'em in yer hand. Gee, but coal is hard!"

Thornton dropped him and leaped for the telephone, ringing wildly for Hawksley. It seemed hours before he heard the banker's voice.

"Hello, old man!" it said mockingly. "Pity you haven't got that certificate of yours. Pujo sold a moment ago at 995."

"But I have got it!" bellowed Thornton. "Sell me a hundred at the market!—I'll hold the wire until you report the sale!"

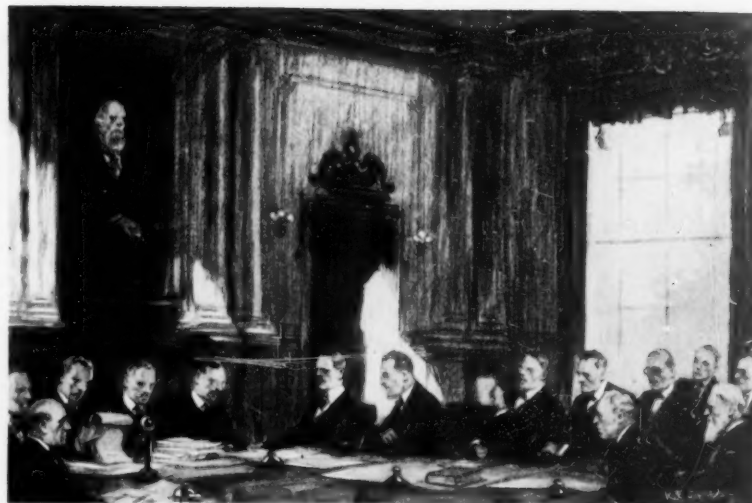
He clung to the receiver in an agony for the next sixty seconds, his mind awheel, his legs atremble. "All right!" Hawksley reported presently, "You caught nearly the high mark. I sold your hundred for 975. Just in time. Market's turned weak all of a sudden. Ninety-seven thousand dollars for what cost you sixteen hundred! Pretty good, old horse. Now mind you get that certificate down here right away. Bye-bye!"

"Cellar!" he choked. "You've been in the cellar! All the time—two days and a half—sixty hours! O, Lord!"

"Wot's that, guv'ner?" inquired Squinty. "Wot's that yezz say? I been in that there cellar two days and a half?"

Thornton steadied himself on the divan—"That's exactly it! You came in here out of the rain into the heat, ate your first solid meal in a week, drank a quart of King William, cracked my safe, and then just naturally went to sleep in my cellar for nearly three whole days. O, I don't mind! Come as often as you like! Hit me again! You're all right, Squinty old boy—you little crooked fairy!"

The return of Squinty to Sing Sing savored somewhat of a royal progress,
[Continued on page 32]



Insurance medical examiners find greatest significance attached to under weight

Are you under weight?

Forty-three life insurance companies teach new facts of vast importance to under weight persons

MOST of us have no idea of our physical unsoundness; most of all the under weight person, who has been allowed to think that there is security in his condition. Millions of examinations prove that under weight persons are more subject to disease, particularly tuberculosis, and are shorter lived.

Many people are below normal but do not know it

"What showed us where we stand physically," said a recent writer, "was, of course, revealed by the draft. That one-third of the young men of the country had some serious defect, showed the enormous amount of disease and disability that so many people bear unconsciously."

"And if the percentage of physical unfitness ran this high in our young men, it must be far greater among the rest of our people."

Does your body tear down more in a day than it builds up in a night?

Apparently millions expend more in energy than they replace by nourishment, with the result that bodily vigor and resistance to disease attack is

lessened. Many people finding themselves in this condition, and seeking to upbuild themselves without the use of medicine, are turning to Yeast Foam. Science has found that yeast is the richest source of the appetite-giving, body-building element called vitamin. Most foods do not supply sufficient quantity to assure normal health.

Yeast Foam will build you up

It is many times more plentiful even than milk in the indispensable vitamin that causes growth and health. If you need upbuilding, you may have the experience of thousands of others in finding that this familiar food, added to your regular diet, will increase your appetite so that more food will be desired and additional food actually eaten.

Eat a third, half or whole cake three times a day before meals

Many eat the yeast cake plain, washing it down with a little water or milk. You'll soon like the taste. Some prefer to take a bite of yeast cake and a bite of cracker. Others carry a package of Yeast Foam around with them and eat a cake at convenient times. Use coupon for more information.

Insurance tables show the relation between under weight and shorter life

Table of average weight for men*

HEIGHT	AGE							
	20	25	30	35	40	45	50	55 and over
5-ft. 2-in.	122	126	130	132	135	137	138	139
5-ft. 4-in.	128	133	136	138	141	143	144	145
5-ft. 6-in.	136	141	144	146	149	151	152	153
5-ft. 8-in.	144	149	152	155	158	160	161	163
5-ft. 10-in.	152	157	161	165	168	170	171	173
6-ft. 0-in.	161	167	172	176	180	182	183	184

*Women are three to four pounds less.

After middle life, a moderate degree of under weight is not undesirable. Those under 35, however, who are under weight should bring their weight up to normal.

Extra mortality due to under weight

Percentages of Under Weight

AGES	Extra Mortality		
	10%	20%	30%
20	10%	25%	40%
25	5%	15%	30%
30	0%	10%	20%
35	0%	5%	15%

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Price Twenty-five Cents

Mrs. Harding Moves Into The White House

[Continued from page 5]

that warm gray is her favorite color. Light blues are also in favor with her. The dress was gray with no touch of color to break the simple lines. She wears her dresses in the prevailing mode—short, but not exaggeratedly so, and her shoes and stockings match her gowns. Mrs. Harding is always exquisitely well-gloved and well-shod—these are her two particular hobbies in dress. She does not wear exaggerated heels; I believe they call her favorites "baby French."

Her tastes are domestic. She loves housekeeping and household duties; outside of assisting her husband in politics, her principal pleasure is in making a comfortable home for him. She likes to supervise the preparation of dishes that are pleasing to him. She makes a hobby of having her own recipes, which she has personally tried out, and which are in great demand.

She is very fond of flowers, her favorites being delphinium and azalea, and every room in the White House is decked with cut flowers, also with growing plants in great profusion. In addition to decorating the White House, she often sends flowers to the hospitals and orphan asylums around Washington. She is an orderly housekeeper; every room seems spick and span—everything in its proper place. She religiously insists upon supervising the management of her household.

She is an excellent performer on the piano; that is, she was before the strenuous duties of the wife of a candidate and of President of the United States engrossed so much of her time. She is more than ordinarily fond of music, liking both grand and lighter operas. She is fond of the theater, but prefers Shakespearean drama to the modern bedroom farces or vaudeville. During her first month in the White House she went to the theater six times, and each one of these performances was either an opera or a more serious melodrama.

Her literary tastes, she laughingly told me, lie in the study of political and economic questions, because her husband as editor and as a politician is interested in them.

Her principal sport is horseback riding, of which she is very fond. Horses will be added to the White House menage and she will be seen quite frequently during her husband's term of office riding over the bridge paths in Rock Creek Park.

In religion Mrs. Harding is a Baptist, though not of the strait-laced variety; she possesses the happy medium of being religious without being puritanical; she is a regular attendant and communicant at a Baptist church in Washington, but this does not prevent her from enjoying the theater or taking part in the social activities incumbent on the wife of a public man.

Perhaps you would like to know her daily routine? She arises every morning at seven o'clock and breakfasts with her husband at eight. Her breakfast usually consists of a grapefruit, two soft-boiled eggs, a piece of buttered toast and a cup of coffee. Her morning hours are spent in opening her mail. This task is particularly pleasing to her. She insists on seeing all the letters herself, and in giving personal direction as to how they shall be answered. She has made it an invariable rule that every letter must receive a reply. I predict, however, that this personal direction will become a physical impossibility, because of the immense amount of mail of every conceivable description that she receives. She is busy until lunch time answering letters.

After lunch she sees people by appointment; she prefers to see them singly when possible. She dislikes having people pass in line to shake her hand. She is then

merely shaking hands as the wife of the President, and there is no personal equation in her greeting. She prefers to grant a private interview, however short the time that she can allot to each one.

Mrs. Harding's natural friendliness and desire to meet people informally was shown on two occasions that came under my notice. On Easter Monday the President and Mrs. Harding walked out to observe the children at play on the White House grounds. Mrs. Harding espied a forlorn little youngster, evidently of foreign extraction. He was not participating in the egg rolling, in which the other children were so joyously engaged. She went up to him, patted him on the shoulder and asked: "Well, little man, why aren't you playing with the other children?" The youngster replied bashfully: "Here is some flowers I picked for you." Mrs. Harding thanked him very heartily as she took the little ragged bunch of wild flowers. Her husband joined them just then, and she said: "Shall I give some of them to the President?"

Her democracy was shown in another instance that pleased me very much. Since the Hardings have been in the White House, they have restored an old-fashioned custom of opening its doors to visitors at certain hours, the Secret Service men of course observing the preliminary precaution to see that their visitors come properly introduced, thus guaranteeing that they are not anarchists or dangerous fanatics. One afternoon Mrs. Harding was passing through the Blue Room when she heard voices coming through the open door. She turned to Mr. Hoover and asked him who the visitors were. On being told that they were a party of out-of-town woman-visitors, forming part of a convention being held in Washington, she said impulsively: "I would like to meet them." And then in the most unaffected manner she walked into their midst and announced that she was Mrs. Harding and that she would be pleased to meet each member of the party.

These visits continue most of the afternoon. At the end of the day while the President is playing golf, she usually takes a motor ride around Washington, accompanied by some of her personal friends.

Then comes dinner—the principal meal at the White House. Usually there are several guests present, and Mrs. Harding is a most agreeable dinner hostess. After dinner, she either goes to a musicale or has guests for the evening.

I have already said that I believe Mrs. Harding will capably fill the position of White House mistress. She is particularly adapted to be of service to the President as an entertaining hostess, a field that has been neglected through several administrations. The President needs information; his being president does not make him omniscient. He must learn from his visitors the sentiment of the people at large. The cold, formal appointments of his executive office do not allow him to become acquainted with his visitors, or to become sufficiently intimate to inquire of them the attitude on public questions of the people back home. On the other hand, with a charming hostess at the White House to entertain these visitors from home and abroad, it is possible for the President to come to know them intimately, and to discuss public questions with them frankly over the dinner table or in the smoking-room.

The wife of the President in the early days filled a distinctive niche as mistress of the White House. Mrs. Washington and Dolly Madison are illustrious examples of successful Presidents' wives, and I predict that Mrs. Harding will pattern after them.

Why I am Sorry I Married

[Continued from page 12]

which concerned him. My boy, in every sense except a physical one, has been taken from me.

Although he has never spoken of it, he feels, I know, the lack of harmony between his parents, and realizes that much of our disagreement centers about himself.

My mistake goes back to the date of my marriage. I should not have married.

I am, I believe, the type of woman who is happier living the life of a spinster. I am not primarily emotional. I want to think, to see and to do. In marriage, a woman is expected chiefly to feel. I confess that I like men. They interest me, but I should rather have the privilege of being talked to freely by many men than be owned by one.

Even in a happy marriage, I would have chafed at restrictions. I am not domestic, and I dislike saving money. I should have remained single, should have gone to a

large city, should have worked hard, made money, and used it for travel and the advantages for which I always longed.

Among my acquaintances there are married women of real ability who are busying themselves with home-making when really only half their power is being used, and yet they rarely have an hour of real leisure. To them, marriage is not developing; it is a force which cramps and warps.

But at least to myself, of myself, I shall tell the truth. I shall say that my marriage has for me shut the doors of a wider life, has made of me an indifferent wife and an unhappy mother. If the women who read this could give me the benefit of their composite wisdom, there might be found, in their advice, a solution of my problem.

If matrimony is to be worn like a garment, surely it should be both warm and elastic. With me, it has been cold and rigid.

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The Birth of the Rainbow

A Lovely Pageant of Summer Sunshine and Storm

SCENE

By Margaret C. Christie

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES

LARGE open space, out of doors preferred, although a large hall may be used. If stage is to be used, have it covered with green matting and banked to represent a lawn covered with shrubbery.

The lawn should be larger, with low-growing shrubs, backed by trees and dense shrubbery. The background may be filled in with green screens and evergreens to make it sufficiently dense.

Entrances should be at left, in the center, and two at either side. These should be as inconspicuous as possible.

The Sun should be in place when the scene is arranged and care should be taken that the real sun is to the left of the stage, while the right is toward the east.

This pageant is arranged for tableaux and dancing, but songs and additional music may be added. Wind instruments and reed with a drum are suitable.

The groups of flowers should contain about a dozen characters each.

The number of flower groups is also flexible, the only necessary groups being those carrying the rainbow colors. Additional groups, however, are desirable.

If more groups of flowers are used, have them in position before the entrance of summer.

Enter *Spirit of Summer*, from center of stage, attended by the seven dominant groups of flowers, *Gnomes* and *Elves*.

Violet—Purple Asters; *Canterbury Bells*.

Indigo—Larkspur.
Blue—Blue Bachelor's Buttons.

Green—Gnomes and Elves.
Yellow—California Poppies.

Orange—Marigolds.
Red—Scarlet Poppies.

Spirit of Summer dances joyously about with the flowers, finally arranging them on different sides of the stage and hiding the *Gnomes* and *Elves* under the shrubs. *Spirit of Summer* then does a solo dance, expressing joy and contentment, finally sinking to rest near the center-back of the stage, whistling gently. (From side entrances nearest back.)

Bees and *Butterflies* drift in, in answer to *Summer's* whistle, and dance a bacchanal in the center of stage. From there they dart to first one and then another flower, seizing her for a moment's whirl; gradually they subside and are seen no more.

A moment's pause during which the flowers nod and sway gently and *Spirit of Summer* sleeps.

Vagrant Breezes drift in from the east entrances, touch *Spirit of Summer* gently, waking her and going on to the flower groups where they cause them all to dance about very quietly. (They should not move more than a foot or two from place.) *Vagrant Breezes* continue to dance until the entrance of winds when they retire to the rear of stage and lie down.

White Clouds follow *Vagrant Breezes*, drifting about the back of the stage until *Dark Clouds* enter when they join *Vagrant Breezes* at the back of the stage.

Storm Winds come swiftly from all entrances at once, making a rushing swirling sound and causing much commotion. *Storm Winds* dance roughly about, knocking down flowers and pulling at the trees.

Spirit of Summer rushes madly about trying to prepare her children for the *Storm*; she beckons to *Vagrant Breezes* to come quickly and help her to turn the leaves of the trees and bend the heads of the flowers down.

Spirit of Summer and *Vagrant Breezes* are beaten to the back of the stage by *Storm Winds* and *Dark Clouds* who have come rushing through the entrances. *Dark Clouds* cover the face of the *Sun* and mass themselves all about the stage, keeping a little to the rear.

Lightning flashes across the stage (a single character first, followed by others at intervals) followed by *Thunder* (also a single character followed by others at short intervals). *Spirit of Storm* enters doing a mad dance, whirling and screaming. *Lightning* and *Thunder* alternately flash and rumble until the scene is in continuous movement and the sounds become loud and harsh, trees creak, the flowers murmur and *Storm Winds* howl.

Dark Clouds throw rain (silver streamers) and gradually, as the rain falls, *Thunder* and *Lightning* disappear, *Spirit of Storm* is driven away (is not seen again), *Storm Winds* become tired and retire to the west of the stage. As things become slightly quieter, *Gnomes* and *Elves* creep out from the bushes and wind up the flowers, wash their faces and play and frolic in the rain which continues to fall.

Gradually the rain ceases. The *Gnomes* and *Elves* retire to their bushes.

Dark Clouds begin to settle at each side of the now setting *Sun* while *White Clouds* mass at the east side of the stage.

As the *Sun* begins to shine again the entire company led by *Spirit of Summer* and the *Rainbow* group dance toward the banked *White Clouds* while the others dance to their places.

Spirit of Summer dances in front of the group while they form themselves into a rainbow arch, the *Gnomes* and *Elves* dancing madly across the stage to take the green place. *Spirit of Summer* dances over to the center again while the *Rainbow* group waves a greeting to the *Sun* as it gradually sets in a mass of clouds.

The *Rainbow* group dissolves (lies down) as the *Sun* disappears.

Dusk Shadows dance gently from behind the sunset, laying soft gray and purple draperies over everything and hushing *Spirit of Summer* to sleep. Each shadow should dance until the stage is entirely covered with drapery and lie down as she ends her dance.

SPIRIT OF SUMMER, a single character, should be tall and gracefully dressed in gold and green draperies, bare feet and flowing hair (fair).

RAINBOW FLOWERS, *Violet*, *Purple Aster*, *Canterbury Bells*. Group of twelve or more children, rather dark haired, dressed in purple or violet draperies (dyed cheese-cloth is very graceful and the tints are good), hair falling, feet bare but clad in sandals.

Indigo. Dark blue Larkspur. Group of twelve or more children, brown-haired, dressed in full blue bloomers and tight blue bodice, laced with gold. Bare feet and sandals.

Blue. Blue bachelor's buttons. Fair haired children dressed in fringed skirts, blue bodice with pointed sleeves and loose collars. Bare feet and sandals.

Green. Gnomes and Elves, dressed in green tights, green stockings and sandals. Hair covered with peaked green cap.

Yellow. California poppies. Group of fair-haired children, hair all fluffed out, full looped-skirts of shiny yellow material, waist draped with the same, bare feet and sandals.

Orange. Marigold. Group of dark-haired children, with very full fluted skirts of orange cloth, waists draped loosely, bare feet and sandals.

Red. Red or scarlet poppies. Dark-haired children with bright red full skirts, tight basques laced with brownish-green cord, hair flowing with scarlet bow on top, bare feet and sandals.

Each child is to carry a scarf of his or her chosen color to wave as they form the rainbow. This might be draped about the waist during the rest of the performance.

Bees. Group of rather fat children dressed in black tights with gold lacings and bands, heads tightly covered with gold and black caps.

Butterflies. Group of small children, hair flowing, short skirts of many colors, held tightly in at the waist, draped sleeves and wings of colored gauze.

Vagrant Breezes. Group of slender girls, dressed in flowing brown and green draperies touched with gold. Bare feet; drapery, scant and very flowing.

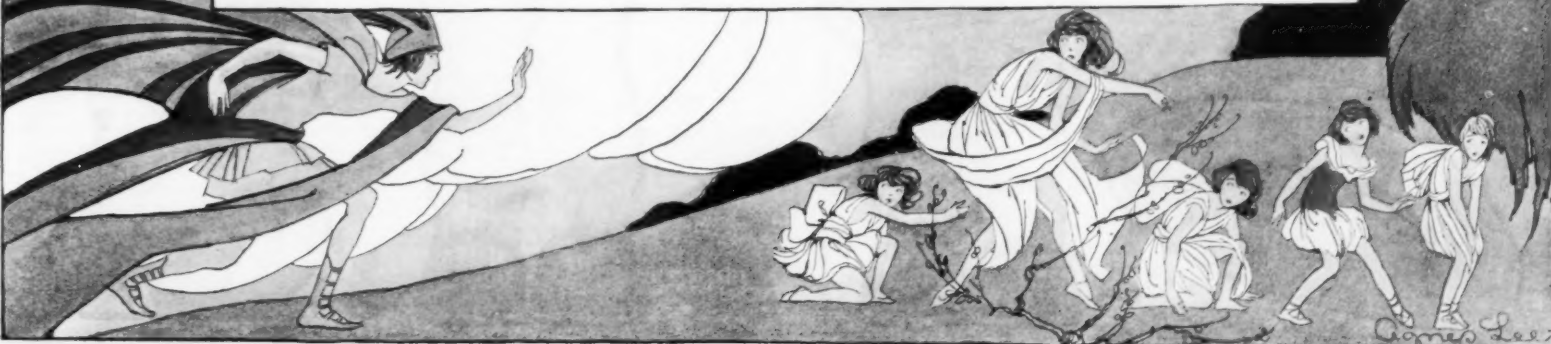
White Clouds. Groups of people clad in billowing masses of white gauze or cheese-cloth, made over irregular frames of wire or wicker, taking care to have the drapery loose enough to fill with wind as they move. Bare feet, hair covered with floating white cowl.

Storm Wind. Irregular group, some small and some very tall persons dressed in flowing black and dark gray draperies. Hair dark and floating. Bare feet.

Dark Clouds. Group costumed as white clouds, changing the color to dark gray and purple-tinged draperies. Gray-clad legs and feet; dark hair.

Lightning, tall, slender youths or girls clad in glowing black draperies lined with

[Continued on page 34]



Winsome Bet and Sue and Bill are off to play with Jack and Jill—
A picnic feast, fireworks and flags—"Oh what fun!" says puppy Wags.

By Barbara Hale



Wings of Healing

[Continued from page 25]

he come here? Why had he not stayed at home in Hungary where his little Lisa—?

"Man, ye did the best ye knew. Had ye stayed at home she would have died the same. Ye did the best ye knew for her, not the worst ye knew! Some men have done that, Matzu— Give me the milk pail. Yer cow's lowin' to be milked. This leddy doctor's come to have a look at the wife—"

Jane stared at him, unbelieving, as he went out again into the night. "Not the worst ye knew!" She turned and followed Matzu into the other room, where his wife lay on a rag-covered cot pulled close to the kitchen stove.

She bent over the sick woman and again lost herself in the second's necessities. But, by and by, as she cleansed a spoon at the kitchen table with unwashed dishes piled on it, she felt again that pressing, strange wish that Bowdoin were near to hear about these poor people, these dear people—what had she said, that garulous, good-hearted imbecile who drove her car? "I used to think it was because you loved people that you worked for them, now I know it is because you work for them that you love them—"

II.

Claudia, a little languid from watching New York's celebration of the armistice the night before, was sipping coffee and reading the morning paper in her room, when her mother's maid interrupted her.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Claudia, but Mrs. Bowdoin says this telegram must have been brought to her by mistake. She thinks it is for you—"

Claudia took it. It was a night letter directed to Mrs. Bowdoin, 608 Park Avenue. Opening it she saw it was signed "Lilian Wainwright" and that it was dated from East Hopewell, Pa., Nov. 12, 1918.

"Not for me," she began. "I don't know any 'Lilian Wainwright,' or anyone else at East Hopewell, Pennsylvania." She read this message: *In Dr. Demorest's room my house find letter directed you to be delivered in case of death. Not dead yet but pneumonia following flu and little hope of recovery after labors here that have enshrined her in all hearts forever. No other clue to friends so am wiring you. Please bring fresh nurse if can come.*

Claudia read it again. Her face, already a little wan from lack of sleep, grew white. "It is for me, after all, Moore," she said. "Please thank Mrs. Bowdoin—"

As the maid left the room she read the incoherent message again and said: "Jane, Jane of course. I wonder why 'Demorest?' But it's Jane. How exactly like her—exactly! Nothing in her life became her like the leaving it. Only she hasn't left it—yet—"

Her features, wrought upon by the subtle sculpture of emotion, grew visibly pinched, her lips thin, her forehead lined. She stared unseeing ahead for a second, and said again: "Jane! In case of death." She shivered, came out of her trance and called her cousin Bowdoin at his club.

"I think I have found out what has become of Jane." She was pale as she listened to the exclamations at the other end of the wire. Finally she interrupted. "I'd better read you the telegram I've just received. Of course, it must be Jane—"

She repeated the jumbled message over the wire. Then, "Yes, I'll be ready. I'll get Miss Donahue to break all my engagements for the next few days. Of course, Bowdoin, we must be prepared for it's not being Jane. Her name isn't Demorest. But something inside me tells me it's Jane. I have a sort of impression, too, that she came from somewhere out in Pennsylvania. All right. I'll be ready."

In ten minutes, she was dressed for the street, busy telephoning to every nurses' agency in town. From all she received the same report. It was impossible to send her anyone. Impossible to promise her anyone. Her lips closed with a purpose. Then her eyes sparkled with a half-malicious zest. "I think I'll make Alida Brown give up hers—"

She did it, in spite of the fact that Mrs. Brown was reluctant to the point of recalcitrancy. But Mrs. Brown's invaluable Miss Crosby was at last pledged to meet her and Bowdoin at the station.

It was by the multiplicity of her occupation during the hours between her receipt of the telegram and her departure for the train, that she managed to still something in her breast that longed to break into sobs. Never since their childhood had she and Bowdoin found themselves so close as in the days following Jane McDermot's abrupt, unexplained departure from New York. Never had he shown such dependence upon Claudia. Never had he revealed himself so entirely to her.

And though the burden of his revelation was his love for another woman, Claudia had hugged to her heart his frankly avowed need of her, his intimate depen-

dence on her. By and by, what might not grow out of that relationship? For she knew that she was beautiful, desirable, a woman to command love.

Bowdoin had repeated to her his talk with his mother when he had hurried back to the hotel on the day of Jane's interview with Mrs. Greene.

"I'm sorry, Mother," he had told the exquisite lady, after she had finished her story. "I'm sorry you had to say that to her. You must see, though, what it means to me— You'd never expect me to abandon a woman I loved, because she was sick. Perhaps she is a sick soul, my poor Jane. But—I'm going to follow her. I'm going to make her marry me—"

"I'll be sorry if she does, Bowdoin. There would be no happiness for you with her—"

"There will be none without her."

"You only imagine that. Life—life has many aspects—many compensations—"

"Nothing could compensate me for the loss of Jane," he told her simply, quietly.

"Life has held no compensation to you for the loss of my father—"

"The cases are scarcely parallel," his mother interrupted with a touch of haughtiness. "Your father and I were married, were one for years. Besides—you hardly expect me to agree that the relation between you and a— Jane McDermot— could be what the one between two— persons affinitive in tastes, experiences— Oh, Bowdoin! Be reasonable."

"There is a deeper affinity yet, Mother—I don't know its name. But I'm going after Jane as after the one great need of my soul—I'm going in the hope that I am the one great need of hers—"

And going, he had not found her, and it had been to his cousin Claudia that he had turned for help. It had been a wonderful month for Claudia. Her generosity responded lavishly to every demand upon it. She did her very best—did it with joyful, deliberate surrender of every yearning toward Bowdoin. She loved Jane, too—she knew it, gloried in the chance to prove it by the endurance of loss for Jane's sake. But—if, after she had done all—more than all—possible to forward his love for Jane—if, after that, he some day came to look at her with awakened, uncousinly eyes, she would let no vaporous sentimentality stand between her and happiness.

And now it was all past. Past was the evanescent fancy that once or twice had brushed its wings across her mind. Now, if this "Dr. Demorest" of the telegram were indeed Jane it would take years, an eternity, to dissociate her from his thoughts. Galantry, tragedy, these two forces would place Jane forever in his heart. Then her eyes, which had had the hard brightness of gems, softened, filled with tears, and she said: "Jane! Jane—dying!"

IT'S been like that ever since she came down with it," Mrs. Wainwright was still of an unobdurate volubility. "They come, strings of them, from out in the hills beyond the Dump—with their eggs, or whatever, for her. Poor, dear Dr. Demorest! If only she were able to eat an egg! Of course she can't. She's been like that for two days now. Dr. Sweeney's taking care of her. . . . She's strong as a horse or she couldn't have gone on for three weeks the way she did. . . . She said—she said— Mrs. Wainwright began to cry—"that if she we-went—she wanted to be buried in the little cemetery on the top of the hill at Sterrets—I don't know why. . . . She—she's been like those medieval stories of the Madonna coming to plague places and taking care of the sick. We all adore her," Mrs. Wainwright went on. "There's a queer old man—one of our characters hereabouts—McDermot. He's been hanging around the hospital ever since she's been taken down, and he says when she—she struggled with sobs—"he wants to drive her up the mountain himself—" The sobs had their way. "Would you like to go to her room, Miss Bowdoin?"

"Please," Claudia answered. She was very white. Her face was drawn. She had only one desire in the world—to save Jane—Jane who had looked at her with glazed, unrecognizing eyes.

Miss Crosby, in her blue chambray and white cap, was at Jane's bedside in the little Emergency Hospital across the street. Bowdoin, who with Claudia had stood beside Jane's bed and looked into those almost unrecognizable, red-brown eyes, bright with fever, dull with the withdrawal of Jane's spirit, had gone away with one of the mill owners. Claudia had gone home with Mrs. Wainwright.

After a little, she found herself sitting in the room that had been Jane's—a pretty room, dignified with mahogany, bright with chintz, inviting with a lounging chair drawn before a fireplace. She had a passing moment of gladness that Jane had had

[Continued on page 32]

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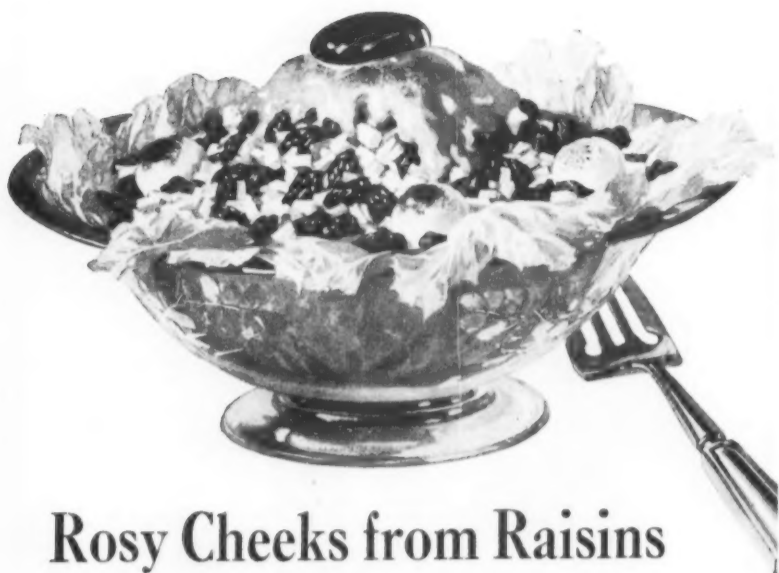
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Rosy Cheeks from Raisins

Certain foods, madam, bring the good looks of good health, due to the food-iron they contain. This luscious raisin salad is one of them



Raisin Salad

1 cup Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins
1/2 cup lemon juice
2 cups chopped apples or pears
2 cups coarsely shredded lettuce
1 cup cream mayonnaise

Wash and dry the raisins, add to the apples and lemon juice. Line bowl or plates with shredded lettuce, pile raisins and apples in center, cover with mayonnaise; serve with Neufchatel cheese balls and garnish top with small pieces of red, tart jelly. Shredded lettuce is a matter of taste. It will go farther and decorates better if shredded.

Send for 97 other "Beauty" Recipes

Don't fail to send the coupon for 97 other "beauty" recipes. Raisins lend charm and healthfulness to many other foods, also increasing their nutrition. The book is worth while and is free, so send for your copy now.

Use Sun-Maid Raisins—California's finest, made from thin-skinned, tender, juicy table grapes. Clean, sweet, wholesome American raisins—the kind you know are good.

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SUN-MAID RAISINS

Wings of Healing

[Continued from page 31]

so comfortable a refuge for the few hours of rest she allowed herself out of the crowded twenty-four in which she fought, grim, unconquerable, high-spirited, with death ranging the mill-scarred hills.

"Shan't I start the fire? Here is the letter I telegraphed you about." Mrs. Wainwright indicated a package on a desk close to a sunny window. "They'll bring you some tea. You'll forgive me for not being here to take it with you? I am still pretty busy chauffing. Although, thank God, the cases are dwindling."

Claudia waited to close the door after her. Then she hurried over to the desk and picked up the letter. It was a thick letter, addressed to her in Jane's clear handwriting. It was of many pages, but some of them had only a sentence on them—hasty, disconnected bits.

"This is for you, Claudia," they began, "in case I die—for you and your cousin Bowdoin. I love you both. I shan't have time to write you separately. It will be a scrawl now and then as chance offers. But I couldn't run the risk of leaving you both in ignorance of what has happened to me. I don't mean just my living or dying, but my finding out the secret of life. It may not be the secret for you, and it may not be the secret for him. It is for me, though. And I think it is for him. I think that is what has drawn us to each other, he and I—that the secret is the same for both of us. It is this: the only way to escape from what hurts us, from what we hate—is to turn and come to grips with it."

"How I have hated my life—my real life, the life that shaped and dominated me! But now, back in it, accepting it, working in it—oh, Claudia, I love my life! I love my people. There is an idiotic, garrulous, kind thing here—who babbled out the secret of the world: 'You don't work for people because you love them,' she said, 'you love them because you work for them.' That's it—that's it. We were both floundering souls trying to escape the grapple with life. I in my rebellions and rejections and hatreds, he in his work and cultures—"

"It's tomorrow—My father has driven me about the hills a good deal. He doesn't know me. He doesn't look much at people. And of course I've changed. So has he. And they gave me a new name down here in the confusion when I arrived. He has a pension from the Bloos people, and a Carnegie medal. He did a wonderful stunt in saving lives and property in an explosion a year or so after I ran away. And stopped his drinking then—Do you know, much as I hated him—hate him—there's a thrill of pride in my blood over that? A brute, but not a coward in the face of life and death—"

"Saturday. He—my father—was driving me today; I was in the rear seat. He turned and said suddenly: 'Ye mind me of a daughter I had that ran away from me. She was a bad lot. She ran away with a city dude. Jane was her name. I was fond of that girl an' I denied her nothin'. There was another daughter I had run away from me because I was severe with her. But with Janie I was never severe. I was fond of Janie, an' she ran off an' left me, a lone man—ran off with a city dude. Ye mind me of her—'"

"Claudia dear, Bowdoin my dear! How I stole my heart to hold back the words! But I recalled my mother, sobbing in the night, remembered Meg whispering at my window—And if I've forgotten to tell you all that this means, your mother, Bowdoin, will tell you—"

"Another day. I am feeling awfully tired. I love these people. I am so happy. Everything that I ever thought and said is probably true, but working with people and giving yourself for them throws a new element into the chemical mess we call life—and behold, it is all quite different. Today, a nice, talkative man drove me, whose words ran on like a brook and soothed a headache I had waked with. Tell me about McDermot, the queer old fellow who drives me sometimes, I said to him. I wanted to hear again of the explosion—of the way he said, when they gave him the medal: 'Never another drop of the whusky as long as I live.'"

"Vain of my ancestry! You may tell your mother that, Bowdoin! But he said, my driver: 'Oh, old Angus McDermot? He's had a hard life. His wife died and his daughters ran away. I guess he didn't know how to manage girls. The older one didn't come out so bad, though—' She and the young fellow from Sterrets' that she went off with got married and went to some place nearer Pittsburgh. He got to be foreman of one of the mills. They've done well. Nice little family and all that. The old man heard from them four or five years ago. But the other girl wasn't any good, I guess. The father's favorite, though. She ran off with some drummer or something. It broke old Angus all up, they tell me. I wasn't here then, though—"

"Claudia, Bowdoin—see how legends start! I suppose I'll have to tell him the truth—Thank God for Meg—I couldn't have forgiven him—else."

"I'm feeling queer. That headache hangs on. I hope I shan't give in. There's still such a lot of sickness— And, anyway, I don't want to go out—" the letter ended in a wavering line.

Claudia laid it back upon the desk with hands that were very cold. She looked blindly at the pretty room, at the tray with the tea things by her elbow. There was a rap at the door. In response to her "come in," her hostess entered, white-faced but with bright disks of excited color in her cheeks. "Mr. Greene is back at the hospital," she said. "He has just sent word over that her breathing has changed. It is better. And he says do you want to go across? Dr. Sweeney says the crisis—"

Tears ran unchecked down her face.

"Jane—Dr.—Dr.—Jane"—Claudia

stumbled for a name—"You've meant

such a lot to her—"

They went across to the little Emergency Hospital. An old man with thick, tufted, white hair and rough-hewn features, sat on a bench in the hall—waiting. "She's asleep—sleeping naturally," Bowdoin told his cousin in a whisper as she entered the little room. "Miss Crosby is letting me stay—Dr. Sweeney says she has a heart like a horse—he thinks—"

He didn't finish in words, but the stoic lines in which he had set his face were broken, queerly twisted, with hope. Claudia silently thrust the letter into his hand and took the chair Miss Crosby vacated for her.

She did not know how long she sat there listening to Jane's respirations. Once Miss Crosby showed her a clinical thermometer, and pointed triumphantly to a number. By and by Jane drew a long breath, a sigh, essayed to turn a little, opened her eyes and looked at them all for a minute. Bowdoin, the letter against his heart, stood at the foot of the bed. Jane smiled at him. Her hand, very thin and transparent, fluttered toward him. Miss Crosby was at her pillow, lifting her, holding something to her lips. Jane swallowed it.

"Orange albumen," said the nurse, with the manner of one making an important communication. But what Jane said, feebly, was, "I don't want to reject it any more, Bowdoin—the law of life." And then: "I think I'd better see my father, after all—"

She smiled and slipped back upon her pillow and dozed again even while Bowdoin said:

"Yes, darling, you shall—"

"I can't understand this," cried Miss Crosby. "Her father? I thought she was over the cloudiness. Her pulse is good—I wish Dr. Sweeney would come. It isn't natural for her to have more delirium now. The law of life! Poor girl—"

"Delirium?" said Claudia crisply. "She hasn't said so sensible a thing before in the whole of her existence. She's well, Miss Crosby, cured—healed—Jane!"

Two men standing in the doorway heard it, saw the radiance, the victory of Claudia's look, and beyond her, Jane's worn face, again peacefully asleep upon the pillows. And one of them, still unknowing, said: "She looks the very image of my daughter that I was fond of, lying there, lookin' a little girl, almost—"

And the other repeated Claudia's words: "Cured—"

—healed—Jane."

THE END.

The Crooked Fairy

[Continued from page 27]

although there was no delegation of prominent citizens to greet him, no band, no public demonstration. His arrival was elegant rather than ostentatious. He reached the prison just before supper time that same afternoon by motor, arrayed in a suit of the latest cut, a fashionable overcoat with a genuine mink collar, and a new derby hat. He no longer resembled a crow—nay his appearance was that of a barber on a holi-

day. The "twin-six" that brought him, carried also Mr. Dean Thornton and a new moving-picture machine, the gift of the latter to The Mutual Welfare League, the members of which lost no privileges by reason of Squinty's prolonged and unexpected absence. In fact the word sped quickly through the corridors that his aunt had left him a million and that the warden had extended his parole.

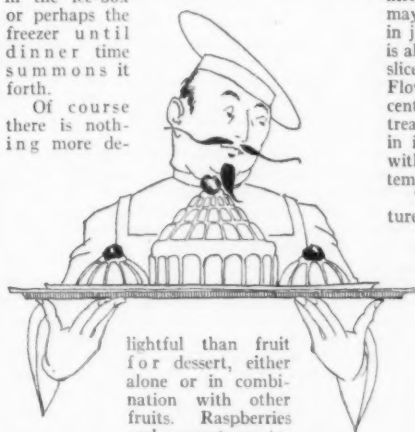


THE McCALL FOOD BUREAU



WARM weather and the dessert problem come hand in hand. The pies and hot puddings of winter no longer seem very appetizing. The family longs for a cool, dainty sweet at the end of the meal—something fluffy or smooth or crisp or fruity. And for your part, you want to avoid that sizzling hot stove. It is no pleasant summer companion. So you plan for dessert something that can be prepared early in the morning and left in the ice-box or perhaps the freezer until dinner time summons it forth.

Of course there is nothing more de-



lightful than fruit for dessert, either alone or in combination with other fruits. Raspberries and currants go to-

gether well; so do rhubarb and strawberries, peaches and blackberries.

Then there are the gelatine mixtures in all their variety—fresh fruit jellies, delicate charlottes, velvety bavarians, fluffy sponges.

Most welcome of all are the frozen desserts. If they are prepared early and carefully packed, they will be ready to serve at night without further attention. Often the fruit from the canning leaves two or three cups of juice which can be made into a delicious ice or sherbet with very little trouble.

When repacking the freezer, always draw off all the water or brine which has accumulated during the freezing. The ice and salt which remain should be firmly pressed down and then repacked, using four parts of ice to one of salt. Place the freezer in as cool a place as possible and cover it with a piece of old carpeting or other heavy cloth.

TURNING OUT THE PRIZE

Sometimes the question of unmold-



Photographs by Hal Ellsworth Coates

ing desserts bothers the cook; she may have a dainty mold and a delicious concoction, but cannot turn it out successfully. Sometimes by loosening the sides carefully and pulling the mixture out a little way it will emerge without breaking, but that applies only to a stiff mixture such as a blanc mange.

For the ones of more delicate consistency, have a deep pan or bowl of very hot water; dip the mold into it for a few seconds and then place the serving-dish over the mold and quickly turn it over. A gentle shake and the mold is out, perfect and unbroken.

Great care should be taken not to leave the mold in the water long enough to melt the gelatine, but just long enough to start it from the sides.

If you are in doubt how long it takes to heat the mold through and accomplish this, test it before you put the dessert in and see how long it takes for the mold when cold to heat in the hot water. Tin, aluminum and metal molds heat very quickly, but the porcelain ones take several seconds.

Crisp Desserts for Torrid Days

By Lilian M. Gunn

Instructor in Foods and Cookery, Columbia University

Dainty molds are inexpensive and it is always well to have one or two in your kitchen. However it is astonishing what may be done to make a dessert molded in just a bowl attractive. Whipped cream is always a desirable garnish, as are dainty slices or pieces of fruit or whole berries. Flowers placed around a dish or in the center of a border mold make a charming treat of a simple dessert. Desserts molded in individual sherbet cups and garnished without being turned out may look very tempting, too.

The general rule for a gelatine mixture is: one tablespoon of gelatine to a pint of liquid; be sure to count in the liquid in which you first soak the gelatine. The sugar should be added after the hot liquid is poured on the gelatine. Add the fruit flavor, if used, last, as more of the delicate flavor of the fruit is retained in this way. It takes from 4 to 6 hours for an ordinary mixture to become hard, but this time may be shortened by chilling rapidly and in some cases by using more

gelatine. If you are using whites of eggs or whipped cream or fruit, add after the gelatine begins to harden.

PINEAPPLE BRACTS

Cut the top from a ripe pineapple. Remove some of the core. With a sharp knife cut around each bract of the pineapple, slanting the knife toward the center. This removes the piece in a tiny cone shape. Arrange in a circle in a serving-dish with a mound of powdered sugar in the center. Garnish the sugar with a little candied cherry. The bracts are eaten in the fingers, dipping them first into the sugar. Individual servings are more attractive.

in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water; pour over it the hot rhubarb, add the juice of one lemon and the grated rind. Stir until the gelatine is all dissolved and then pour into molds. Serve with whipped cream. A little preserved ginger may be added if desired.

SNOW PUDDING

$\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon granulated gelatine
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water
1 cup sugar
1 cup boiling water
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice

Whites 3 eggs
Yolks 3 eggs
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
1 pint hot water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla

Prepare as for lemon jelly, strain into a large bowl and chill. Stir occasionally. Beat the whites of eggs until light, and when the jelly begins to thicken add them to it. Beat until smooth or nearly hard; then pour into mold.

Make a soft custard of the remaining ingredients, and when cold serve with pudding.

Snow Pudding, frosty and tempting



Rhubarb jelly is cool and sparkling

RASPBERRY BAVARIAN

2 cups raspberry juice
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
3 tablespoons gelatine
2 cups cream, whipped

Soften the gelatine in cold water; then add one cup of the raspberry juice and heat carefully over hot water until the gelatine is dissolved. Cool and add the rest of the juice, the sugar and the lemon juice. Set the jelly to harden to the consistency of cream; whip the cream and beat it into the jelly.

MARSHMALLOW CUP

$\frac{1}{2}$ pound marshmallows cut in small pieces
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup maraschino cherries cut in pieces

1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups whipped cream
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts

Mix and add sugar if necessary. Chill and serve in glasses.

PINEAPPLE SOUFFLE

Yolks 3 eggs
1 cup sugar
Juice 1 lemon

Cook over hot water until it thickens. Soften $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons gelatine in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water. Pour the egg mixture over this while it is hot and stir until the gelatine is dissolved. Add 1 cup grated pine-

apple. Set to cool and when partially hard stir in 1 cup of whipped cream and the whites of the eggs beaten stiff. Mold. When cold garnish with candied cherries and angelica and serve in dainty cups.

ORANGE JELLY

2 cups orange juice
Juice 1 lemon
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons gelatine with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water to soften

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup orange peel cut fine

Pour the boiling water over the softened gelatine; stir until dissolved; add the fruit juices. Set to harden, and when like thick cream, stir in the orange peel.

PINEAPPLE DELICIOUS

$\frac{1}{2}$ pound marshmallows
Pineapple juice

2 cups pineapple chopped fine

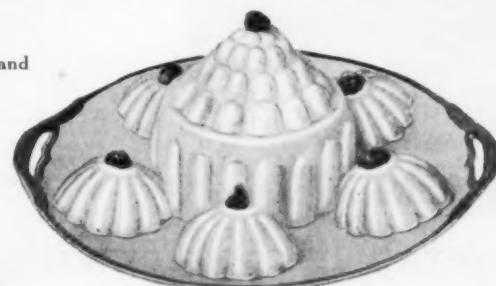
Mix thoroughly and let stand all day or overnight. Serve in sherbet cups. A cherry garnish may be used.

POMEGRANATE ICE

1 glass crabapple jelly
1 cup boiling water
Grated rind two oranges

2 cups orange juice
2 tablespoons lemon juice

Dissolve the jelly in the boiling water, cool and add the rest of the ingredients.



Taste and add more sugar if necessary. Freeze. This imitates almost perfectly the flavor of the pomegranate.

STRAWBERRY SPONGE

$1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons gelatine
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup cold water
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup boiling water
Whites three eggs
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups whipped cream

1 cup sugar
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 cup strawberry juice and pulp

Soak the gelatine in cold water, add the boiling water, strain. Add the sugar and fruit juices. Set to harden; when like thick cream, add the egg whites beaten stiff, and then fold in the whipped cream. Mold. Serve with whole berries on sponge cake.

APRICOT SHERBET

2 cups apricot pulp (canned or fresh)
4 cups water or juice of apricots

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar
2 cups cream or top milk

Cook the sugar and water slowly for five minutes. Cool, add the other ingredients and freeze.

COCOA FRAPPE

2 cups cocoa
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar

1 cup cream
2 teaspoons vanilla
Whites 2 eggs beaten stiff

Mix all but the egg whites and partly freeze, then add the eggs and beat into the mixture. Freeze as hard as desired. Serve in sherbet cups or glasses.

BANANA PIE (WITHOUT PASTRY)

Bake a thin cake in a round pan (one used for layer cake).

1 egg
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
1 tablespoon flour

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water
3 bananas

Beat the yolk of the egg, add the sugar, stir in the flour, then add the milk and water. Place over hot water and cook until thick.

Spread the cake with some of the mixture and then put on the bananas sliced very thin. Spread the rest of the mixture over the top.

Beat the white of the egg stiff, add 1 tablespoon powdered sugar. Spread over the top of the pie and brown slightly in a moderate oven. Chill and serve.

RHUBARB JELLY

1 pound rhubarb cut in small pieces
1 cup water
2 tablespoons gelatine

Cook until the rhubarb is soft but not broken. Soften 2 tablespoons gelatine



HEBE



HEBE Cream Sauce

½ cup HEBE diluted with ½ cup water
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon salt
Dash white pepper
Put the butter into sauce pan. When melted remove from fire, add the flour, stir until smooth, return to fire, add the diluted HEBE—stir until smooth. Flavor to taste with ½ teaspoon scraped onion or a little nutmeg.

Vegetables cooked with HEBE make delightful summer dishes

Summer is here and with it new delights for the table—fresh vegetables and fruits and a welcome change from the winter diet. Vegetables in season are at their best, and make a sensibly simple summer meal, healthful as well as appetizing.

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Conducted by Helen Hopkins

TO KEEP BALLS OF CROCHET THREAD FROM UNWINDING, slip rubber bands about them. The bands will hold the loose threads in place.—Miss J. E. R., Oakland, California.

A GOOD SKIRT MEASURE is made of very heavy cardboard 5 x 8 inches, cut to form steps, the first step being four inches high and one inch in depth. Cut each step one inch high and one deep and this will give five lengths for the skirt. Set the wide bottom on the floor and slip under the hem at the desired notch, marking with tailor's chalk.—Mrs. L. B. Y., Rochester, New York.

WASHING HANDKERCHIEFS need not be disagreeable. Put them in a strong solution of salt in cold water, and bring to a boil. A cup of salt suffices for three dozen handkerchiefs. Pour off water and wash as usual.—Mrs. L. H. B., Portland, Maine.

METAL BUTTONS OFTEN RUIN GARMENTS in laundry. Test all such buttons with a magnet. If they stick to the magnet they will rust when washed.—Mrs. M. S., South Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

ON WASH DAY I hang two bags on the clothesline in some good angle. As the pieces dry, I drop them into the bags, one for white and one for colored things. This gives me room to hang out more clothes and keeps the bags out where the dry things can have still more air and sunshine.—Mrs. A. K., Eagle Rock, California.

NAIL-HOLES IN PLASTERING can be kept from getting larger or crumbling by pouring hot paraffin in hole or crack until the plastering is moist with it. Then it will not drop out.—Mrs. D. L., Los Angeles, California.

WHAT clever little tricks have you discovered in your everyday housework? We pay one dollar apiece for the newest and most helpful suggestions. Unaccepted manuscripts are returned if an addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.
Address: Housekeeping Exchange, McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

PIE DOUGH WILL BE MOIST AND FRESH for a day or two if rolled into a ball and dropped into the flour bin. Roll out when a fresh pie crust is wanted.—Mrs. A. E. E., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

WHEN NEW OVERSHOES ARE PURCHASED, print the initials with pen and ink, on the arch of the overshoe. This part of the overshoe very seldom gets dirty, so the initials can always be seen readily.—M. V. W., Carrollton, Ohio.

CHILDREN'S BLOOMERS LAST LONGER if cut alike, back and front, and a small tuck run across the upper front over the seam. When the seat looks somewhat worn, rip out the front tuck and put one in the back.—Mrs. H. D. W., St. Johnsbury, Vermont.

ALUMINUM UTENSILS WILL BECOME BRIGHT if cleaned with citric acid—commonly known as sour salt. It is not poisonous and will not injure the hands or the aluminum. Very black vessels should be boiled in it.—Mrs. J. B., Clayton, Delaware.

IF THE GAS-IRON TUBING BEGINS TO CRACK OR LEAK, take a small brush and cover the weak places with paraffin.—Mrs. H. B. W., Washington C. H., Ohio.

KITCHEN KNIVES CAN BE KEPT in a leather strap nailed on the back of a door. Tack the strap to fit each kind of knife and slip each into its appropriate section.—Mrs. H. B. H., Caledonia, Michigan.

TO UNDO THE KNOTS IN CHILDREN'S SHOELACES and also the knots in a clothesline, use a small pair of pinners.—Mrs. H. D. W., St. Johnsbury, Vermont.

The Birth of the Rainbow

[Continued from page 29]

flame color, long flexible wands from which float pennants of flame color; flame-colored hose, sandals; hair covered with tall pointed caps of black and flame color.

Thunder. Dark brown clad group, rather tall, and made up to conceal all shape; garments of loose brown material with small muffled drums concealed, which are beaten at intervals. Garment should cover legs; brown sandals.

Spirit of Storm. Tall, dark individual, flowing hair, bare limbs, costume of floating dark red and blue and purple draperies.

Dusk Shadows. Group of medium-sized persons, barefooted, clad in flowing pinkish-gray draperies. Dark gray and purple scarfs, ten or fifteen feet long, if necessary.

The Sun. One tall, golden-clad girl with an enormous gold-colored circular shield. This may be electrically wired and lighted if desired.

PROPERTIES, ETC.

Extra green shrubs and trees, screens (green).

Shield for the sun.
Rainbow-colored scarfs, quite large, for the different rainbow groups.

Costume materials: Cheese-cloth dipped in any of the simple dyes are very satisfactory.

Sandals may be made of colored cotton. Long wands, flexible, for the lightning group.

Drums, small, for the thunder group.

Flutes and wind instruments for the winds, if desired.

Dressing space behind background of greens.

Rouge for the children who have not much color, or whose costumes demand additional color.

Very long pole for the Sun shield, which must be raised high at the beginning of the performance, and gradually lowered.

MUSIC

Entrance of Summer and attendant groups

Spring Blossoms by Herson

Bees and Butterflies Bachanals

Glowworm by Lincke

Vagrant Breezes

A few flute notes, no especial tune

As flowers dance

Second part Spring Blossoms, played very softly.

As Vagrant Breezes appear followed by Storm Winds, etc., storm, lightning and thunder

Overture. William Tell

Gnomes and Elves appear to March of the Dwarfs. Edward Grieg

As Dark Clouds settle

Go back to William Tell Overture

Sunshine dance of entire company with Spirit of Summer

Morning Mood. Grieg

Fading of rainbow and dusk shadows dance

Angelus. Massenet

From the Scènes Pittoresques

The Successor

[Continued from page 7]

realize that it was a very bad joke indeed, and that she was a very good wife. Nobody could accuse her of ever having shown a sign of irritation even when Charles was at his most boisterous and his most genial. The way her face emptied of all expression when he said "the Missus," or "my old gal," was more eloquent than any comment. She never shrugged her shoulders or looked round for pity. She was an artist.

Rosemary had refreshed her tremendously. She was always so buried in Cumberland—and it was a very long time indeed since she had talked about Hilary. But now she found herself thinking of him more than she had ever done. The tone of his voice, the things he had said to her, the reverent adoration with which he had surrounded her—she remembered them all. And what care he had taken of her! How he had always wrapped her up. He was so afraid of drafts for her, so anxious about her health, so aware of her fragility. "You are so frail, Lily," he used to say, "I am afraid to touch you, to look at you even. I sometimes am haunted by the thought that you may evaporate before my eyes."

And he had so loved her to be called "Lily." He was always searching for new poems in which her name appeared—ransacking the literatures of the world for what he called a "mention of her."

Charles had said, "I wonder what they wanted to give you a housemaid's name like Lily for. No accounting for parents, is there?" She had been so relieved that he had not loved her name. She would have hated Hilary to have to share anything with him.

"What do you think of my husband, Rosemary?" asked Mrs. Dearborn one day.

Rosemary blushed. "I don't know—Of course, I see he can't appreciate you—Mrs. Dearborn winced. "That of course a woman like you wouldn't mean anything to him. He isn't fastidious or sensitive I know—but I can't help liking him all the same."

Mrs. Dearborn was disappointed.

"You don't mind, do you?"

Mrs. Dearborn looked contemptuously at Rosemary. "Mind, dear child? What an extraordinary idea. I long for you to love Charles. I wish more people did."

Mrs. Dearborn was always excited when she was in London. There was so much to see and so many things she wanted to buy. She always ended by buying very little, and choosing clothes that would be absolutely unsuited to the country. She adored dresses and she refused to spoil her holiday by remembering Cumberland. She always regretted this when she got back home, but she never mended her ways.

Tonight she was dining with Rosemary's father and mother, and Rosemary had begged her to look her best. She was wearing a periwinkle-blue chiffon dress, and a big bunch of delicious real Parma violets. She could feel little waves of perfume coming up to her from them. Her eyes were starry with excitement as she walked into the drawing-room; there was a faint unconscious smile of pure pleasure on her lips. She felt so young and gay.

Rosemary dashed to meet her, flushed and radiant, and soon the six people in the room had been introduced to her—that is to say that she had heard some mumbled, murmured names.

At dinner she sat between Rosemary's father and a tall, dark man with steel-gray hair and steel-gray eyes. He appeared very stern and rather prosperous. His lips were thin and they were not allowed to be expressive. His smile was a wintry affair. His face was beautifully cut. He sat on the edge of his chair as if afraid to let himself go. He talked to her *en profile*.

"If I were wearing a *yashmak* he would see more of me," she thought irritably. He seemed to be trying to make her feel guilty. "A happy, cared-for woman like you doesn't know—" he plunged into a description of some slum. She wished he wouldn't spoil her little outing. She so rarely had a treat.

Then there was a pause in the conversation, and a glowing panegyric of Jane Austen and her novels entangled the general attention. "No one has her sense of form. She gets her full effects so simply."

Lily was delighted. She looked at her neighbor. His voice was booming. "She had no range. Tragedy was not even a word to her."

"Tragedy is hardly more than a word to the people who use it most often," retorted Jane's champion heatedly.

"Only the artists interest me whose hearts beat in unison with the poignant misery of the world. If you have not felt that you have not lived. Pity is essential." Lily felt an ever-growing irritation at the man beside her, but she was quite incapable of plunging into the conversation.

"Mr. Severn has always been a knight-errant," said Rosemary's mother pacifically.

Severn—knight-errant—Mrs. Dearborn's mind was in a whirl. For one overwhelm-

ing moment she thought she was going to faint. This man beside her the substance of her dreams whose memory had warmed her during all these bleak, barren years? Bitterness welled up within her.

"I don't think you remember me. My name is Lily." Her voice was very clear and low and cold.

He looked at her now and she thought she saw a look of consternation, of fear almost, cross his face. His voice had changed.

"Lily," he said—"my dear. I have thought about you so much, so often. Are you happy? Tell me?"

"I am the sort of woman you have always written about."

"It had to be so," he said. A new wave of irritation swept over her at his complacent acceptance of her unhappiness. She wondered if he ever forgave people for being happy. An icy curiosity came over her. "Are you married?" she asked.

"Yes. She was the wife of a—a drunkard. I ran away with her and I hope I have been able to bring a little brightness into her life."

No impulse even there. Lily was beginning to feel flippant. "It had to be so," she said as they got up from the table.

But as she drove back to her hotel, she felt an emptiness she had never before known.

"Poor Rosemary, planning a romance and killing one," she mused. And then, "How nice. I haven't an illusion left in the world. I feel so care-free."

The next day she returned to Cumberland. On the way, she thought of her home, her dog, her wonderful, herbaceous border—her Princess of Wales violets, the gardenias and poinsettias that were to be the pride of her winter conservatory. She must try to have a lot of flowers ready for Tom when he got home from India for Christmas. She did love him so.

She thought of Charles and how he would be at the station with the dog-cart and two spaniels. He would be having a joke with the station-master—probably an old joke which had long ago lost its point, but which was all the more significant for that. He would give her a resounding kiss and toss her up into the dog-cart. "Light as a feather," he would say—"figure of a girl of eighteen."

Charles was gloriously fixed and reliable (there was a time when she had called it stationary and monotonous); he was so clumsy and so faithful and so good—in a way, too, she felt him helpless in his hopeless inability to express himself or understand her. The thought of his helplessness touched her. She smiled tenderly. A curiously glowing feeling was round her heart. *Could she—did she love Charles?*

The train drew up at the station. Happily, eagerly, like a young bride she looked out of the windows. A sickening fear clutched her heart. . . . No, there he was—there were the spaniels—there was the station-master. An unreasoning joy possessed her. She darted out of the carriage and threw herself with a defiant gesture of abandon into her husband's arms.

"I am glad to be home," she whispered.

Her radiant smile surprised even the station-master. "There is no place like home," she said to him. He had never heard her talk like that before.

Charles tossed her into the dog-cart and they drove through the cornfields, a red-gold earth and a red-gold sky. He talked about the crops and she drank in the beauty of the evening and told herself what a fine, simple man he was. She didn't listen to what he was saying. . . .

"I want to look lovely," she said to her maid.

Robbins was amazed. Her mistress didn't usually want to look lovely alone in Cumberland. She put on a silvery tea-gown and white jasmine in her hair and in her bosom. "You look a dream," said Charles; and she flushed with pleasure.

During dinner he told her all the news. Of how little milk Pansy was giving, and that Miss Narjonbanks wanted to marry the curate. "How splendid!" said Lily. "Does she love him?"

"I suppose so," Charles was doubtful—"but—old-maids can't be choosers." His hearty laugh rang out: "He's got no chin you know, so I don't suppose he has a dog's chance of escaping."

After dinner they sat on the terrace under a red-gold harvest moon. Suddenly she sat down on his knee.

"Charles, do you very much wish you had married a different sort of woman?"

He felt very elated, very shy, very non-plussed. "My dear, at the bottom, you know there is only you."

This was his confession of faithfulness and infidelity.

That night she wrote:

Dear Hilary:
I wanted to tell you that meeting you last night brought me great happiness.

L. D.



Whole Wheat Bubbles

Puffed Wheat is wheat grains steam-exploded—puffed to 8 times normal size. Over 100 million explosions occur in every kernel. Every food cell is thus blasted and fitted to digest.

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Puffed Grains are the finest cereal dainties children ever get. They are also the ideal form of grain food—the best-cooked cereals in existence.

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See if you have both Puffed Grains in the pantry.

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Whole grains puffed to 8 times normal size.



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Puffed Rice

Rice grains steam-exploded.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

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for
JULY

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M^cCALL
PATTERN
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Fashions



The NEW
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2230 Blouse
7 sizes, 34-46
Price, 30 cents



The NEW
McCall Pattern
2238 Shirtwaist
7 sizes, 34-46
Price, 30 cents



The NEW
McCall Pattern
2245 Blouse
6 sizes, 34-44
Price, 35 cents
Transfer Pattern No. 883
Price, 20 cents



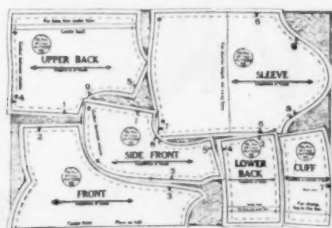
The NEW
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2223 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Price, 40 cents

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2221 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Price, 45 cents
Transfer Pattern No. 1100
Price, 35 cents



The NEW
McCall Pattern
2235 Dress
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Price, 40 cents
Transfer Pattern No. 927
Price, 25 cents

Tending to Emphasize One's Individuality



The NEW McCall Pattern
"It's Printed"

NOTE the wonderful economy of material that the New Pattern makes possible. A diagram is given on each pattern envelope, applying to each particular size, showing you how to lay out the Pattern to the best advantage.

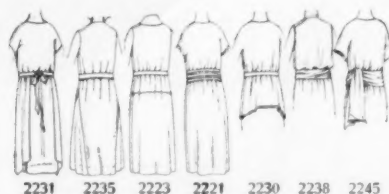
No. 2230, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE; short kimono sleeves, with or without cuffs. Size 36 requires 1 5/8 yards of 40-inch material and 3 1/4 yards of fringe.

No. 2221, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; with or without fichu collar and tunic; two-piece skirt; 31-inch length from waistline. Size 16 requires 2 1/2 yards of 40-inch material; pleating 1 1/2 yards. The width at lower edge is 1 3/8 yards. Transfer Pattern No. 1100, in yellow.

No. 2235, LADIES' DRESS; 34-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 3 5/8 yards of 36-inch material and 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch contrasting. The width is 2 1/2 yards. Transfer Pattern No. 927, in yellow or blue.

No. 2245, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE; kimono sleeves, short or lengthened by gathered sleeves. Size 36 requires 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch, and 5/8 yard of 40-inch for sleeves. Transfer Pattern No. 883, in yellow or blue.

No. 2238, LADIES' SHIRTWAIST. Size 36 requires 1 3/4 yards of 40-inch material. Shirred across shoulders and may be worn with open collar or buttoned at throat as illustrated.



No. 2223, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two styles of sleeve; 32-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch material and 2 yards of 36-inch contrasting for skirt, collar, cuffs, and belt. The width is 1 5/8 yards. Developed in dotted swiss and taffeta.

No. 2231, LADIES' DRESS; short kimono sleeves lengthened by bell sleeves or cuffs; two-piece skirt with side tunics; 34-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 4 7/8 yards of 40-inch swiss, and 5/8 yard of 36-inch contrasting for vest. Width, 1 5/8 yards.

The NEW
McCall Pattern
2231 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Price, 45 cents

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Wherever the Wanderlust Takes You This Summer, Most of These Costumes Will Prove Invaluable



The NEW McCall Pattern
2232 Sunbonnet and Hats
Ladies' and Misses'
Price, 30 cents

No. 2232, LADIES' AND MISSES' SUNBONNET AND GARDEN HATS. Ladies' size requires: View A $\frac{7}{8}$ yard, View B $\frac{3}{4}$ yard, or View C $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 32-inch material.

No. 2237, LADIES' AND MISSES' WRAP COAT. Small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust. Small size, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material. Width, 3 yards.



The NEW McCall Pattern
2212 House Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Price, 30 cents

The NEW McCall Pattern
2239 Smock
Small, medium, large
Price, 35 cents

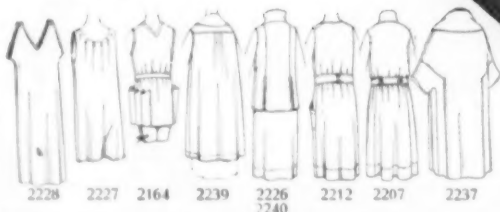
The NEW McCall Pattern
2207 Uniform
7 sizes, 34-46
Price, 35 cents



The NEW McCall Pattern
2226 Suit Coat
6 sizes, 34-44
Price, 40 cents
The NEW McCall Pattern
2240 Skirt
7 sizes, 24-36
Price, 30 cents

The NEW McCall Pattern
2237 Wrap Coat
Small, medium, large
Price, 40 cents

COSTUME NOS. 2226-2240.—Medium size, $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material.
No. 2226, LADIES' SUIT COAT. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material.
No. 2240, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT. Size 26 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Width, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.



The NEW McCall Pattern
2228 Nightgown
Small, medium, large
Price, 25 cents

The NEW McCall Pattern
2227 Chemise
Small, medium, large
Price, 25 cents

No. 2227, LADIES' AND MISSES' ENVELOPE CHEMISE. Small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust. Small size, $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch.

The NEW McCall Pattern
2164 Bathing Suit
Small, medium, large
Price, 45 cents

No. 2164, LADIES' AND MISSES' BATHING SUIT. Small, 14 to 16 years; medium, 36 to 38; large, 40 to 42 bust. Medium size requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material and $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards of braid.

No. 2207, NURSE'S UNIFORM; five-gored skirt. Size 36 requires $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material. Width, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 2239, ARTIST'S SMOCK. Small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust. Small size requires 4 yards of 32-inch material.

No. 2212, LADIES' HOUSE DRESS; with or without collar; 37-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch. Width, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

No. 2228, LADIES' AND MISSES' TWO-PIECE NIGHTGOWN. Small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust. Small size, $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40-inch. Width, 2 yards.

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Approved by Paris—Improved
by McCall Designers



The NEW
McCall Pattern
2235 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Price, 40 cents

The NEW
McCall Pattern
2224 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Price, 40 cents



The NEW
McCall Pattern
2215 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Price, 45 cents

The NEW
McCall Pattern
2243 Coat Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Price, 45 cents



The NEW
McCall Pattern
2078 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Price, 40 cents
Transfer Pattern
No. 797
Price, 20 cents

No. 2235, LADIES' DRESS; 34-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 10-inch lace for vest, and $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of pleating for the skirt. The width is $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 2224, LADIES' DRESS; two styles of sleeve; two-piece skirt; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material and $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting. The width around the lower edge is $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

The NEW
McCall Pattern
2241 Evening Dress
6 sizes, 34-44
Price, 45 cents

No. 2241, LADIES' EVENING DRESS; with camisole; 35-inch length from waistline; no hem allowed. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 12-inch lace for camisole. Width, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

No. 2215, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; two styles of sleeve; with or without two-piece tunic. Size 36 requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 2243, LADIES' COAT DRESS; two styles of sleeve; 35-inch length from waistline; no hem allowed. Size 36, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch. Width, $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards.

No. 2222, LADIES' DRESS; kimono sleeves, lengthened by bell sleeves or cuffs; two-piece skirt with side draperies. Size 36 requires $5\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material, and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 10-inch. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 2231, LADIES' DRESS; short kimono sleeves, lengthened by bell sleeves; two-piece skirt with side tunics; 34-inch length. Size 36, $4\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 40-inch, and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 12-inch. Width, $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards.




No. 2078, LADIES' DRESS; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 36-inch material, and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 18-inch embroidery for shield. The width is $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Transfer Pattern No. 797, in yellow or blue.

The NEW
McCall Pattern
2222 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Price, 45 cents

The NEW
McCall Pattern
2231 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Price, 45 cents

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The NEW
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2157 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Price, 45 cents

No. 2157, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16, 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch; vest, 1/2 yard of 18-inch; wide fringe, 3 3/4 yards. Width, 1 3/4 yards.

No. 2137, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16, 4 1/8 yards of 36-inch material; pleating, 8 yards. Width, 1 1/2 yards.

No. 2158, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; with or without circular panels. Size 16 requires 4 1/4 yards of 36-inch; sash and cuffs, 3 1/2 yards of 9-inch ribbon. Width, 1 1/4 yards.



The NEW
McCall Pattern
2158 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Price, 45 cents



The NEW
McCall Pattern
2143 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Price, 45 cents
Transfer Pattern No. 1095
Price, 40 cents

No. 2143, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16, 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. Width, 1 3/4 yards. Transfer Pattern No. 1095, in yellow.

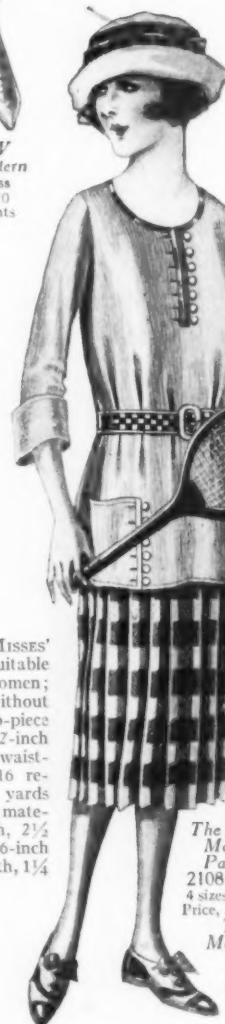
No. 2234, MISSES' AND GIRLS' SMOCK OR MIDDY, AND BLOOMERS. Small, 10 to 12; medium, 14 to 16; large, 18 to 20 years. Medium size, 5 1/2 yards 36-inch.



The NEW
McCall Pattern
2137 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Price, 45 cents

No. 2168, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; with or without tunics; two-piece skirt; 32-inch length from waistline. Size 16 requires 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material; sash, 2 1/2 yards of 6-inch ribbon. Width, 1 1/4 yards.

The NEW
McCall Pattern
2168 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Price, 45 cents



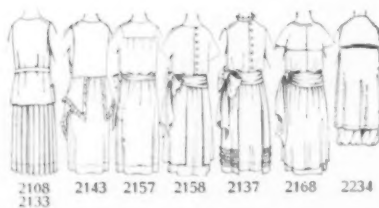
The NEW
McCall Pattern
2108 Blouse
4 sizes, 14-20
Price, 30 cents

The NEW
McCall Pattern
2133 Skirt
4 sizes, 14-20
Price, 30 cents

No. 2108, MISSES' BLOUSE; suitable for small women; two styles of sleeve. Size 16 requires 2 yards of 36-inch.

No. 2133, MISSES' STRAIGHT PLEATED SKIRT; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 2 1/2 yards of 54-inch material. The width is 2 3/4 yards.

The NEW McCall Pattern
2234 Smock and Bloomers
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Price, 30 cents



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A Group of Costumes to Answer every Whim of the Modern Girl



The NEW
McCall Pattern
2208 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Price, 45 cents

No. 2208, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; kimono sleeves. Size 16 requires 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch material, and 1/2 yard of 10-inch for vest. The width is 1 3/4 yards.



No. 2221, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 4 yards of 40-inch and 1 3/8 yards of 36-inch for collar. Width, 1 3/8 yards.

The NEW
McCall Pattern
2221 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Price, 45 cents



The NEW
McCall Pattern
2244 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Price, 45 cents

No. 2244, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 4 3/8 yards of 32-inch checked material and 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch plain. The width at lower edge is 2 1/4 yards.



The NEW
McCall Pattern
2225 Coatee
4 sizes, 14-20
Price, 40 cents
9703 Camisole Skirt
3 sizes, 16-20
Price, 25 cents



The NEW
McCall Pattern
2223 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Price, 40 cents

No. 2223, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 36-inch and 5/8 yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 1 1/2 yards.

No. 2236, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt. Size 16 requires 3 5/8 yards of 36-inch material, and 1/2 yard of 10-inch for vest. The width is 1 1/4 yards.



The NEW
McCall Pattern
2236 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Price, 45 cents

No. 2246, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material and 2 yards of 36-inch contrasting. The width is 1 3/4 yards.

The NEW
McCall Pattern
2246 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Price, 45 cents

No. 2225, MISSES' COATEE; suitable for small women; 28-inch length. Size 16, 2 1/4 yards 40-inch material, 4 1/2 yards braid, 2 yards 36-inch lining.



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The Baby Midget

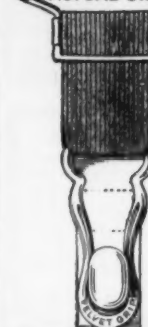


Velvet Grip
HOSE
SUPPORTER

"Holds Like Daddy's"

Not only that, but it is made with the same care and of the same Quality, as Daddy's.

ACTUAL SIZE



The Baby Midget

Has taken the place of all make-shifts ever known for holding up baby's tiny socks—equipped with that exclusive feature found only on Velvet Grip garters for "grown-ups"—namely the

All-Rubber Oblong Button

Sold everywhere or sent postpaid

Line 12c. Silk 18c.

GEORGE FROST CO.
581 Tremont Street, Boston
Makers of the famous Boston Garter for Men

STANDARD family sheeting for TWO GENERATIONS

Ask for Pepperell SHEETING, SHEETS & PILLOWCASES

Light enough for easy washing; heavy enough to stand the wear. The standard family sheeting for two generations. Cut this ad. out and show it to your dealer.

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Address Dept. 8
For descriptive circular



How to Obtain McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you cannot secure them, write to The McCall Company, 236 W. 37th St., New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price in stamps or money order. Branch Offices: 418-424 S. Wells St., Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.; 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.

Comfortable Things to Wear



—and then a little touch of Freeman's, the delicately fragrant, clinging powder that brings out the freshness and beauty of her complexion. A trial usually convinces one of the delightful smoothness and refined quality of Freeman's Face Powder.

THE FREEMAN PERFUME CO., 4816 LINDEN ST., CINCINNATI
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Freeman's "Naturkist"
Rouge 50 Cents

At dealers or by mail
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Freeman's Powder
Compact 50 Cents

At dealers or by mail
on receipt of price

Freeman's FACE POWDER

50 cents at all toilet counters, or
send 5 cents for miniature box

Destroys Superfluous Hair & Roots

"ZIP is indeed the only actual hair destroyer."

Faithfully,
Margaret Irving
Rapid, harmless, painless, fragrant. Praised as the only effectual remedy for permanently destroying hair and roots.

At YOUR DEALER or direct by mail. Write for FREE Illustrated Book "A Talk on Superfluous Hair." Or call at my office to have FREE DEMONSTRATION. Avoid Imitations.



Madame's Beauty
SPECIALIST
Dept. 5, 562 Fifth Ave.
Enc. 66 St. (Miller Bldg.)
New York

Knitting yarns direct from the mill

FIRST quality all wool worsted yarn at a great saving. Sold direct from mill to you.
Send today for free Peace Dale sample card—5 weights—50 different colors. From rich dark colors to lovely summer shades—the new Harding Blue, fashionable greys, flame, jade, etc. Popular heathers, the lovely new Fibre Silk and Worsted mixtures, Germantown, Heavy Sweater Yarns, Saxony Shetland Flies, Special Sock Yarn—50 samples in all! Strong good-wearing yarns. Smooth and even. Knit up beautifully.

Your satisfaction guaranteed. Miss Mary Burroughs of Cape Girardeau, Mo., writes: "Your yarn is the best I have ever used, and far cheaper than any on our local market."

WRITE TODAY. Send today for sample card of 50 Peace Dale samples. Save money on your summer sweaters.

PEACE DALE MILLS, Dept. 1100
(Founded 1901)
26 Madison Ave., N. Y. City



90 samples—FREE

Send today for free sample card. Get finest quality yarns at direct from the mill prices.

4-ply Germantown 3-oz. skeins
8-ply Germantown 3-oz. skeins
4-ply Fibre Silk and Worsted 2-oz. skeins
Fibre Silk and Worsted Flies 2-oz. skeins
Shetland Flies 2-oz. skeins
Men's Sweater Yarn 4-oz. skeins
Saxony Special Grey Sock Yarn 1-oz. skeins

Peace Dale pays postage

Write for free samples today

Beautify the Complexion

SURELY, QUICKLY

Nadinola Cream

The Supreme Beauty Requisite Used and Endorsed By Thousands



NADINOLA banishes tan freckles, pimples, sallowness, etc. Extreme cases. Rids pores and tissues of impurities. Leaves the skin clear, soft, healthy. Directions and guarantee in package. At leading toilet counters. If they haven't it, by mail, two sizes, 60c. and \$1.20. Address Dep't M.

NATIONAL TOILET COMPANY, - - Paris, Tenn.

More Success in Sewing!

IN making your own clothes it's important to use the right kind of a Pattern, for it's the Pattern that gives you a foundation of fit and style.

The new way in which McCall Patterns are made—with printed instructions—makes them not only easier to use, but more accurate, so that your Frocks will come out with better fit and smarter line.

Ask your local dealer for "Printed" Patterns!



The NEW
McCall Pattern
2219 Knickerbockers
4 sizes, 2-8
Price, 25 cents

The NEW
McCall Pattern
2209 Shirt
4 sizes, 12½-14
Price, 25 cents

The NEW
McCall Pattern
2217 Knickerbockers
4 sizes, 8-14
Price, 25 cents



The NEW
McCall Pattern
2218 Pajamas
4 sizes, 8-14
Price, 25 cents

No. 2219, BOY'S KNICKERBOCKER TROUSERS; side closing. Size 8, 1½ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 2209, YOUTH'S AND BOY'S SHIRT. Size 12½, 2½ yards of 32-inch material.

No. 2217, BOY'S KNICKERBOCKER TROUSERS; front closing. Size 12, 1½ yards of 36-inch material.

The NEW
McCall Pattern
2206 Union Suit
5 sizes, 4-12
Price, 25 cents

No. 2206, BOY'S UNION SUIT. Size 8 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material. This will prove a practical suit for a strenuous youngster.

No. 2218, BOY'S PAJAMAS. Size 8 requires 2½ yards of 32-inch material; with short sleeves, 2½ yards of 32-inch material.



The NEW
McCall Pattern
2233 Pajamas
4 sizes, 2-8
Price, 25 cents

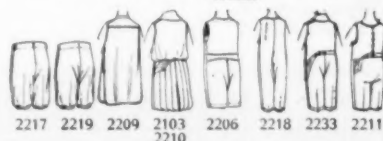
The NEW
McCall Pattern
2103 Shirtwaist
5 sizes, 8-16
Price, 25 cents
The NEW
McCall Pattern
2210 Bloomers
7 sizes, 6-18
Price, 25 cents

The NEW
McCall Pattern
2211 Undergarment
6 sizes, 2-12
Price, 25 cents

No. 2103, MISSES' AND GIRLS' SHIRTWAIST; two styles of sleeve. Size 12 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 2210, MISSES' AND GIRLS' PLEATED BLOOMERS. Size 12 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 2233, CHILD'S PAJAMAS; dropped back. Size 6 requires 2½ yards of 32-inch or 2½ yards of 36-inch material.



No. 2211, CHILD'S ONE-PIECE COMBINATION UNDERGARMENT. Size 8 requires 1½ yards of 36- or 40-inch material.

New Patterns for Little People



No. 2229, INFANT'S CAPE. View A requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch; View B, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 2249, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 8 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch and 1 yard of 36-inch contrasting.

The NEW McCall Pattern 2214 Dress 5 sizes, 1-6 Price, 25 cents

View A

The NEW McCall Pattern 2229 Cape One size Price, 25 cents

View B

No. 2247, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 6 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch. Transfer Pattern No. 1089, in yellow or blue.

No. 2213, GIRL'S EMPIRE DRESS. Size 8 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch; pleating, 2 yards.

No. 2214, CHILD'S DRESS. Size 4 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch material.

The NEW McCall Pattern 2247 Dress 6 sizes, 4-14 Price, 30 cents Transfer Pattern No. 1089 Price, 20 cents

The NEW McCall Pattern Dress 2213 5 sizes, 4-12 Price, 25 cents

The NEW McCall Pattern 2249 Dress 5 sizes, 6-14 Price, 30 cents

No. 2220, GIRL'S STRAIGHT PLEATED SKIRT AND BLOOMERS. Size 10 requires; View A, 2 yards, or View B, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch.



View A

The NEW McCall Pattern 2220 Skirt and Bloomers 5 sizes, 4-12 Price, 30 cents

View B

No. 2250, GIRL'S DRESS; with circular flounce attached to two-piece circular skirt. Size 10 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material.



2213 2214 2249 2250



One of the Keds sport shoes. Excellent for tennis, canoeing, sailing. High or low.

One of the new Keds pumps. Either with a heel or without, also with ankle strap. Very trim and neat looking.

One of the children's Keds—made on Nature last. For dress up or play. There are also oxfords, sandals and high shoes for children in the Keds line.



One of the leather trimmed Keds. With either brown or white leather. Welt construction sole of rubber composition. Very popular.

Shoes can make such a difference in a summer

EVERYONE is discovering that canvas rubber-soled shoes—originally designed for sport—are just the thing for everyday wear. What a difference they make!

When you are taking life easy—sauntering to the mail, visiting with a neighbor, working about the house, they are so restful, so neat, so cool-looking. They give you the relaxation you wish in warm weather.

When you are really exercising—tennis, canoeing, sailing, walking, how much quicker, lighter, more agile they make you.

Keds will give you a new idea of canvas rubber-soled shoes. You will notice the difference right away. There is a shapeliness in the last, a fineness in the quality of the canvas and the rubber, a sturdiness of construction that makes them hold their shape.

There are many kinds of Keds—pumps, oxfords, high shoes and low. There are also many for men and boys.

You can get the style you wish at your dealer's. If he does not carry them he will secure them for you.

Keds were originated and are made only by the United States Rubber Company. The name is marked on every pair.

United States Rubber Company



Keds

Not all canvas rubber-soled shoes are Keds. Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. Look for the name Keds on the shoes.

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George W. Chadwick
Director

Year Opens
September 15, 1921

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Located in the Music Center of America
It affords pupils the environment and atmosphere so necessary to a musical education. Its complete organization, and splendid equipment, offer exceptional facilities for students.
Dormitories for women students.

Complete Curriculum
Courses in every branch of Music, applied and theoretical.

Owing to the Practical Training
In our Normal Department, graduates are much in demand as teachers.

The Free Privileges
Of lectures, concerts and recitals, the opportunities of ensemble practice and appearing before audiences, and the daily associations are invaluable advantages to the music student.

A Complete Orchestra
Offers advanced pupils in piano-forte, voice, organ and violin experience in rehearsal and public appearance with orchestral accompaniment.

Dramatic Department
Practical training in acting.

Address Ralph L. Flanders, General Manager

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912 of McCall's MAGAZINE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1921.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid personally appeared J. D. Hartman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the assistant secretary of The McCall Company, publishers of McCall's MAGAZINE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 413, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher: The McCall Company, 236 W. 37th St., New York, N. Y.; Editor: Henry P. Burton, 236 W. 37th St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor: None; Business Manager: Henry J. Brown, Jr., 236 W. 37th St., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: The McCall Company, New York, N. Y.; McCall Corporation, Wilmington, Del. (owner of McCall Company stock). The following are the names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent. or more of the capital stock of McCall Corporation: Mahala D. Douglas, care of Minneapolis Trust Co., Minneapolis, Minn.; F. Hoffman, 23 Wall St., New York City; McCall Corporation, 236-250 W. 37th St., New York City; James H. Otley, 32 W. 42nd St., New York City; Piper & Company, 1205 First Nat'l-Bank Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.; Chas. D. Spaulding, care of Oil Trade Journal, 120 Broadway, New York City; White, Weld & Co., 14 Wall St., New York City; H. N. Whitney & Sons 12 Broad St., New York City; D. W. Streeter & Co., 770 Lafayette St., Buffalo, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

J. D. HARTMAN, Assistant Secretary.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of March, 1921. Joseph B. Rotk, Notary Public, Bronx County, No. 41. Certificate filed in New York County, No. 195. My commission expires March 30, 1921.

**NADINE
FACE POWDER**
IN GREEN BOXES ONLY

Makes the Complexion Beautiful

SOFT AND VELVETY. Money back if not entirely pleased. Nadine is pure and harmless. Adheres until washed off. Prevents sunburn and return of discolorations. A million delighted users prove its value. Popular tints: Flesh, Pink, Brunette, White.

Sold by Leading Toilet Counters or Mail.

Send 4c. in stamps for postage on liberal sample in tin preferred.

National Toilet Co., Dept. M., Paris, Tenn.

Bring Out the Hidden Beauty

Beneath that soiled, discolored, faded or aged complexion is one fair to look upon.

Mercolized Wax
gradually, gently absorbs the devitalized surface skin, revealing the young, fresh, beautiful skin underneath. Used by refined women who prefer complexion of true naturalness. Have you tried it?
Mercolized Wax (beautifier) 75c
Powdered Saxolite (for wrinkles) 75c
Phelactone (hair remover) 81
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All Drug Stores and Toilet Counters
Dearborn Supply Co., 5 N. La Salle St., Chicago.

Genuine

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Aspirin

Always say "Bayer"

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for 21 years and proved safe by millions. Directions in package.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

Wash Away Hair with El-Rado

You want the quickest and easiest way to remove undesirable hair from the underarms, face, arms and limbs. That is why you will want El-Rado. El-Rado is sure. It is absolutely harmless. It is a ready-to-use liquid, not messy. El-Rado is the true "womanly" way—that's why you will like it and after using it once will have no other. Guaranteed Satisfactory or Money Refunded. Two sizes: 60c. and \$1.00 at drug stores and toilet goods counters.



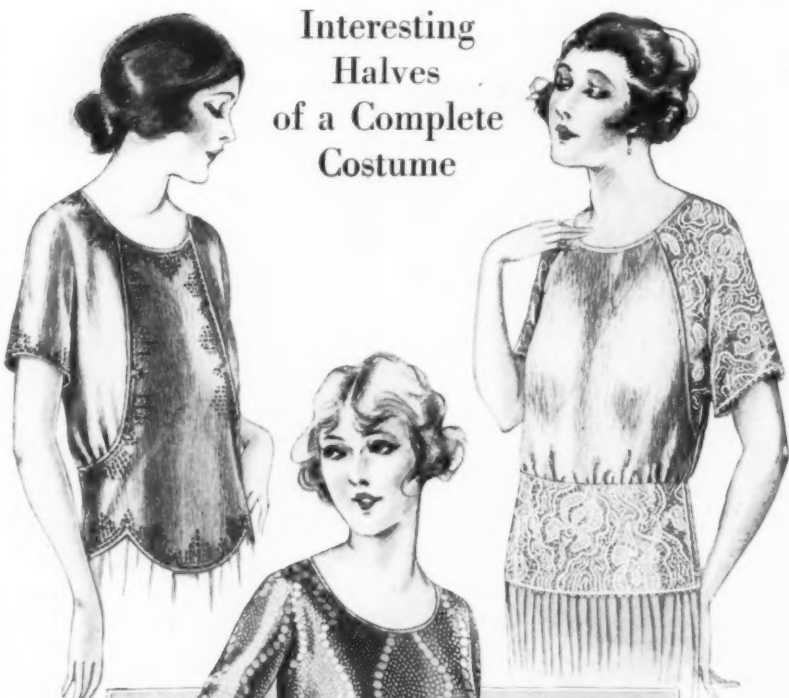
Send your order for \$1.00 size to us with stamps or money order if your dealer is out of El-Rado. It will be mailed along with directions and interesting letters of users.

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Kinetically where desired by wearing
DR. WALTER'S RUBBER GARMENTS For Men and Women
Cover the entire body or any part. Endorsed by leading physicians. Send for illustrated booklet.
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242 Stockton St., San Francisco, Cal.

Interesting Halves of a Complete Costume



**The NEW
McCall
Pattern
2155 Blouse**
7 sizes, 34-46
Price, 35 cents
Transfer
Pattern
No. 1073
Price, 40 cents

**The NEW
McCall
Pattern
2140 Blouse**
7 sizes, 34-46
Price, 35 cents

No. 2155, LADIES' BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 1 1/4 yards of 40-inch material. Transfer Pattern No. 1073, in yellow.

No. 2159, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE; two styles of sleeve. Size 36 requires 2 1/2 yards of 40-inch material.

No. 2242, LADIES' TWO-PIECE CIRCULAR SKIRT. Size 26 requires 2 1/2 yards of 40-inch material. The width is 27 1/2 yards.

No. 2140, LADIES' BLOUSE; raglan sleeves, short or lengthened by cuffs. Size 36 requires 5/8 yard of 36-inch material for front and back, and 3/4 yard of 40-inch allover lace for sleeves and belt.

**The NEW
McCall
Pattern
2159 Blouse**
7 sizes, 34-46
Price, 30 cents



**The NEW
McCall Pattern
2216 Skirt**
7 sizes, 24-36
Price, 30 cents

**The NEW
McCall Pattern
2240 Skirt**
7 sizes, 24-36
Price, 30 cents

No. 2216, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; 35-inch length from waistline. Size 26 requires 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1 3/4 yards.

No. 2240, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT. Size 26, 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. Width, 1 3/4 yards.

**The NEW
McCall
Pattern
2242 Skirt**
7 sizes, 24-36
Price, 30 cents

**The NEW
McCall
Pattern
2248 Skirt**
4 sizes, 14-20
Price, 30 cents

No. 2248, MISSES' TWO-PIECE CIRCULAR SKIRT; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. Width, 2 1/2 yards.

An Opportunity to Learn to Sew!

BEFORE—the Pattern stood in the way of many women—not every one could figure out the puzzling circles and perforations. Learning to sew meant really "studying out" the Pattern—and a good many women couldn't take

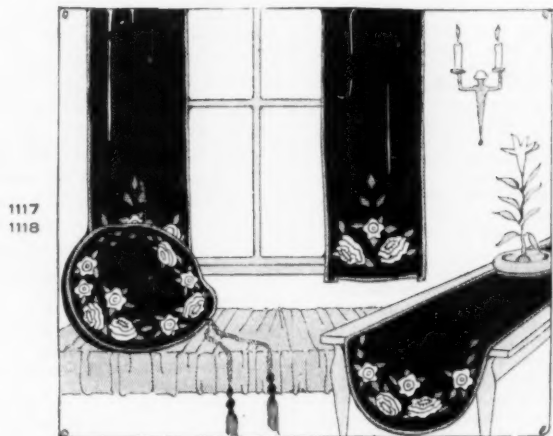
the time for it. Now—the NEW McCall "Printed" Pattern!

Where the circles and perforations used to be, printed words that tell you how to proceed step by step. It will help thousands of women to learn to sew!

How to Obtain McCall Patterns Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 236 W. 37th St., New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price in stamps or money order. Branch Offices: 418-424 S. Wells St., Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.; 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.

Designs You Can Stamp With a Hot Iron On Any Desired Material

By Elisabeth May Blondel



1117
1118

1117
1118



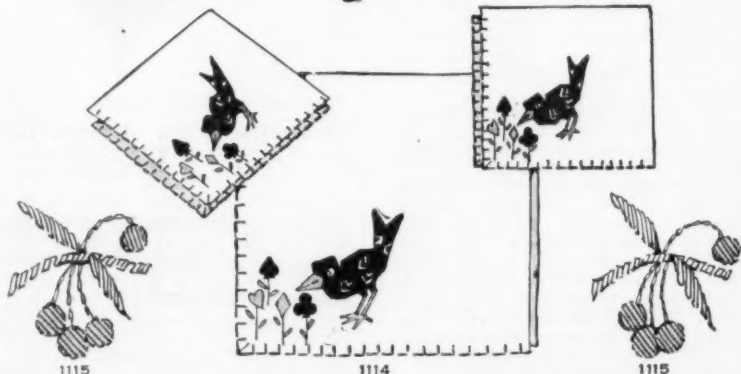
1117

1118—Transfer Pattern for Appliqué. Includes 2 ends for a 17-inch-wide scarf, and 2 curtains motifs. This is very smartly developed in black sateen with patches of gay colored sateens appliquéd with black cotton floss. Blue or yellow. Price, 40 cents.

1117—Transfer Pattern for Appliqué. To fit an oval pillow 18 x 22 inches. This quaint design with its garland of lovely old-fashioned flowers is of unusual shape and charm for developing as illustrated on black sateen, or on unbleached muslin, white linen, etc., with gay gingham patches. Yellow or blue. Price, 35 cents. Matches No. 1118.

1114—Transfer Pattern for Appliqué Motifs. Includes 4 bird designs $4\frac{1}{2}$ x $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and 8, $2\frac{1}{2}$ x 3 inches. These birds of good omen, to preside at the card table, are black patches with yellow stitching. The card symbols are embroidered in black and red floss. Blue or yellow. Price, 25 cents.

1115—Transfer Pattern for Cherry Motifs. Includes 22 motifs about $4\frac{1}{2}$ x $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches. These are charming, developed in satin-stitch with wool, silk or cotton, on frocks and other wearables for women and children. They are adaptable as well to household linens, done in white or colors. Yellow. Price, 25 cents.



1115

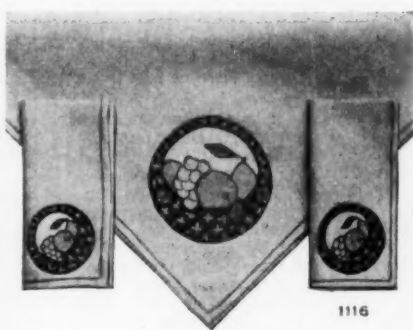
1114

1115

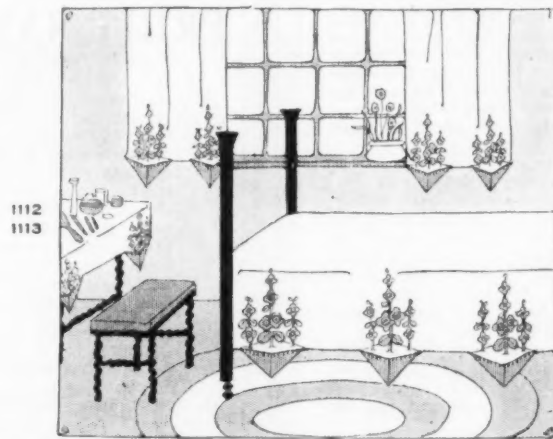
1116—Transfer Pattern for Appliqué Fruit-Baskets. Includes 4 baskets $4\frac{1}{2}$ x $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and 8 baskets $2\frac{1}{2}$ x $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. These unique baskets are brown patches, filled with fruits in gay colored patches. Blue or yellow. Price, 30 cents.

1112—Transfer Pattern for Hollyhock Appliqué. Includes 14 flower pots 11 x $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches. These prim hollyhocks form an adorable edge for a bedspread, and are effective on alternating quilt blocks. Blue. Price, 40 cents.

1113—Transfer Design for Hollyhock Appliqué. Includes 12 flower pots $5\frac{1}{2}$ x $7\frac{1}{4}$ inches. With flower pots and leaves in green patches and flowers in gay colors. These are charming when used on curtains and scarf to match the bedspread design No. 1112. Blue. Price, 35 cents.



1116



1112
1113

1112
1113

How to Obtain McCall Kaumagraph Transfer Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Transfers. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 235 W. 37th St., New York City, stating number desired and enclosing the price in stamps or money order.



This novel Knitted Dress is only one of scores of clever models shown in Minerva Knitting Book, Vol. VI. See below.

For Knitting Days MINERVA YARNS

At quality shops you will find these famous yarns, in gorgeous color array—liberally sprinkled with the season's latest shades. And a bevy of the smartest creations in Summer things to knit are charmingly shown in

THE NEW MINERVA KNITTING BOOK VOL. VI.

Clear, simple directions for the making accompany every beautiful picture in the book. Sold where Minerva Yarns are sold. Priced at 30c. (By mail 35c—to Canada 40c.)



JAMES LEES & SONS CO.
220 FIFTH AVE., DEPARTMENT M, NEW YORK

That Corn ends tonight

Make that resolve and watch what Blue-jay does.

Apply it with a touch—the liquid or the plaster. The corn pain will cease at once. In a little while the whole corn will loosen and come out.

This is the scientific method and is right. A famous chemist perfected it. This world-famed laboratory stakes its reputation on it.

It is gentle, yet sure. The old harsh methods are not in favor now.

Over 100 million corns

Blue-jay has ended at least a hundred million corns. Now it is ending, probably, 20 million corns a year.

It has brought to multitudes freedom from corn aches.

Such a relief—easy, quick and simple—deserves your test. Try it on one corn tonight.



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Stops pain instantly
Ends corns
completely

Plaster or Liquid Blue-jay The Scientific Corn Ender

Also Blue-jay Foot Soap Blue-jay Foot Powder Blue-jay Foot Relief

BAUER & BLACK Chicago New York Toronto
Makers of B & B Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

Cuticura



Talcum

The most fascinatingly fragrant and healthful of powder perfumes for the skin. Antiseptic, prophylactic, deodorizing and refreshing, it is an ideal face, skin, baby and dusting powder. It soothes and cools, is convenient and economical and takes the place of other perfumes for the skin. Splendid after bathing with Cuticura Soap. A few grains sufficient.

Cuticura Toilet Trio

Consisting of Cuticura Soap to cleanse and purify, Cuticura Ointment to soothe and soften, and Cuticura Talcum to powder and perfume, promote and maintain skin purity, skin comfort and skin health often when all else seems to fail. Everywhere 25c each. Sample each free by mail. Address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. G, Malden 48, Mass.

Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

FREE BOOK



Learn Piano

This Interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at quarter usual cost. It shows why one learns with an expert is worth a dozen other lessons. Dr. Quinn's famous Written Method includes all of the many important modern improvements in teaching music. Delays right to your home the great advantage of conservatory study. For the beginner or experienced player. Endorsed by great artists. Successful graduates everywhere. Scientific, yet easy to understand. Fully illustrated. All music free. Diploma granted. Write today for free book. Quinn Conservatory, Studio MC 87, 598 Columbia Road, Boston, 25, Mass.

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every Deaf Person Knows That I make myself hear after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address: Medicated Ear Drum GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.) 13 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

12 Months to Pay

Enjoy your 1921 "Ranger" at once for the small monthly payments on our Easy Payment Plan. Factory to rider wholesale prices. Three big model factories. 44 styles, colors and sizes in our famous Ranger line. DELIVERED FREE, express prepaid. FOR 30 DAYS TRIAL. Select bicycle and terms that suit—cash or easy payments. Tires, lamps, horns, bells, parts and accessories, at half retail prices. SEND NO MONEY—Simply write today for big FREE Ranger Catalog and marvelous prices and terms. Mead Cycle Company Special Offer to Dept. G-26 Chicago Riders Agents

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

The Conquering Male

(Continued from page 11)

It was a lovely night—an October night, with all the stars out.

"Yes," said Daisy softly.

Neither said another word all the way to the Blodgett gate. And when they reached the gate, Daisy did not release his arm. She kept it. She turned her face toward him. Her lips were only inches from his. The next moment he had kissed her.

And all the time he wanted Mabel. The more he saw of her the more he wanted her. He knew she was a more understanding person than Daisy, more his sort. The truth was he cared what Mabel thought of him and he didn't care what Daisy thought. Some day he would talk to Mabel. But he never saw her alone.

So Thanksgiving came and the New Year's dance—and skating.

Daisy had gone to Chicago for the day with her mother. The five met early Saturday afternoon and James was free to skate with Mabel. He took her arm—after all they were old friends now—and led the way up the river. They skated for a mile without saying a word. They paused. The rest were out of sight round a bend. He and Mabel were alone.

"Let's skate on up to the Pond."

"It's two miles, you know," Mabel said.

"What of it?"

Mabel smiled, and he saw again the warm lights in her eyes. He took her arm and they skated on with long, free strokes.

They skated on and on, to the Pond, across the Pond, clear to the bend beyond. He wondered if she knew how unreal his attachment to Daisy was. She must know. They skated so far that they were late for supper. And when he left her he was moved to say simply: "I've had an awfully good time, today."

It was the first time in his life that he had said a thing like that simply and naturally—just because it was so, and he wanted to say it.

Daisy came home the next day, and in the evening he met her at church as usual. He knew at once that something was the matter. They walked along in strained silence. "Well?" Daisy asked. "Haven't you any explanations to offer?"

He knew from her tone what she meant; she must have heard that he had been skating with Mabel; and she was sore. But he wouldn't admit that he knew. "I can't imagine what you mean," he said.

"Oh, yes, you can," said Daisy. "I mean your spending every minute that I was away with Mabel—skating way up the river with her and not getting home till nearly nine o'clock."

"It wasn't nine o'clock," James protested. "It was only about seven o'clock."

"I'm not going to argue with you about the time," Daisy said. "It's the principle of the thing. Oh, I know," she continued. "I've seen her trying to get you."

"Mabel has never made the slightest attempt to get me," James said firmly.

"Of course you couldn't see it," Daisy answered. "Men never can. But I can see it. I've seen it from the beginning."

"Nonsense," James said. He was acutely uncomfortable at the same time that he was strangely flattered. He was flattered by the idea that Mabel had liked him from the beginning. He was even flattered by Daisy's anger.

"I don't believe you love me at all," she said bitterly. "I believe you've been just playing with me."

"What nonsense!" James was afraid she was about to burst into tears.

"Of course I love you," James said, and could have bit his tongue. He never had said it before!

"I know how I'd act if I were a man and in love with a girl," Daisy challenged. "I'd never—never let her forget I loved her. I'd say it and I'd write it and I'd act it."

James put his arm around her. "Don't, Daisy," he said.

"Well," she asked, "have you ever written me a love letter in your life?"

"No," James admitted. "But after all we live in the same town. We see each other every day."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"I'll write you a love letter tomorrow," James said meekly.

Before they parted James was so thoroughly committed to writing her a love letter that he saw no possibility of backing out of it. He had never written a love letter in his life. He spent three study periods the next day trying to write it.

He fell to thinking of Mabel, and their afternoon skating up the river. And as he thought, he began to put his thoughts on paper. It was so easy to write a letter to Mabel.

Dear Heart, he wrote,

I have wanted for so long to tell you how I feel about you. I like to believe that you know. When I look into your eyes I think you must know. Your eyes

are very lovely. I can never look into them enough. There is beauty in them, and understanding. I love your eyes. I love you.

He signed his name. And then, startled at what he had written, he scanned it closely. He had been thinking about Mabel. But he had to send Daisy a love letter. He folded it up quickly, and after school he mailed it. He hoped it would satisfy her. It ought to. It ought to satisfy anybody. It was a real love letter.

James got a note from Daisy just before recess the next morning. It said simply:

It is a lovely letter—the most beautiful letter I ever read.

James read her note with a smile. But he avoided Daisy. He began to feel that he had been a bit reckless in committing such sentiments to paper. He went over and talked to Eddie Cook about fishing. But he kept an eye on Daisy. A curious and unexpected thought crossed James' mind. It was: suppose Daisy should be so proud of her love letter that she would show it to Ethel, or worse still, to Mabel. He dismissed the thought. Even Daisy would not show a love letter.

That night he took Daisy to a party at Ethel Williams'. The party was slow. Nobody was having a good time. They just sat round. Ethel strummed idly on the piano. But nobody sang. James picked up a magazine and began to read. Ethel Williams whirled on the piano stool. "What's the matter with this party?" she asked. "I wish somebody'd do something to liven it up."

Bill Price spoke up. "I could liven it up if I wanted to," he said. He grinned. "I don't know if I will or not, though."

Everybody turned on Bill; everybody insisted. "Well," said Bill, "I've got to stand up to do this stunt—it's a little recitation."

"A recitation?" said Ethel Williams.

"Yep," said Bill. "A little prose poem. Sort of a love poem." Bill cleared his throat. James was still reading the magazine. "Dear Heart," said Bill soulfully. James started.

"Dear Heart," Bill repeated, and clasped his hands behind his back and rolled his eyes upward. "I have wanted for so long to tell you how I feel about you. I like to believe that you know. When I look into your eyes I think you must know. Your eyes are very lovely—"

The whole crowd was laughing uproariously now. Bill raised his hand to silence them. "I lo-o-o-ve your eyes," he concluded solemnly. "I lo-o-o-o-ve you."

James looked at that ring of laughter. So Daisy had shown the letter. They all knew. For a moment he thought he would have to get up and run out of the room. But he set his teeth. He would stick it out. He looked Bill Price in the eye and Bill turned away sheepishly. He looked at Daisy. She could not meet his eyes. They all saw that he was angry, really angry.

"James," said Ethel Williams, "I'm sorry. We all apologize. Don't we?"

"Pretty rough stuff, Bill," said Eddie.

James looked at Mabel. Her eyes encouraged him. He smiled. He reflected that anyhow none of them knew the real secret of that letter. That helped him to bear it. And the party broke up at once.

James spent a longer time finding his hat than was necessary. Daisy essayed to help him. "I don't want your help," he said cruelly.

"Forgive me, Jimmie," she said.

"I forgive you all right," James said. "But I'm not going home with you."

He said good-by and went outdoors. The cool dark refreshed him. He stood waiting outside the door for Mabel. When she came out he took a step toward her. "May I walk with you?" he asked.

"Yes," said Mabel.

He took her arm, just as he had wished to take it after that first party at Ethel Williams' so long ago. They said nothing. They came at last to the Eyre front gate. Mabel would have released her arm but James held it firmly locked in his.

"Are you still sore, Jimmie?" she asked.

"A little," he admitted.

"Of course you are. It was a cruel thing to do. But you must forget it."

James looked down into her eyes. He knew he could tell her. He had to tell her.

"When I wrote that letter, Mabel," he said, "I was thinking about you. I sent it to somebody else. I was a fool. But I wrote it to you. And I meant every word of it. I've been in love with you ever since the first moment I saw you."

And then James kissed the girl he loved. For one flashing instant she yielded herself to him, and then she jerked herself free and ran up the walk and into the house.

James Heaton Parker watched the door close behind her, and then he turned and walked proudly down the street. He felt as Caesar felt when he came back from his campaign in Gaul. It is the nature of the conquering male.

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Uncle Sam's Correspondence Course

The McCall Washington Bureau, 4035 New Hampshire Avenue, Washington, D.C., was established to keep our readers in close touch with the Government. This month we plan to acquaint you with some of the best of the Government health and household booklets. The Bureau will be pleased to obtain for you, as long as the edition lasts, copies of some of the booklets described below. The other booklets may be obtained as directed. When writing to our Washington Bureau, always enclose a two-cent stamp, with your request for booklets or information, to cover part of the Bureau's expenses.

Hay Fever

THE United States Public Health Service has issued a booklet that should be a boon to the sufferer from hay fever. It tells what pollens cause hay fever, discussing the effects of rain, screening, masks and inhalers, and giving hygienic measures as well as a diet, with methods and formulas for treatment. Ask our Washington Bureau to secure a copy for you.

Housekeeping Made Easier

THIS booklet takes the bugbear out of housekeeping by pointing out many short cuts and labor-savers for the woman who does her own housework. A postal card addressed to the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D.C., and asking for F. B. 1180, will bring it to you.

Care of Leather

SHOES, harness and other articles made of leather quickly deteriorate if not given proper care. It has been estimated that if we as a nation took proper care of our shoes it would result in a saving of 50,000,000 pairs annually. Why not learn what proper care is? Ask the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D.C., for F. B. 1183.

Growing Chicks

MANAGEMENT of Growing Chicks," F. B. 1111, is written briefly and in simple terms for the beginner, especially members of boys' and girls' poultry clubs. It deals with the essentials to proper growth, such as coops and houses, cleanliness, feed, water, range and shade. The Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D.C., will send you a copy on request.

Fermenting and Salting Vegetables

WE are all familiar with methods of canning and drying vegetables. The Government is issuing a pamphlet which describes and explains preservation by fermentation and salting and tells how to prepare the preserved products for table use. Ask the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D.C., for a copy of F. B. 881.

Home-made Grape Juice

THE delicious grape has many possibilities and uses. A bushel or two will insure a generous supply of grape juice, while the pulp and skin can be used in making jellies, paste, sauce, catsup, and vinegar. Booklet F. B. 1075 tells about the equipment needed and thoroughly illustrates the process of making the juice. Ask the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D.C., for a copy.

For the Woman Who Cans

IF you are doing any canning this summer, write to the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D.C., for pamphlet No. 181, "Canning by the Cold Pack One Period Method." You will find that canning Uncle Sam's way is very easy and satisfactory.

Is your wedding-day at hand? Don't let little questions of etiquette worry you. We have a pamphlet, "A Book for the Bride," that tells just how to arrange for the formal or informal wedding; how to plan the reception; refreshments; correct dress for the bridal party, duties of attendants, and other small but important details. Ten cents in stamps, with a request addressed to Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York, will bring it to you promptly.



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fer grief and despair beyond the ken of any imaginary heroine.

Sometimes a situation comes which is so near the crossroad to tragedy or the dark path of lifelong regret that it overwhelms the frail human being who faces it. Often, in times like these, it helps just to tell someone else of your perplexity. The right road may be suddenly illumined in a mere recital of your problem.

But usually your struggle must remain a secret to your dear ones. They must not know—must never suspect. So it is to you—in such perplexity—that I offer this page. Accept me as a friend, one who has lived and who understands, and one to whom you may tell your story without a hint of your identity.

I shall in all cases use only your initials in answering you; in fact, you need only sign your initials if you wish. Or send me a self-addressed stamped envelope and I will answer with a personal letter.

Address your inquiries to Mrs. Winona Wilcox, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City. I will be glad to give you whatever help I can.

Fit the Dress to the Drama

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

My husband and I are both fond of the stage in all of its details. He admires gorgeous costumes and often refers to them enthusiastically but if I copy the dress of an actress, he is sure to condemn the result as freakish. His judgment seems to me most unfair. He admires beautiful women but he will not permit me to use the ordinary method of improving my own appearance and making myself attractive to him. What is a poor wife to do?—Berthe A. L.—, New York City.

Many things "go" upon the stage which never would do in private life—jokes, dancing, music, conversation and also dress. Briefly, stage effects must be over-emphasized to make an impression upon the audience. The actress even makes up her face to suit her clothes. For this reason, stage costumes cannot be successfully detached from their scenic backgrounds. If transplanted to a subdued domestic setting, they inevitably appear inartistic, that is "freakish." But many exaggerated stage dresses may be modified to suit the home or social environment.

Why not study your own part in the drama of life and dress to suit it?

Character vs. Culture in Marriage

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

I have promised to marry a man who is worthy of my respect and honor but he uses poor grammar and mispronounces ordinary words. Are these limitations important? Will they make my married life unhappy? Obviously I cannot discuss the subject with my friends and relatives, therefore I am grateful for the opportunity to put it to you.—Sarah N.—, Spokane, Wash.

When you admit that the man is worthy of respect and honor, you admit that grammar and pronunciation have as little to do with real manhood as they have with love itself. When love persists in spite of limitations in culture, there should still be great happiness in marriage which is successful according to the characters of the contracting parties. Doubtless it would be very difficult to improve a man's morals after marriage but—his education? A little inclination, a good deal of persistence, and the defects of his speech will be overcome.

Reason a Sort of Happiness

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

A young man who works in an office with me has paid me a great deal of attention but of late has neglected me for another young woman. I am greatly embarrassed and do not know whether to show my feelings, or whether to overlook his interest in the other girl.—Ginette D.—, Philadelphia.

Were I to write a book about the office triangle, I could not condense the average plot better than does the above letter. If such a book were to carry a preachment, it might be briefly stated thus:

Most men in offices have a social circle outside of the business world which they look upon seriously while their office friendships are usually only transient amusements. Therefore it behooves the business girl not to let anyone suppose that she has "feelings." Reason is an excellent thing in a business woman and sometimes it will insure her as much happiness as emotion.

A Short-Lived Tyranny

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

The man to whom I am engaged finds a great deal of pleasure in the society of my college pal, who is

visiting and whom he has met for the first time. They seem to have a wonderful time together. What can I do about it? She is prettier than I.—Carolyn L. J.—, Atlanta, Ga.

If you are already infected with that ancient poison, jealousy, do not let its symptoms betray you. All men like to consider themselves chivalrous and loyal, but they do not like to be bound. Jealousy is a chain which most lovers and husbands desire to snap. It becomes their excuse for errancy. Therefore the wise little engaged girl, as well as the wiser young wife and the sage matron, conceals her jealousy, does not give her man any excuse for breaking her heart. You are not as pretty as the other girl, you say. Then do not compete on that line. Excel her in charm, surpass her intellectually. "Beauty," said Socrates, "is a short-lived tyranny."

A Test of Love

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

Obedying the wishes of his parents, the man to whom I was engaged asked to be released a year ago. Now he begs me to marry him but in view of what has happened, I cannot decide what to do. The opinion of a disinterested person would be acceptable.—Ann P. L.—, Hartford, Ct.

Isn't it apparent that the young man's devotion has survived a severe test? In the last year he has had many opportunities to compare you with other girls. That he returns to you, finding you best, seems sufficient evidence that he will not break the faith a second time.

Would Know Ancestors

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

I have discovered that I am an adopted daughter. My foster parents have reared me and educated me as their own child. They do not suspect that I have

found out the truth about my parentage. I am quite unlike my "mother" and my "father" in appearance, inclinations, and taste. I earnestly desire to know about my ancestors. I want to know what kind of human stock I have sprung from. How can I get the facts in the case?—Marcella O. A.—, Kansas City, Kan.

A unique question which stirs unsuspected depths of feeling in those who read it.

Why am I what I am? So runs the young woman's query.

It throws one into a reverie, forces one to contemplate an imaginary procession of one's own ancestors. Perhaps one has been told that from one's paternal great-grandfather one has inherited a talent for drawing or music; or that from one's maternal grandmother, one has come by a strong will.

One remembers that Ethel, John and Lionel Barrymore belong to a family of actors; that in seven generations of the Bach family there were forty-nine musicians.

Each human soul is a composite of souls, is the product of the desires and feelings of anterior lives. Human beings stand erect in the plane of the present, but they are bound to their ancestors by thousands of invisible strings, and they are pulled hither and thither by unseen forces, just as marionettes are pulled by an unseen hand.

The adopted girl who writes the above, perceiving herself to be unlike her foster parents, naturally hungers to learn what they were like, those mysterious ancestors whose ghostly desires stir her pulses. Without the information, her development is hampered. Possessing a little knowledge of one's forbears, one can partially interpret oneself to oneself. Some inherited impulses one may yield to, some deserve to be developed, some must be beaten down.

Whoever makes a personal application of this young woman's problem instantly perceives that the instinct which prompted it is as tremendous as it is elemental, and that the truth concerning her origin must be given right of way, no matter how deeply it may hurt the feelings of the adoptants.

There is, of course, the conventional answer to be considered. The kindly and impulsive will decide immediately that the girl is bound to respect her foster-parents' secrecy. They have reared the child as their own, therefore she owes them the honor due to a father and mother. She owes them gratitude and more, she owes them the sacrifice of her own will. She must give silence for silence. Thus the case can be easily and satisfactorily settled for all—except the one human being most concerned! In the back of her head will forever persist the desire to know why she is what she is, and the secret assurance that it is her right to know.

The wise plan, as always, is to proceed by the simple method and to put a plain question. But there is also another method: if the adoption was made by law, as is now imperative in most states, the record containing the names of the contracting parties should be on file at the probate court where the girl was transferred to her guardians.

Matter of Moods

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

One of my nicest men friends I like exceedingly, but every time we see each other we quarrel over the littlest things. Invariably he leaves my home in a disagreeable mood, and I am wretched, too. Please advise me, for I never can make him see anything the way I do.—Gertrude M. R.—, Denver, Col.

The way out is plain: Why not try to see things the way he does?

Winona Wilcox

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After you select your Armstrong's Linoleum floor, have your merchant lay it properly, by cementing it down over heavy felt paper—the ideal way to lay Jaspé, Inlaid, and Plain linoleum. Then you have a *permanent* floor that does not bulge, crack, or splinter.

Our book showing the use of linoleum "for every room in the house" will give you a better understanding of its many decorative possibilities.

"The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration" (Second Edition)
By Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. Sent, with de luxe color plates of fine home interiors, on receipt of twenty cents.

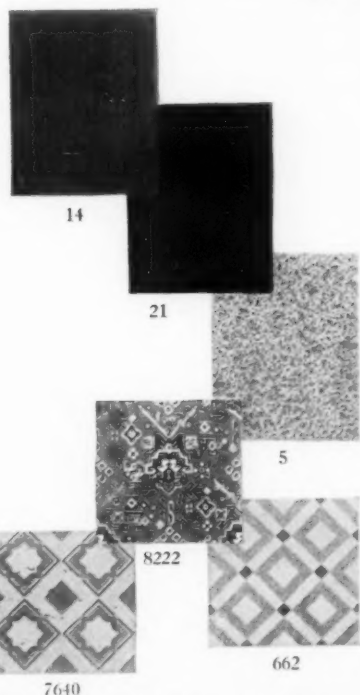
ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM RUGS

Armstrong's Linoleum is also made in rug form. For a sanitary floor-covering for your kitchen, dining-room, or bedroom, etc., these rugs are fully guaranteed to give satisfactory service. Send for free booklet, "Armstrong's Linoleum Rugs," showing color plates of twenty-three pleasing and artistic designs.

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, LINOLEUM DEPARTMENT
902 Virginia Ave., Lancaster, Pa.

Armstrong's Linoleum

CIRCLE A TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
for Every Floor **A** in the House



If you prefer any of the Armstrong patterns shown here to the one used in this dining room, order by number from your linoleum merchant.



Every golden granule of
Grape=Nuts

contains the sturdy nourishment
of wheat and barley — nothing
left out that could build strength
and health.

“There’s a Reason”